

HISTORY
OF THE
SIXTY-THIRD
U.S. INFANTRY

1917 - 1919



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*R. C. Gorton,
Colonel, Retired.*

A
HISTORY
OF THE
SIXTY-THIRD
U. S. INFANTRY
1917-1919



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MEMBERS OF THE SIXTY-THIRD U. S. INFANTRY
1920

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Foreword

WHEN the United States entered the big war in 1917, I was stationed in Honolulu, senior Lieutenant Colonel of the Infantry arm, and, like dozens of other officers, was aching to return to the mainland and get to work with a regiment.

Late in May the press announced the formation of a Division for France and I cabled my classmate, General Pershing at Washington as follows: "Please get me assigned regiment infantry your division for France." So far, he has not replied.

Congress declared war early in April, 1917, but did not pass the army bill until the middle of May and it was six weeks later when I got orders assigning me to the 63d Infantry, and two weeks more before I was able to join it at Presidio of San Francisco, California.

There were 18 officers and about 700 men present when I took command on July 16th, and during the first week about 440 recruits joined, and at the rate men were volunteering all over the country it looked as if the regiment would soon be filled to war strength.

In August, 27 lieutenants joined from the first Training Camp at Presidio, but meantime several captains and majors had been promoted and sent to other regiments and a few weeks later 122 selected non-coms. had to be sent to the National Army, and there were constant drains upon the enlisted strength by the Quartermaster Corps, Engineers, etc. Allur-

- 3/3/53

ing prospects of promotion and increased pay were put before these men, but the cold fact was that the officers wanted trained men rather than train them themselves.

In December, nearly 50 more officers came from the second Training Camp but the end of the year found only 1176 enlisted men present. Given three times this number we would soon be ready to make holes in the German line. Someone must have suspected that this hope would become a reality and, accordingly, in January and February more than half the regiment was scattered from San Diego, California, to points in Utah and Idaho where there were "utilities" that were suspected of needing soldiers to guard them.

It would have been heartrending but for the fact that during the previous five months an esprit had been developed in the regiment which led to snappiness, precision, and "pep," which, in turn, produced keenness and pride in the officers and men and a manifest determination on their part to make the regiment better than any other.

That their ambitions were fully realized needs no attest from me, for the fact was made evident by the comments of hundreds of disinterested officers who watched the work of the regiment at Presidio and at Camp Meade and by the French and English Officer-Instructors at both places. The regiment spoke for itself wherever it was and in whatever work or training it was engaged.

As for the methods or policies which produced this result, I can recall nothing particularly original or unusual. While children and girls seem to thrive on flattery and petting, grown men need neither. The husky, who had a burning desire to kill the Kaiser, learned more from being told what was *wrong* than he could learn from being commended for what was *right*. "Bouquets" have a place and use among politicians, speakers, and the like, but the man in uniform soon learns to know and "feel" when he is right or good in any training and needs no

one to tell him, but he doesn't always know when he is wrong or bad and needs someone to tell him and tell him why.

For months, officers' call was held twice daily—once on the training ground and again at headquarters. They were constantly impressed with the responsibility that rested upon them, and with the fact that efficiency could only be obtained by being efficient themselves, and that the qualities of leadership could only be realized when all points of the game are thoroughly absorbed.

The officers were nearly all active, energetic, and enthusiastic in the desire to learn and gradually inspired in the men the same energy and enthusiasm. Full use was made of everything new in training methods. Officers were encouraged to take the various courses at the School of Arms at Fort Sill, and their knowledge was promptly imparted to the regiment upon their return. The services of the French and British Instructors were used daily until every organization had ample officers and non-coms. for training all their men in all the specialties of the infantry service.

And when, in late May and June of 1918, 2150 drafted men were added to the 1500 then in the regiment, they were quickly and systematically trained in the rudiments of the game, were absorbed by their companies within four weeks and after a week's touch of elbows with their comrades of longer training, it was difficult to tell the five-week men from the five-month or five-year men; the new men found a pace had been set for them by their comrades and quickly absorbed the spirit which they found.

The Band has grown from eight to fifty members and while many of the instruments were owned by the individuals or bought by subscriptions of officers, a similar spirit had grown in the organization and its music had a swing to it that would make a cripple march well.

Beginning with one modest song, in the summer of 1917,

the regiment had a repertoire of eleven songs eight months later, and all had a punch and a whack which inspired the men and produced amusement and pleasure and added materially to the general esprit.

It was beautiful to see the regiment grow in discipline and efficiency in spite of the shortage of officers, men, and tools with which to work, and in spite of the long delayed inspiration that was to come from orders to go to France. It was just as beautiful to find that when the Armistice came in November, 1918—just three weeks before the regiment was to sail—the men behaved like the well-trained and thoroughly disciplined soldiers they were instead of “going to pieces” in disgust. They doubtless indulged in lurid streaks of justifiable profanity *sotto voce*, but they did not yell their heads off like hoodlums who preferred home to a chance at big game abroad.

It will always be a source of satisfaction and pride to me that I commanded this splendid regiment of loyal officers and men, and to have been privileged to take it abroad and deliver the fighting efficiency which it possessed would have gratified me more than any number of General's stars in the gift of the government.

R. C. CROXTON,
Colonel, Retired.

(Colonel, 63d Infantry to Jan. 1, 1919.)

TO THE MEN WHO DIDN'T GET ACROSS

We'll soon be back from this terrible war,
Covered with honor and medals galore:
Back from chasing the horrible Huns—
Back from the roar and crash of the guns—
Back from doing our duty well;
Regular heroes we are—Like Hell.

We'll soon be back on the job again,
Out of the wind, the snow, and the rain,
Where we fought fierce battles against the Huns,
Using our mouths instead of our guns,
Back from doing our wonderful stunt
Of marking time on the "Maryland Front."

Yes, we'll soon be back from doing our "bit"
Showing "our courage" and proving our "grit"—
Playing our part in the awful jam
By eating some meals on Uncle Sam.
In fact there is nothing to possibly mar
Our wonderful record in winning the war.

We know what we'll face when we're home once more,
How they'll "kid" us and "josh" us about "our" war,
And say we were "soldiers of peaceful ways"—
Oh, we'll hear all that to the end of our days—
And we'll only reply to the boys who "kid"
"By God! we tried, and that's more than you did!"

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**A HISTORY
OF THE
SIXTY-THIRD U. S. INFANTRY**



History of the 63rd U. S. Infantry

Introduction

LITTLE need be said by way of an introduction for the following work, for, like "Topsy," it merely grew. That phrase may very aptly be applied to the regiment as well. It does not take years to make history, and especially true is this in time of war—hence we offer no apology for the length of ours. Then, too, we feel that our history is one of which every soldier should be proud—for truly it dates back to the organization of the 12th Infantry (July, 1798), the parent organization of the 63rd Infantry. The former regiment has an excellent record and fought in the battles of 1812, 1845, the Indian campaigns, the Spanish-American War, and the Philippine Insurrection.

It is not our purpose to recite the history of the 12th Infantry, but from the campaigns in which our parent was engaged it emerged with its share of the spoils of war, as well as the scars incident to the horrors of the battlefield, and one third of the 12th Infantry, consisting of sixteen officers and about six hundred enlisted men, became members of the 63rd U. S. Infantry.

The regiment came into existence June 1, 1917, at the Presidio of San Francisco, California, in compliance with General Orders No. 62, War Department, 1917. The first to command

the regiment was Major C. H. Miller, who, however, was relieved by the assignment of Lieutenant Colonel Willis Uline on June 13th. Of the company commanders nothing need be said here, as each company has compiled its own story, and mentioning them would only entail useless repetition. Non-commissioned officers' schools were established and training commenced immediately.

The Fifteenth Provisional Infantry Brigade was organized about June 30th, consisting of the 12th, 62nd, and 63rd Regiments. Colonel E. F. Taggart was commanding officer.

The nucleus of the regimental band, Band Leader John Walters in charge, was organized at the same time and in the same manner as the remainder of the regiment. It was carefully built up, in part by personal subscription from the officers, until it reached a remarkable state of efficiency. It has long been a custom in the army to spare the band, which as a rule practiced but a few hours each day—a concert now and then—and a growl forthcoming in the event of an extra hour's playing. It was not so with this band, for they were caused to practice or play eight hours a day. Mr. Walters was an able leader—conscientious and diligent in his work—and was competent to instruct in any instrument.

Every Colonel must have a hobby—and so the band was the hobby of ours! It was recruited from eight to the authorized strength of twenty-eight with twelve men attached; later it totaled fifty-four members. It has been thought fitting to dwell somewhat upon the band because of its evident influence upon the entire personnel. Of the men who were at the Presidio of San Francisco, California, how many will forget how proud we were to stand in line for ceremony or to “form up” in front of the singing stand and sing the fourteen regimental songs? Hundreds and sometimes thousands of spectators vied daily for a place near the stand. The band played for one week at the

Orpheum Theater, San Francisco, where its excellence was recognized.

Little can be chronicled with reference to Lieutenant Colonel Uline and Major Miller, due to their extremely short stay with the regiment. Colonel Richard C. Croxton joined the regiment July 16, 1917, and remained our commanding officer up to the time of his retirement, December 30, 1918. Colonel Croxton was a soldier in everything the word implies, a gentleman, kind, just, absolutely firm; his personality set a standard to be attained by all—his character inspired every officer and man to loyalty.

During the month of July, 441 recruits joined the regiment, which number brought its strength up to 1054.

Up to this time no further assignment of officers had been made, and the regiment was indeed short of commissioned officers. However, on August 29th, twenty-seven second lieutenants, graduates of the Reserve Officers' Training Camp, Presidio of San Francisco, California, reported for duty. This number brought our commissioned personnel up to about forty-five.

During the month of September, 1917, Major Herman Koehler, Master of the Sword at West Point, had been instructing the students of the Second Reserve Officers' Training Camp at the Presidio of San Francisco in calisthenics, at the conclusion of which a course was extended to commissioned and enlisted representatives of the regiment, who in turn instructed the entire regiment. At the same time a course in bayonet fighting was instituted by the same instructor and methods.

A number of French and British commissioned and enlisted instructors had been sent from abroad and it was our good fortune to have ours in the persons of Captain Clavel and Lieutenant Batel, French army. The instruction consisted principally of new infantry attack formations and was quickly absorbed by all.

With the advent of October came a new hobby of our Colonel—singing. It was strange to hear the numerous opinions expressed, but the reader may be impressed with the fact that from singing just one song, which later developed into fourteen, there grew an *esprit* which was a delight to see.

In hand with singing came the establishing of French classes which were taught by the Rev. C. L. Miel. The classes were held in the Y. M. C. A. hut.

We now pass to December 15th, which day was of considerable moment to the regiment, for instead of a badly needed assignment of men there came from the Second Reserve Officers' Training Camp, Presidio of San Francisco, one captain, thirty-two first lieutenants, and ten second lieutenants. They were immediately assigned to companies and very quickly adapted themselves to the daily routine.

The Regimental Intelligence Section was organized during the month of December with Lieutenant E. H. Clark, Jr., as Intelligence Officer. The companies were called upon to furnish selected men to fill this section and it was not long before they were an extremely efficient body. Second Lieutenants Donald H. McLaughlin and Edmunds Lyman also became members of the Intelligence Section. Lieutenant Lyman later became Divisional Interpreter, 11th Division.

There were also being held at this time Bayonet, Trench Mortar, Sniping and Scouting, Machine Gun, and Grenade Schools which were taught by British commissioned and non-commissioned officers.

On December 31, 1917, just preparatory to dissolving the Fifteenth Provisional Brigade, the Brigade passed in review before Colonel E. F. Taggart. It was at this time that the 12th and 62nd Regiments left for Camp Frémont to become part of the 8th Division.

Our regiment now numbered ninety-four commissioned officers and eleven hundred and seventy-six enlisted men.

We now had hopes of an early recruitment and visions of joining a Division soon. But no! This is what happened. On January 10, 1918. Captain Alan Pendleton left with a detachment of sixty-three men for guard duty at the Aviation Field, North Island, San Diego, California. Captain Pendergrast departed with a detachment of twenty-five for Benicia Arsenal. Sergeant Reed of Company "C" entrained with ten men for Los Angeles, California, for duty at one of the quartermaster depots. This detachment was added to by a detachment of twenty-five a few days later.

As you may well guess, our hopes were somewhat shattered, but our spirit remained high, for shortly after the departure of the last detachment, gas drill and instruction were commenced and continued up to the signing of the Armistice.

We had hoped that the last detachment sent out was to have been the last detachment to leave the Regiment, but in February, Captain Thomas L. McMurray, commanding Company "C," departed for Long Beach, California, for guard duty at the Craig Shipbuilding Company. Captain R. N. Winfield, commanding Company "D," departed with his company on the same date for Garfield, Utah, where he was to guard the International Smelting and Refining Company. On February 7th, Company "E," with First Lieutenant A. C. Newell commanding, departed for the Presidio of Monterey, for duty at that post. Company "H" sent out a detachment, commanded by Sergeant Royal B. Allyn, on February 18th, for the purpose of guarding the Moore Shipbuilding Company at Oakland, California. On February 21st, Second Lieutenant Fred C. Lindquist, departed with twenty-nine enlisted men for guard duty over the storage warehouses at Lompoc, California. On February 27th, twenty-eight enlisted men, commanded by Captain A. F. Schmitz, 6th Battalion, United States Guards, departed for duty at the Schaw-Batcher Shipyard, South San Francisco,

California. At this time the regiment was covering territory from Idaho to Southern California, and as far east as Utah with little possibility of the regiment being brought together for some few months to come, but on March 3rd Captain Winfield returned to the Presidio of San Francisco, California. It was not long after when all of the detachments were recalled, and July 22nd saw the regiment once again within its own barracks at the Presidio, when the detachment at Benicia Arsenal returned.

On March 13th, fifteen second lieutenants reported for duty from the Army Service School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. In April, classes were established for the instruction of non-English speaking soldiers.

Our numbers on June 30, 1918, totaled one hundred and twenty-eight commissioned officers and thirty-six hundred and four enlisted men. The *esprit* now was higher than ever before and it was indeed an inspiring sight to watch the regiment form daily for ceremony on the old Presidio Parade Ground and immediately after form up for singing. On August 2nd, the regiment passed in final review before Brigadier General E. J. McClernand.

On August 12th, the regiment entrained for Camp Meade, Maryland, where we were to become a part of the 22nd Infantry Brigade, 11th Division. On August 30th the regiment began target practice, firing special Course "C" with the Lee-Enfield rifle.

On the morning of September 6th, immediately after the regiment had returned from the target range, five hundred and sixty-three enlisted men were transferred to the 72nd Infantry forming the nucleus of that regiment. There were also transferred at this time a number of commissioned officers.

While at the Presidio a number of enlisted men had been recommended for commission as second lieutenants in the National Army, and on September 5th, these deserving non-

commissioned officers received their appointments. Several were assigned to the 63rd Infantry, and the others to various infantry and machine-gun organizations within the division. On September 9, 1918, the Regimental Model Company, commanded first by Captain W. Stewart Paul, and later by Captain W. V. Witcher, was formed, in accordance with Table of Organizations of July 18, 1918. This company was used for attack instruction and exhibition purposes and staged an ideal attack formation for the 11th Division on September 25th. On October 30th, the company executed a second exhibition attack and assault, with an actual protective barrage of machine-gun, Stokes mortar, and 37-mm.-gun fire. On November 6th the Model Platoon from the company, commenced an attack exhibition for the War College Motion Pictures photographs, which continued about two weeks. The officers and men of this company received praise from the Division Commander, as well as from various staff officers from the War Department who witnessed the exhibition.

During the month of September, four hundred and fifty-nine recruits, principally draft men, were received from the 154th Depot Brigade; and a recruit course of five weeks was commenced. These men by no means equalled the standard of the men we had brought with us from the Pacific Coast, being much smaller in physique and of lower mental quality. The majority of them were returned to the Development Battalion.

Early in October, the epidemic of Spanish Influenza struck the regiment, resulting in a total number of deaths of two officers and ten enlisted men. This is a remarkable feature, since it is well known that hundreds were dying in other regiments. The few deaths in this regiment may be attributed to the precautionary measures taken by our commanding officer and the surgeon. The men were examined a number of times daily and any man found to be suffering from any





over-seas duty. On November 9th the regiment, in company with the remainder of the Eleventh Division, was reviewed by the commanding general.

With the signing of the Armistice on November 11th came a disappointment which was hard to stand, and Colonel Croxton, in his foreword, has adequately expressed the opinion and feeling of the officers and men.

On November 29th the regiment was placed at the disposal of the commanding general, Eastern Department. We were to replace United States Guard troops which were at that time on Provost and Utilities guard duties.

The following letter was addressed to the commanding officer of the 63rd Infantry on December 4th:

HEADQUARTERS 11th DIVISION, U. S. ARMY
CAMP MEADE, MARYLAND,
December 4th, 1918.

COLONEL R. C. CROXTON,
Commanding, 63rd Infantry,
Camp Meade, Md.

MY DEAR COLONEL CROXTON:

Orders having been received to place your regiment at the disposal of the Commanding General, Eastern Department, I desire to place on record in this informal way, my appreciation of the efficient and loyal service performed by you as Regimental Commander while a member of this Division.

Notwithstanding the fact that your regiment was only recently organized, you have by your energy, zeal, and good judgment, brought it to a high state of discipline and training.

The spirit of the regiment is excellent and its bearing and soldierly performance of duty have been an inspiration to other units in the Division.

My best wishes go with you and your regiment in its new field of duty.
Cordially and sincerely yours,

J. MCL. CARTER,
Major General, U. S. A.,
Commanding.

On December 23rd, Company "K" and a detachment of Company "I," Captain Walter A. Mack commanding, departed for Provost Guard duty at New York City, New York.

On January 3rd the regiment passed in final review before Colonel Richard C. Croxton, who had been retired after thirty years service, on December 30, 1918. The retirement of Colonel Croxton came as a shock to all. An impromptu dinner was arranged and during the speeches that evening many officers and several of the enlisted personnel were seen to be dabbing at their eyes with their handkerchiefs. The officers presented the Colonel with a beautiful watch and a cigarette holder, while the enlisted men presented him with a handsome diamond stick pin. The spirit inculcated into the regiment by Colonel Croxton exists today and it is the hope of every member that it will continue.

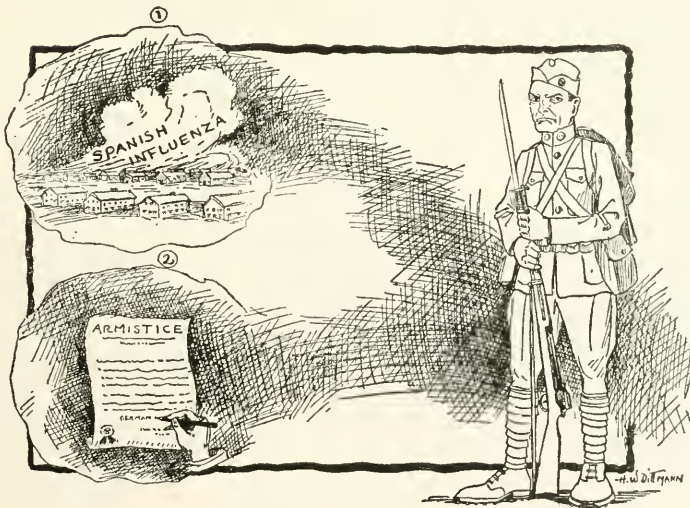
The period between December 23d and early February saw the regiment again being split up into small detachments. The Third Battalion, plus Company "E," was sent to New York. The First Battalion went to Curtis Bay, Maryland, Company "F" to Camp Holabird, Maryland, while the Headquarters, Machine Gun, Supply, and "G" companies were sent to East Potomac Park, Washington, D. C. All of these detachments were performing Provost Guard and police duty.

This duty was most undesirable to men who had trained hard and faithfully for the "big show" abroad, only to find themselves pacing the streets with little to do and restricted authority in the doing of that little. Their main value consisted in being on call as special patrols to go to dance halls and such places where the mere entry of the patrols quieted soldiers and sailors under the influence of liquor.

The result was that this fine body of men sought discharge, rather than continue a duty which seemed childish as com-

pared with their strenuous eighteen months of preparation for doing the work of real soldiers abroad.

As this book goes to press very few of the men who were "on their toes" and ready to sail for France in November, 1918, remain with the regiment, but it is believed that none will cease to be proud of their service with the regiment, nor will they ever doubt that the regiment would have faced and chased the Huns (had it but had a chance) with the same loyalty, determination, and efficiency which was displayed in training for the job.



BUT THESE STOPPED US

WE WERE READY

History of the 63rd U. S. Infantry

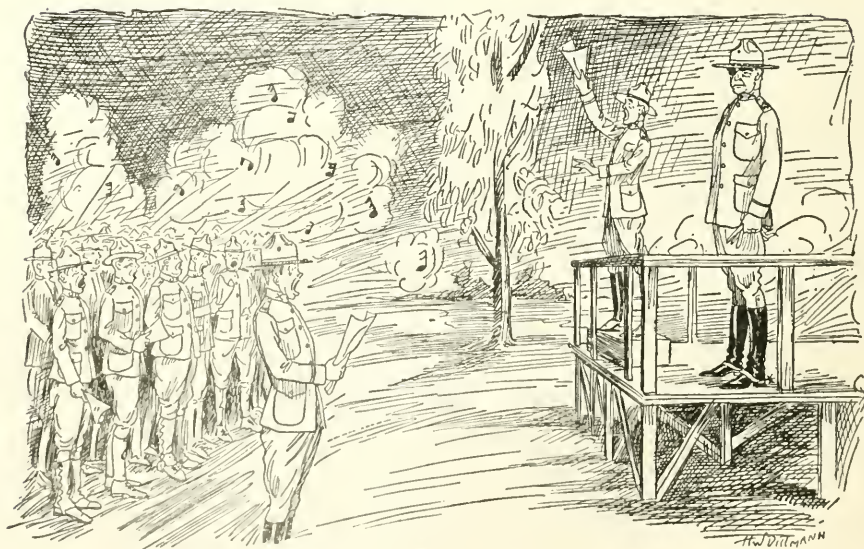
OVER THERE

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,
 Take it on the run, on the run, on the run;
 Hear them calling you and me—
 Ev'ry son of liberty;
 Hurry right away no delay, go today,
 Make your daddy glad to have had such a lad.
 Tell your sweetheart not to pine—
 To be proud her boy's in line.

CHORUS

Over there—Over there—
 Send the word, send the word, over there,
 That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming;
 The drums rum-tum-ming ev'ry where—
 So prepare—Say a pray'r,
 Send the word, send the word to beware;
 We'll be over, we're com-ing over,
 And *we won't come back* till it's over over there.

*(Repeat loud, then follow with "Dixie,"—men whistling—then
 repeat chorus loud.)*



"CROXTON'S CANARIES"
 • IN FRISCO •

THE PUNCHING SIXTY-THIRD

(Written for the regiment)

FIRST VERSE

There's a guy we've got to kill,
And his name is Kaiser Bill;
And the skunk has got a swelling in his
head;
The French and British guns,
Have held his rotten Huns,
But it's us that's got to strike him till he's
dead.

CHORUS

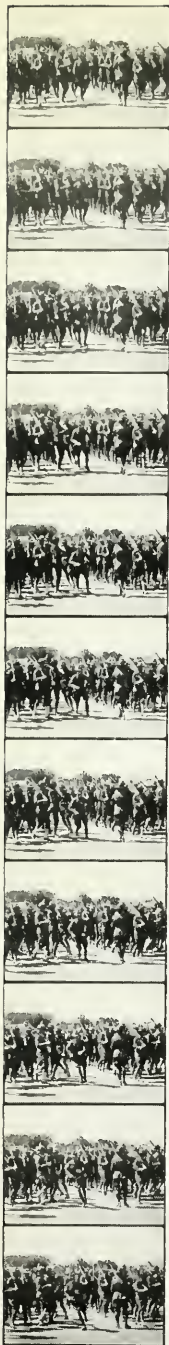
We'll drive him 'cross the Rhine,
And imprison him, the swine,
In an Allied camp: he'll wish that he were
dead.
Then we'll ask him if he's heard
Of the Punching Sixty-Third,
And fill his dirty carcass full of lead.

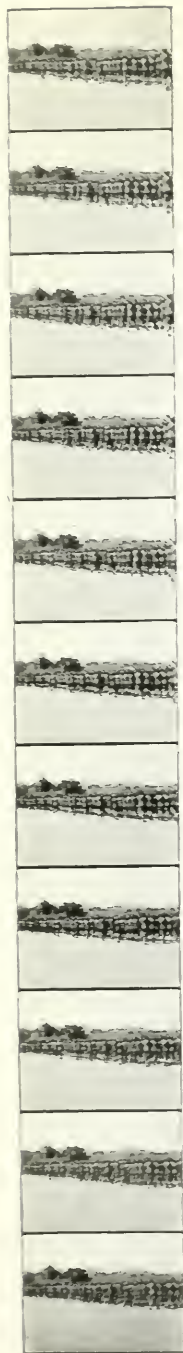
SECOND VERSE

For the Yankees he will dread,
And he'll think what Sherman said
When through Hindenburger's line we do
advance;
For the lives that he has crushed,
And the women he's debauched,
We, with shot and shell, will blast him
out of France.

THIRD VERSE

In the battle's roar and shock,
When our bombs begin to drop,
Our hand grenades and Yankee cannons
roar;
When he hears our eagle scream,
And he sees our bayonets gleam,
Then too late this war of his he will
deplore.





"SO LONG"

(Written for the regiment)

We all know it's mighty slow,
But we'll get there just the same;—
Each Service star—For America
Helps to send the damned old Kaiser
And the Crown Prince down to Hell;

so—

Hurry up—that's the stuff—
Let us go over the top.
We'll raise the Stars and Stripes in old
Berlin
And let Democracy rule—supreme.—

CHORUS

We're going over there beyond the seas;—
We're goin' to put the Kaiser on his
knees;—

We'll help the other boys who are so
brave and true and tired too—
Our hearts are filled with joy and not
with pain—

We know our efforts will not be in vain—
We know our Country needs us—over
there;

Our Sweethearts waiting—over here—
So Au Revoir to our loved ones—So
Long.

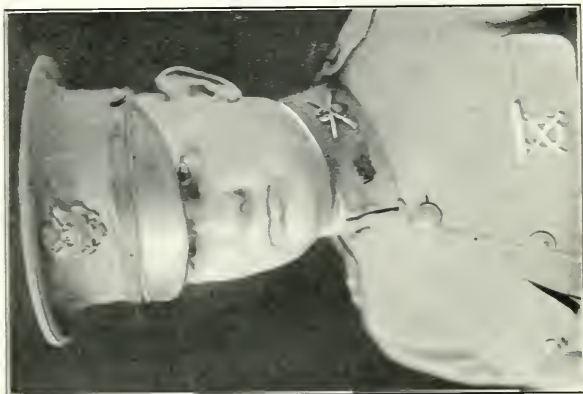




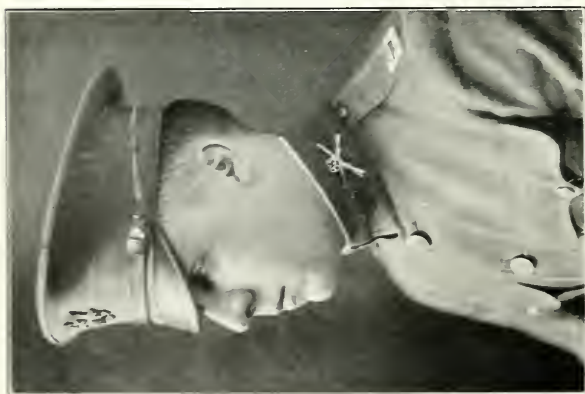
Lieutenant Colonel Harry H. Bissell



Captain
Theodore A. Oberlander



Captain
William P. Woods



Captain
W. Stewart Paul



HHEADQUARTERS Company was cradled at Angel Island, a craggy, wooded point rising with an air of abrupt inquiry from the blue waters of San Francisco Bay. It learned its first military steps by painful, dogged effort on the spacious drill grounds of the incomparably lovely Presidio, and grew into a sturdy organization of keen fighting specialists in the great army cantonment at Camp Meade, Maryland.

The transformation of the awkward, bewildered recruit, herded, heedless of his comfort, by unsympathetic and raucous-voiced "non-coms." through those Angel Island and Presidio days, into the smart, self-confident soldier of a few months later was one of the almost-miracles of our organization and training methods that brought the amazed Hun to his knees considerably in advance of the earliest date the most sanguine optimism had suggested. Just how it was accomplished only God and our officers know. Partial explanation may be found in the character of the material out of which Head-

quarters Company, and in fact the whole regiment, was fashioned. Nature itself is kind to the Western man. Wide spaces in which to grow and work and play; clear, vivid skies that seem a little nearer and more personal than they do anywhere else; strong winds that have their vigorous and invigorating way with mountain and valley and shore; air that is sweet and unpolluted by the smoke of crowded manufacture and the ceaselessly churned dust and grime of huddled populations—these are the priceless birthright of the Westerner.

Headquarters Company struggled into skeleton formation during July, 1918. The two preceding months witnessed a steady procession of embryo soldiers to Angel Island from Montana ranges, Idaho mines, Oregon and Washington farms, California ranches. Most of them thought "Parade Rest" was some sort of order for stopping a column of marching men, and wouldn't have known whether a trombone was a bird or a musical instrument. But the two indispensable primary qualities of the good soldier they had in abundance—strength and courage. Also, the great majority knew how to shoot. And the nature of their accustomed environment tended to teach them self-reliance and initiative. So the seed was good. Sedulous care, informed skill and patience and understanding achieved the harvest.

Headquarters Company did not get across. Singly and collectively it indulges, and always will indulge, in a little selfish regret over that fact. But it was ready, and always, too, will feel proud and grateful that it had been pronounced fit to go. What fun and what bitterness, too, were crowded into those brief weeks in and about San Francisco! The bitterness vanished long ago, became, in fact, one of the laughable recollections of those colorful days. But it was real enough then. Never were men more strangely placed than many of these Headquarters Company soldiers. Big chaps from the Butte copper mines, for example, choking and glar-

ing under the verbal castigation of a snappy, sweating, disgusted little sergeant whom they could pulverize between their huge fists. Cowpunchers from around Cheyenne and Pendleton, accustomed to giving and exacting a punctilious courtesy in their dealings with one another, quivering with helpless rage when told to "get to hell out of" one place or another. It wasn't the "non-com's" fault. On Angel Island where thousands of civilians, aggressively independent American citizens, received their first taste of Army discipline along with their uniforms, there was neither time nor strength to waste upon efforts towards scrupulous courtesy or painstaking consideration of anyone's sensibilities. It was a constant marvel how those doughty corporals and sergeants of regulars supported the daily and nightly strain. Nevertheless the most ardent patriotism was inclined to cool a little under their treatment. It blazed up again, however, when, outfitted and finger-printed and catalogued so completely that one guiltily suspected the Government knew whether one ever ate sugar on one's lettuce, Angel Island was left joyfully behind and the Presidio, two miles across the fairest of ocean reaches, was attained.

It was the citizen-soldier's first big step—those two short miles. Unlike his arrival at the Island receiving depot, he landed here, in outward semblance at least, a soldier. From the very first, the attitude of his military superiors was vastly, gratefully, different from that which his first encounter with the species had led him to expect. As one sergeant in the East Cantonment recruit barracks put it: "Over on the Island they treat you like dogs. Here we treat you like men, and we expect you to act that way." A fellow's self-respect instantly revived. God knows it needed resuscitation! As I say, it is funny now; really one of those memories of a new and strange experience no one would willingly part with. It was different then.

What first impressed the recruit in the East Cantonment was that he at last was really an integral part of that army which was to preserve American honor and save civilization from the German blight. He quickly sensed a spirit of fraternity and coöperation that was helpfully inspiring. He felt that officers and enlisted men alike, equally, were straining together toward the accomplishment of a great and noble purpose. It caused him promptly to resolve not to shirk his share.

I believe I may truthfully record that not one of those eager young soldiers faltered in his determination from that time on; certain it is that there was no diminution of effort until that fateful 11th of November, when realization came that they could no longer hope to take the field against the hosts of Hindenburg.

Less than five months had elapsed and yet what great, and, in many instances, curious changes they had wrought; no less to the individual soldier than to the world which he so gallantly had helped to withhold from the barbarians' grasp! When, after five weeks' drill in the School of the Soldier and the School of the Squad, some three hundred men were advanced from the recruit barracks and became Headquarters Company, 63rd Infantry, U. S. Army, friendships were formed which will endure a life time. Old outlooks upon life were completely altered. Contacts were experienced whose influence will always be felt. Many of the three hundred had never before been in a town of any size; few, comparatively, were familiar with the innumerable aspects of a great city. And then San Francisco, gay, proud, luringly beautiful, as variable in her moods and fascinatingly complex in character as a royal charmer of old France, suddenly burst upon their astonished consciousness. Courted them. Loved them. Lavished upon them every attention out of a generous heart swelling with pride and trust and gratefulness. The nights

in which she fêted them, the days off duty in which she catered whole-heartedly to their every need and desire, amply compensated for the hardships of the daily drill ground. There was a month of this, a brief and glorious and, it must be confessed, a painful month. Rifles that are now carried as easily as a walking stick, tugged and tore at protesting muscles then. Heads now immovable during the fastest drill, then ducked and twisted in amusing concern as rifles were brought from the shoulder to the order or port. First Lieutenant A. F. Pierson, upon whom the onus of drilling the more awkward recruits fell, often prayerfully adjured a platoon to walk into the bay and be done with trying to be soldiers. By the time recall sounded most of them wished they had. At reveille each morning they hoped he would insist upon it.

Finally squads right, or left, was executed well enough so that the Company Commander's eyes were no longer red from weeping. Packs could be unrolled at drill with good prospect of stuffing back a preponderance of their contents. Sergeants no longer looked at their platoons as if wondering why this cross had been put upon them. There was less reporting to the Orderly Room after Saturday inspection to be caustically lectured upon the value and virtue of an absolutely spotless rifle. Headquarters Company, in short, was shaping up when the welcome orders to move came and on the morning of August 12, 1918, the 63rd entrained for France.

To be sure, its immediate destination was Camp Meade, Md., but in the mind of every private, at least in Headquarters Company, that meant merely an annoying interruption of their journey. An anathematized delay of two or possibly three weeks for the purpose of putting the finishing touches upon an outfit that every one of them already sincerely considered as good as they come, or, at any rate, the peer of any regiment before ever it had plunged into the inferno over-seas.

The writer will never forget the morning of the departure

from San Francisco. Before daybreak the bugle sang its song to wakefulness. But how different from other mornings, when we awoke to curse its inexorable summons, did its music sound! It crept sweetly into our sleeping consciousness, softly exulting in the fulfilment of a glorious promise. It called us to be up and off for France. And, unlike other mornings when we clung stubbornly to our blankets until the last possible moment consistent with safety, we leaped to answer it.

Packs had been rolled the night before, for the most part, and it required but a few minutes to form in front of barracks, answer roll-calls, and troop through the still heavy darkness to waiting baggage cars, soon filled with extra equipment. Breakfast was a sketchy affair. All save the most phlegmatic were too excited to pay any attention to the menu which upon all previous mornings, no matter what its excellence, was always the subject of lengthy comment, mostly derogatory.

When, preceded by the staff, the regiment, with the band and Headquarters Company in the lead, fell into line for the march to the depot and began its impressive procession, it is a safe wager that most of the men in line, from Colonel Croxton down to the lowliest "buck," already felt like conquering heroes.

Almost as such, indeed, the regiment was acclaimed along the line of march. Its peculiarly western character made it an object of special endearment to the cheering crowds which thronged the pavement and wildly waved flags and handkerchiefs from windows and house-tops. Since then the 63rd has had the high honor of marching up Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, when a battalion passed in review before the President, but it is doubtful if it has ever experienced since, or ever will, as proud a thrill as flashed through it then, firing every eye with a light of joyful purpose, stiffening its bearing, giving an upward tilt to out-thrust chins. The regiment looked well that day.

Headquarters Company traveled across the continent in the first section of the troop trains. With it rode the Colonel and his staff, as also the band. Very especially the band. For Lieutenant Walters' 54—count 'em—54 reed and brass artists contributed greatly to the pleasure of our six-days' trip. Music had always played a big part in the development of the regiment. Colonel Croxton subscribed to the view of those holding that the man who went into action singing was the adversary most to be feared. And part of the morning drill at the Presidio had been devoted to singing, so that we possessed a very creditable repertoire of songs. These echoed and reëchoed across the continent; every time the train stopped the band piled off and "the boys" gathered around. We all hope the songs will be pleasantly remembered—if not for the excellence of their rendition, then for the glad and grateful spirit in which they were sung.

How we were plied with cigarettes and candy and coffee and sandwiches! Everywhere, even when our train merely slowed down! I suppose it is well enough known to justify admission that poker has always been popular in the army. And there were "old heads" at the Presidio who were always willing to teach neophytes all the fine points. Their patience and profits were unfailing. Hence many left the Presidio with sadly depleted stores of tobacco and sweets. None suffered because of it, however, owing to the generosity of Red Cross workers and others who welcomed and bade us God-speed, almost in one breath, in that flight across country.

No one will forget the night of arrival at Camp Meade. It was after midnight when we were awakened and hastily gathered our equipment together. It was after two o'clock in the morning when we reached barracks and flung ourselves, fully dressed, on iron cots *sans* mattresses or blankets or anything conducive to slumber. The trip had fatigued us, principally for the reason that wherever we were due to pass

through a town of any size at night, most of us had stayed up to cheer and be cheered. It was, perhaps, ten minutes past two when we were awakened to carry Gargantuan boxes and Brobdignagian barrels from wagons and trucks into barracks. No time was lost in bringing up supplies on that occasion. The S. O. S. was on the job with both of its feet and all of ours. Thereafter until dawn we alternately tumbled off to sleep and were rudely roused to carry something at fifteen-minute intervals. We began to suspect that the "intensive training" we were scheduled to undergo at Camp Meade would prove to have a number of unpleasant features.

Situated on a sandy plain, broken by a few wooded hillocks, also plentifully overspread with sand which was particularly and offensively a conspicuous feature of the landscape on windy days, Camp Meade lies seventeen miles southeast of Baltimore and about thirty miles from Washington. Both points are worthy of passing remark, for Baltimore is the place where every soldier went when he could borrow eighty-eight cents, while Washington is the place from which staff colonels and generals and first assistant secretaries of things used to drop over with flattering frequency to see how we were turning out—and of course we were always turning out. Still, we did not mind it, for they all left with very agreeable impressions of the fighting effectiveness of the 63rd. We know their compliments were sincere; otherwise our gruff, well-loved Colonel would never have repeated them. Encomiums from Colonel Croxton were indeed praise from Sir Hubert. He did not believe in coaxing a soldier with commendation.

But we were perfectly aware of the pride and affection which ever underlaid even his most scathing criticism, and no company felt a greater sense of irreparable loss than did Headquarters Company the day he passed between our ranks, drawn up at the "present," and so, out of our lives.

“Intensive training” was inaugurated with a swiftness that portended the whirlwind character of the relentless drill and ceaseless instruction which followed. At first Headquarters Company, together with the rest of the regiment, spent its days in a resumption of squad, platoon, and company elementary movements. This was followed by a brief period of fast bayonet work on assault courses, where swinging dummies were torn to pieces by savage lunge and slash, and where the difficulties of “going over the top” fully armed and accoutered were first learned. Between times, battle formations formed a vigorous and interesting item of drill.

I don’t know what the opinion of our officers was anent our response to instruction. My own idea is that it was not, comparatively, a heart-breaking labor to whip these men into fighting trim. Strong, healthy, eager for the chance to show “Heinie” the joke in picking a fighting American for a foe, they sprang at their several tasks with a vigor and zest that should have been gratifying to their instructors, and brought to bear in the solution of their individual and collective problems a degree of intelligence which must have in a measure facilitated the work of training. I am speaking and thinking of Headquarters Company; not of myself, one of the least of that brave and devoted band of true comrades.

The training was hard and often more than a little taxing. The weather those first August and September days—unspeakable. We had thought some days in July back at the Presidio were hot. Certainly they had seemed so when we were doing the “double” with arms and a full pack. But they were so bitter cold in comparison with what was regarded as a mild degree of warmth at Meade that the recollection of them brought a shiver. The only way we ever got tolerably cool was to talk about the “hot weather” back home.

When our officers considered that Headquarters Company was sufficiently versed in the rudiments of the regimental

drill and work, the company was divided into platoons; each having an individual character and purpose, and then the company became a "company of specialists." There were organized the One-Pounder Platoon, Intelligence Section, Sappers and Bombers Platoon, Signal Platoon, and the Pioneer Platoon. "Drill" as theretofore known and practiced was largely abandoned, or rather, subordinated to instructional activity in the different platoons. Of course this was still "drill" in the broad, military sense, but the change and the addition of new interests was enthusiastically greeted.

Intense rivalry developed among the four platoons, and nothing could have had a finer effect. Each man was firmly convinced that his platoon was the sole one of real value to the regiment; the others were merely brilliant examples of inept effort. Good enough, possibly, for those unfitted for the high mission of his own platoon, containing as they did men who must be used somewhere, but they'd soon find out what was what when they had to call upon the li'l ol' one-pounder, or the Stokes, or whatever it might be! Naturally instruction progressed at an amazing rate. It is literally true that, looking back, even when checking up events date by date, it is next to impossible to realize how much of accomplishment was crowded into so brief a period.

While a preponderance of its members will always render allegiance first to their great and beloved West, Headquarters Company will always think of Baltimore and Washington with emotions of profound gratitude and warm affection. Of what city can anything finer be said than that it made the stranger "doughboy" quartered near it without his desire or consent, forget his characteristic diffidence and wistfulness for home. And both these hospitable Southern cities did just that in generous, magnificent measure. There were dances for him every night he could attend, distinguished by the presence of breath-taking beauties, delightfully sympathetic,

graciously interested if it pleased him to talk about it, in that time his little brother James caught poison ivy, or why his folks couldn't afford to paint the barn last year. In every church was a place, and a person, to remind him of the pastor's "study" back home. And if he wanted to eat, all he had to do was just to look as if he could stand a little something more. He could count upon being coaxed. As a second choice of a home town I think every one of us would pick Baltimore or Washington. And that is the apotheosis of compliment.

As this is written, Headquarters Company is doing provost guard duty in Washington. Soon most of those who have been proudly a part of the company through those vivid San Francisco days, and the harder period of training at Camp Meade, will become a part of the constantly growing army of Red Chevron wearers. Already many good friends and true have said good-bye with eyes that were a little moist and voices just a trifle lacking in their usual firmness. But the friendships that have been formed during such eventful months of association and companionship are not of a kind that can be closed by a handclasp, or ended with a word of farewell. They will endure long after we have all departed for our several homes, always to add to the treasures of memory and to help us in our association with our fellows, among whom we will continually seek for someone like the man who was our army "pal."

FAMOUS SAYINGS BY OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT

Gen. Burt: "Now that 'manual' was executed splendidly."

Col. R. C. C.: "ROTTEN! ROTTEN! Have that company do that over again."

Captain Woods: "Check up."

Rouse: "Confidentially, the Colonel just told me that——"

Capt. Clark at the football game: "Get Crouter, get Crouter."

Lt. Purvis on Nov. 11th: "The war is NOT over, by order of Major General Carter."

Major Walker: "Gimme the pencil."

Guess the originator of the next three.

"Oh you Cole Eight."

"I never HAD to work, but I always have."

"I'm good for any amount up to ten thousand."

Question: "What is the proper procedure to quell a riot?"

Answer: "Stack Arms, and Fall Out."

Lt. Walters: "It iss de best band. I vill demonstrate."

The Colonel (Topsy-turvy land): "All officers will wear boots and spurs. All men will wear leather hat strings, and their shirt collars out."

"ZIP"—

"Don't let your mess sergeants run your companies."

"Whatnots."

"I'M tellin' you how to cook prunes."

"Everybody take his whistle."

"Get in step with the band."

"Tell 'em WHERE and WHEN. If I can't understand it, how do you expect them to understand it?"

"There'll be no more banquets in the field."

"OF COURSE they'll say the men don't like salmon. Nobody likes salmon thrown out on a tin plate from a can, it isn't fit for dogs to eat. They don't know how to prepare it."

"Where are the first sergeants?"

"Well, why ISN'T he here? SEND for him."

(To Capt. Clark): "Follow it up."

"Show that sentry on No. 1 how to walk post."



Captain
Robert D. Horton



First Lieutenant
Arthur F. Pierson



First Lieutenant
Wendell L. Clemenson



The Sappers and Bombers Platoon

THE Sappers and Bombers Platoon of Headquarters Company—that is indeed a high sounding appellation for a hard-working body of men. I use “hard-working” advisedly, for they kept at work from early until late. And no murmurs or complaints were heard. They knew that a single well-directed shell would cause more casualties than a score of rifles; they knew that to be in position to fire that shell, the mortar and the ammunition must be brought up to the firing position; they knew—how well they knew it!—the weight of that mortar and also the peculiar fact that its weight doubled for every hundred yards traveled; they knew that owing to its bulk, ammunition must not be wasted and the mortar never fired until absolutely sure of the result; they also knew that to succeed in getting that mortar forward and in position, cover must be utilized to the utmost and that to advance with that bulky weapon undiscovered was a trick that the average man could not master without long practice.

Because they knew these facts, knew them through an abundance of actual firing practice, each man in the platoon did his utmost in perfecting marksmanship, in gaining the ability to act and think coolly and collectedly when under fire and when firing in return; also in estimating range and in gaining speed and celerity in getting into action when once in position. Every man of the platoon realized that the Stokes was a weapon of utmost value to the regiment in attack or defense—if opened up on the right spot at the right moment!

The record of the Sappers and Bombers Platoon of Headquarters Company was excellent. The platoon was selected to fire some 150 rounds of live ammunition while under a barrage from twenty-four machine guns at the divisional machine-gun demonstration. This was the first time the men had been under fire, and the first time they had handled live shells; yet all behaved like veterans.

The next event of importance was the demonstration for the 63rd Infantry ordered by Colonel Croxton. The entire regiment was assembled on a side hill at the Stokes mortar range while the platoon gave a two-hour demonstration of its ability in action, both in fire from position and in "slung" fire.

Finally, in conjunction with the Signal Platoon, the platoon gave the officers of the 11th Division an example of the effectiveness of the Stokes in night fire from position, illustrating the different rates of fire, fire control, and fire direction, as well as liaison with battalion and regimental headquarters in trench warfare. The enemy on that fateful night (well represented by Captain Johnson, Lieutenant Haas, and Sergeant Ransdell) had a plentiful supply of ammunition, flares, and rockets, a Stokes mortar, and a Browning automatic. In fact, before the show was over, the night became so vociferous that the residents of Baltimore thought a battle with artillery support was in progress, and the Baltimore papers the next morning chronicled the event. It was a demonstration as near to actual battle conditions as possible, and the officers who froze on that hill and watched the firing, following in detail our work on the different targets, will testify to its effectiveness as a tactical demonstration as well as a spectacle.

In brief, the platoon, whenever and wherever used, proved itself. There were no failures, no slip-ups. If we had sailed, the platoon would have made good from the start on the other side. The effectiveness of the Stokes depends entirely on the training, discipline, and physical condition of the men using

it. And the platoon was ready for action. The only regret of the men in the platoon was that they did not get the opportunity to cross and there render an account of themselves.

In closing, a word is due Captain Horton. He allowed us to have an absolutely free hand in the training. He did not attempt to lay down a fixed and arbitrary schedule, but had enough confidence in the platoon to execute—"Hands off!"



The Sixty-Third Sang away the "Flu"

The Stokes Mortar

THE day the announcement was made to Headquarters Company that monotony of drill was to be relieved by the formation of new platoons of a special character, its members were keenly interested. They had heard vaguely of what was purposed, and had a hazy conception of the functions of the Stokes and the wicked little one-pounder. With the nature of signal and pioneer work they were somewhat more familiar.

It happened to be Lieutenant Scott who sketched to the company the part the Stokes mortar was playing on the Western Front. He outlined the nature of its work so attractively that before he had proceeded far it was evident, should he ever fall on evil days, he could choose his place before the bannered tents of the torch and sawdust world. Men nudged one another and looked questions and nodded affirmative replies. In the argot of the "spieler" or "barker" of a very different sphere, many were already "hooked!"

He went on to explain the work of sappers and bombers and when he finished he called for volunteers. A number responded, but not enough to form a skeleton organization. Some had their thoughts turned toward the other platoons. Then the Lieutenant guilefully explained that the work to be undertaken was of the most dangerous character. Sometimes, at the front, stocks of grenades were exhausted, and there were delays in replenishing them from the rear. In such emergencies, grenades and bombs had to be extemporized out

of whatever materials were available. One of the first things to be taken up was study and practice in this, and, of course, accidents would be a logical corollary. He didn't blame anyone for hesitating to join, and he wouldn't hold their failure to do so against them. Almost before he had finished, enough additional men jumped forward to furnish the required number.

No time was lost in inaugurating study and practice. First, there were lectures upon the composition and mechanism of the British and American types of grenades. Great and welcome stress was laid upon the absolutely safe character of the latter, always provided instruction in their use was faithfully followed. For a time, some were skeptical of such assurance, but this apprehension gave place to something like the contempt of familiarity as the days passed. Every morning or afternoon an hour or so was spent in practicing throwing for distance and accuracy, from standing and prone positions. While the motions and principle of throwing a grenade are at direct variance with those governing pitching a baseball, old baseball heads seemed, somehow, to excel. Private, since Corporal, R. C. Hughes, who in civil life was a local Portland baseball star, was early picked as one of the platoon's crack bombers. Private, since Sergeant, Charles W. Ransdell, who during his California school days was more interested in diamond than mathematical dimensions, also distinguished himself. He and Private, since Sergeant, Earl Denned, of Long Beach, California, were selected to attend a camp school of instruction in the Stokes, returning to the platoon two weeks later with neat certificates as instructors themselves.

Coincident with their return, the platoon received its first mortar. It was a queer-looking affair, more like a maimed light artillery piece with no sighting mechanism and a breech that sagged wearily to the ground, than like the mortars of Civil War days, pictures of which were familiar. Only the enthusiasm and faith in it which was evinced by Lieutenant W.

L. Clemenson, platoon commander, quieted the vague sense of betrayal felt by some of the Stokes servers. Later every one came to acknowledge a profound admiration, approaching affection, for this bomb-throwing weapon, which in a tight place is one of the infantry's best bets and surest comforts.

How we babied that gun and were babied by it! We would toil and sweat to fix its legs in the hard surface of the drill ground, so that it might rest easily; then adjust the base plate at a comfortable angle at its back; swab out its throat; pat it soothingly, and then when we asked it to cough out a dummy shell at a nice, easy target it petulantly spat it in some other direction. Of course we had overlooked something. The traverse was wrong, or the stand crooked. Eventually we grew to know the Stokes as we did our Enfields and could count upon the same sure, satisfying response from it. Never intended for exact fire—as is the one-pounder, for example—the Stokes will nevertheless depopulate a locality within a radius of thirty yards from where its lazy shell decides to descend and rest.

When we attained a degree of mastery of the gun which enabled an impartial observer to guess what we were shooting at without wounding our feelings, five more mortars were added to the platoon, and we began work under conditions approximating those we expected to meet in France.

It was still weeks before peace and rumours of peace began to disturb our dreams of getting across. The camp was tightly held in the grip of a quarantine against influenza, but we had been assured we would sail, once it was lifted. To this belief everyone clung tenaciously until the great guns on the Western Front lapsed into silence for the first time in four years.

With six guns in our possession, the platoon took over a range peculiarly adapted to Stokes work. Its topography was of a character to include every obstacle and embrace every problem and advance which actual warfare might develop.

There were gullies and ridges and woods and angular promontories, and a field well pitted with shell-holes. We fought over and through and around and in and out of these with unflagging ardor and interest. And credit for any particular fidelity to our tasks, or a desire to excel in our particular work, is largely due to our platoon commander. Quick with an approving smile, and seldom sterner in condemnation than a look of disappointment, he kept the platoon constantly upon its collective toes.

All corporals of the six guns accepted him quite openly as their model. Corporal Jaffe, of San Francisco, and Corporal Park D. Agnew, of Billings, Montana, were two of the gun crew commanders. They were convincing demonstrations of the axiom that size doesn't always count. Diminutive in stature they undoubtedly were, but it didn't prevent their finding ranges, or getting the maximum of performance out of the old "Stove-pipes." As their platoon leader once observed, "they are small, but right there." Corporals Ed. F. Coady and "Chick" O'Connor, borrowed from the one-pounders, notably helped the good work along. Corporal Charles Germany, cool and never at a loss in any problem, and "Big Bill" Force (from Medford, Oregon, as he was fond of relating), together with Corporal John J. Youngberg, an alert, dashing type of chap from Portland, completed the complement of gun commanders. From first to last—for the old division of Headquarters Company into platoons has lapsed with the accession of the different duties of peace-time guard work—all crews strove together for the excellence of the platoon with the utmost harmony.

This was most noticeable in the platoon demonstrations and battalion problem work, where each gun was operated independently, while the work of all guns was coördinated. The first demonstration to occur seemed to make a decided impression upon a number of distinguished military chiefs

present from Washington. It certainly made a deep impression upon the men, for it was the first time they had fired "live" ammunition, and throughout a large part of the "show" they were under a machine-gun barrage laid down by twenty-four guns.

The site chosen lent itself ideally to the maneuver. Six gun pits for the mortars had been dug in sloping ground, fronting an old house and barn and line of trees some six hundred yards distant across a railroad track. These represented the enemy's position. Well to the rear, on the sides and crest of a hill, were hidden the machine guns. These opened up to hold the enemy back of a line selected in front of his position, while an infantry attack was launched. The mortars, aided by a one-pounder, smashed at the enemy's position throughout the action, following up the infantry as soon as the last wave had passed.

It was all intensely interesting and exciting. Numbers 3 and 4 of each gun crew affixed ballestite rings to the cartridge container, to augment the propelling power of the cartridge used, inserted the detonating charge, and piled the ammunition up as best they could in the narrow pits, until ready to pass to number 2 who pulled the safety pins and passed the shells to number 1 for firing. The stacks of deadly explosive were joggled by every explosion of the gun, there was always a chance that the shells might be improperly loaded, or have some defect of manufacture, or that number 1 might become excited in case of a misfire, and, in extracting the "dud" from the mortar, cause it to explode. Any explosion in the pit would render the services of an undertaker for anyone therein entirely superfluous. But, raw and green as they were, the crews handled themselves in a cool, confident fashion and there were no accidents. Early in the action, owing to some misunderstanding, of orders, it was necessary for some of the ammunition members to leave their pits and dash off to the left flank for additional shells. Machine-gun bullets

were flying overhead and now and then some fell short, but no one seemed perturbed. It was all in the day's work.

When the order to advance was given, the guns were quickly knocked down, and the corporals leaped out of the pits with base plate and intrenching shovel. Number 1 tossed the forty-eight pound barrel out of the pit and followed it, cussing vehemently, for he had neglected to reckon upon its being hot enough to blister his hands. I know, for I was one of them. Number 2 scrambled after with the elevating stand which upholds the mortar's muzzle. The ammunition members, numbers 3 and 4, crawled out in turn loaded down with from four to six 12-pound shells. Then, alternately advancing at a brisk pace in a long skirmish line, and flattening out in the short grass and stubble of a rough field, we closely followed the infantry. When the enemy was routed from his position—as, of course, he was!—the infantry began to consolidate its gains, while the Stokes section intrenched itself and prepared to check any counter-offensive. From first to last a deal of valuable experience was gained from the day's work.

Shortly afterward Lieutenant Haas, fresh from service with Stokes outfits overseas, was assigned to the platoon, and materially aided in preparing it for what might lie ahead. He introduced "slung fire," which to us was an innovation, into the work of the section. We learned that it was common to open warfare. It quickly appealed for several reasons. "Slung fire" consisted simply in dispensing with the elevating stand, leaving the gun in two parts only, the barrel and the base plate against which the breech rested on the ground. This meant first that No. 2 of the crew was relieved of a 32-pound burden and so was free to help his mates. The corporal took the place of the elevating stand in that he straddled the barrel and held the muzzle up by means of a wooden collar with handles. He also replaced the traversing gear by simply shifting the barrel to right and left, guided by a rough line

for sighting which was painted along the barrel. It gave one somewhat the sensation of firing a cannon from the shoulder. Surprising as it may seem, after a very little practice it was possible to fire just as effectively in this manner as with the fixed stand. Of course, in both cases the degree of elevation determined the range, or distance; this was measured by a clinometer laid along the barrel in whatever style of firing was employed.

One valuable feature of "slung fire," in fact the main reason for employing it, is the increased speed with which a Stokes can be brought into action. On a day when the platoon demonstrated for the whole regiment, we advanced some 30 yards at the double to cover under the brow of a hill and were pumping shells at "the enemy" 40 seconds after we started to advance. Naturally with some 3500 men and their officers watching, and every man-jack of them ready to criticize another branch of the service, we were doing our best. We felt amply rewarded when "the Lieutenant" looked satisfied.

The same day occurred our first experience with shell-holes. Those on the Western Front were more dangerous, no doubt, but they could not have been a whit more uncomfortable or exasperating, burdened down as we were with an awkward, heavy "stove-pipe" that just *would* misfire once in a while in spite of H—— and highwater. We dived into those holes like rabbits into their burrows, and crawled out like reluctant ants. A few wriggled from one to another, but this proved such a slow, laborious, painful process that most of us took a chance and bolted from pit to pit at an awkward, bent-over, jumping lope that must have resembled the progress of a badly scared epileptic rheumatic. Please remember the weight of the barrel and those shells!

Perhaps the most realistic fiction we engaged in was a night "action" and, appropriately enough, it practically terminated our serious training, for the armistice was signed a day or two later. A system of very methodical trenches

meandered in aimless way around the brow of a hillock which sloped gently up from a saucer-like valley, the opposite edge of which was lined with a thick fringe of woods. Between stretched No Man's Land, dark and filled with sinister possibilities. We occupied the trenches; the enemy held the wood. We knew where their machine guns and mortars were, or had been, and patrols had brought back word of unusual and suspicious activity at a certain point. We had also been aware of enemy patrols moving stealthily out there in the darkness. But, in balance of the highly desirable knowledge we possessed concerning the enemy's positions and activities, we were virtually certain they were as fully apprised of our own most precious secrets. This much all the men in the platoon knew; also that an action of some sort was expected.

The gun corporals had maps locating their fire objectives, and were consulting them from time to time in the six gun pits, which were in reality merely widened places in the trenches, and situated at points of strategic advantage. These were screened by canvass coverings to prevent the guns' flashes from revealing their positions. Candles, the light of which was carefully guarded, permitted of map and clinometer reading.

The post command was just in the rear of the gun to which I was attached. Suddenly, from its direction came a runner with orders to open up. And the fire was on.

Gun after gun flashed and barked and sent their slow shells whirling through the night toward the opposite slope. Little streaks and balls of fire showed where they dropped with a crash of flame. Sergeant Ransdell was over there somewhere, bravely ready to retaliate as the enemy, and just at that moment I did not particularly envy him his chevrons. For one thing, our fire was just a trifle too uncertain. But the flash of the descending shells enabled us to alter elevations and directions so as to bring to bear more accurately upon our targets, when need arose.

It seems that we had surprised an enemy patrol close to our own wires and before streaking it for home they flung a few souvenirs in the form of grenades that exploded with a disconcerting noise in unpleasant proximity. Now and then, before this patrol gained the security of its own lines and our withering fire had silenced the supposititious foes, star-shells and rockets soared aloft and lit up the intervening territory with a greenish glare of light that brought out every object, sharply silhouetted. For once, rivalry and rancor shall magnanimously be forgotten. Sneers and jeers shall be generously forgiven. Inferiority shall be charitably passed by. The signal platoon, so they tell me, besides helping to illuminate the landscape in an interesting manner, did a very pretty piece of work in their coöperation in our success. So be it.

And that brings us down to the day of the armistice, for with it, the platoon passed out of being; at least as an eager, live, purposeful, aggressive organization, sure of its laurels whenever it came to argue with Fritz over a disputed bit of French soil. The shell remained, but the spirit had gone.

That mad Thursday of the first mistaken celebration of peace will live always in my memory. The first extra editions of the Baltimore papers had carried little more than a bare flash of the signing of the armistice. While we sat around barracks, sick in soul, we hoped it was not true; hoped against the conviction of reason that there was some mistake. But when inquiries seemed to establish beyond any and all doubt that our chance was gone, the chance for which we had labored hard and with high hopes, we gave up and sat on our bunks, not by twos and threes as always before, but by ourselves, too bitterly disappointed even to talk it over.

Some of the organizations in camp undertook a parade, dignified by a mocking, blaring band and torches, but the 63rd Infantry was not represented. Assuredly, the Stokes Mortar Platoon had no heart—or stomach—for such a demonstration.

How it Feels to be Shelled by the Stokes

UPON the occasion of the night firing problem staged by the Stokes Mortar Platoon at Camp Meade, I had the pleasure of witnessing the affair from the enemy's lines.

We (the enemy) consisted of Captain Johnson, Lieutenant Haas, and myself. We were armed with one three-inch Stokes mortar and eight rounds of ammunition, an automatic rifle, a box of hand grenades, a couple of mines, and a number of rockets.

Our position was in a small gully about five hundred yards from the hill upon which the mortars of the platoon were entrenched. From this position we commanded a splendid view of the entire front, and the spectacle which I witnessed was one which I shall always remember.

The platoon's fire was very accurate—too accurate, a time or two, for safety to the "enemy." For fragments of their bursting shells flew just a trifle too close for comfort; they had a nasty whine as they passed over our heads.

But the most impressive feature to me was to see the belch of the guns, the signal rockets in air, and to smell the gun powder. It all gave a wonderful impression of reality.

Hitherto my experience with the Stokes had been from behind the guns, not from in front; but I got a new impression of them when I became the one who was being shot at, and it increased my respect for the weapon.

In the daytime you could have watched the flight of the

shells and could have been able to tell whether or not it was necessary to duck your nut for safety. But that night all I could see was the flash of the guns, hear the dull hum of the shell in the air, see the flash of the bursting charge, and smell real powder. It was a novel experience.

Captain Johnson and Lieutenant Haas took care of the automatic rifle, the rockets, and grenades. Once while changing their position I was afraid that the battle had become a little too realistic and that they had been struck by pieces of shells which were dropping around them. But I had plenty to do to keep me busy, for I handled the mortar which we had set up. I was platoon leader, gun commander, and crew all in one, and had the time of my life feeding shells into the old girl. The only thing I was sorry for was that the ammunition gave out too soon. But it was great sport while it lasted. The only reason Camp Meade was not "shot up right" was that the gun would not shoot far enough. And from what was said afterwards, I understand that the advance signal party in the outpost in No Man's Land kept their heads down without any repeated orders from the officer in charge.

The entire experience was a novelty. The plan was splendidly carried out and credit is due one and all who helped to make it a success. For my part I feel greatly honored in belonging to a platoon which could carry out such a program successfully, and in being under the command of the officers who trained us so painstakingly, overlooking our awkwardness as beginners, encouraging us through our struggles, and helping us to become, I think without a doubt, the best Stokes mortar platoon in the Lafayette Division.

The Pioneer Platoon

WHEN the 63rd Infantry was at the Presidio of San Francisco I enlisted in Headquarters Company and tried to join the mounted orderly section. Not being able to distinguish the port side of a horse from the stern, I was informed by the stable sergeant to beat it.

I took this as a good hunch and went to the band leader and asked him for a job pounding the bass drum. He tried me out and said, "Good Lord, if I keep you in the band Colonel Croxton will try me."

Being in a company of specialists whose favorite expression was, "We are the brains of the army"—I found that I must qualify for something or else go to a line company and do squads east all day long.

I told the first sergeant that I had been a clerk, so he put me to work in the orderly room. I forgot to tell him that my clerical ability was limited to selling B.V.D.'s in Alaska in the winter time, so when he gave me a typewriter I wasn't able to write my name even when I used the "hunt and find" system.

I was shunted from the "Top's" office to the kitchen as a permanent K.P. The mess sergeant was Irish, the cooking instructor was a Swede, and I was sweating. Not long after I was promoted to be permanent K.P., the order came to move the regiment to Camp Meade. Glorious! I was now to leave my native California for France!

On the morning in August that we climbed aboard the train

I was tired but happy. I had loaded junk on the cars all the day before until late in the night and the rest of that night I had spent saying good-bye to my friends and to my best San Francisco girl. I asked the mess sergeant to let me continue to work in the kitchen car on the trip to Camp Meade as then I could wear my fatigue clothes, eat when I wanted to, beat the hikes and Red Cross bath houses along the route, and tell the girls along the road what a fine cook I was, how I fed the boys, and a lot of other first-class California bull. I became very much infatuated with a dame in a Kansas tank town where we stopped to take water—Kansas has always been a watering place. As the train pulled out I clinched and smacked her right on the lips before she was next to my little stunt. But Oh, Boy! My company commander saw me and when I ran to the cook car, climbed on, and was ready to pat myself on the back for the trick I had turned, the Captain beat me to it. In fact he almost knocked me down, he patted me so hard. I turned around to give him a growl but got one from him instead. "Young fellow," he said, "you are getting too promiscuous with your kisses. Hereafter you stay on the car when the train stops." Well, I stayed on the train all right after that, and confined myself to waving my best from the kitchen door.

When we reached Camp Meade I was relieved from K.P. and went to drilling every day. I was told I had been recommended for the Depot Brigade, but being such a swell singer and being needed to play the part of a *soubrette* in our show, I was retained for the time being.

About this time the platoons of Headquarters Company were being organized, so I got busy and tried to figure where I could head in. Sappers and Bombers??? NO! I didn't want to read range tables out in the rain off a rubber book. Signal Platoon??? NO! I would only cross the wires and get to talking to myself. One-pounder Platoon??? NO!

I was a better singer than the Loot who led the one-pounder bunch, and he was sore at me for that reason. Besides, too much danger for me—a cannon at one end and a Missouri mule at the other. I couldn't stand that combination.

There was only one thing left—THE PIONEER PLATOON.

The dictionary says that a pioneer is one whose business is to march before an army to prepare the roads, make intrenchments, etc. Not having a great conception of things military I naturally confused Pioneer Platoon with *Premier au Feu*—which I think means first to scrap. I had come into the army for that very little thing, so I said—"Pioneers for me." Our friend Lt. A. F. Pierson was in command of this platoon, and at that time none of us knew what a pioneer was supposed to be or do, but we hoped it would be something nice. We knew "pioneer" meant being out in front of every one else; so imagine our disgust when we visited the 808th Pioneer Infantry Regiment at Camp Meade and found they were "shines" and all they had to do was to build roads and trenches. Sherman was right; for here we were—the huskies of the company—all rough and ready to fight, but with nothing to do except build trenches. (I sometimes thought we dug more of them in Meade than they had in Europe.)

But soon that disgusted feeling wore off—especially after we had been issued our implements of war, namely: picks and shovels, and had been drilled in their use for a couple of weeks.

Now all you high-brows think that a pick and shovel guy does not have to know anything to belong to a pioneer platoon; so I am going to list for you the different things the platoon had to learn before we considered ourselves real pioneers.

Trades required in the platoon: plumbers, carpenters, miners, construction foremen, timbermen, concrete men, shoemaker, tailor, sailmaker, rigger, canvas worker, lumber-jacks.

The platoon must know how to handle and make the following: knots and lashes, block and tackle, the handling of heavy weights, field pile drivers, the cutting and clearing of timber and brush, the construction and repair of roads, explosives and demolition, trail building, use of concrete, camp expedients, bridges, fords, pack transportation, trench construction, wire entanglements, *chevaux de frise*, *abattis*, *fougasse*, *trous de loup*, inundations, concealment of obstacles, camouflage, street barricades, gabions, facines, hurdles, revetments of wire and timber, dummy trenches, splinter and bomb proofs, sniper and observation posts, listening posts, trench drainage, latrines, dressing stations, approaches and communications, cave dugouts, strong points, woods for defense, buildings for defense, trench lighting, trench construction at night, trench repair, and reversal.

Right in this little list the pioneer speaks more French than half the ginks who have been to Brest or Bordeaux. Besides the pioneer must know the I. D. R. His platoon is armed with rifles, grenades, etc., so that if his outfit can't lick the enemy he can drop his shovel and pick up his rifle and do it for them.

Our work was hard at times but we were a cheerful lot; we were working for our company, our colonel, and our country.

What made it so hard for the Pioneer Platoon was the occurrence of such things as I am about to relate; the regiment was short of coal at Camp Meade for a time. The Pioneers, being the most expert men of Headquarters Company in the use of tools, went out and cut wood for the company. They didn't mind that, but at night when they came in after a day's work, they would go to the wood pile to get some wood for the platoon quarters that they had cut during the day and would find that the other platoons had organized a "hot stove league" and were batting 500 around a fire made with the wood the pioneers had cut for themselves.

Another. There were no coal bins at Camp Meade in the 63rd Infantry area, so the pioneers made some of logs. When they had them nicely finished and filled with coal the regiment moved. We had a hard time finding logs for this job. Nothing but dead timber was allowed to be cut. Occasionally some near-sighted boob would cut a live tree and we had to get it out of the woods before the Military Police spotted us; they were trimmed and hauled in as soon as possible. One day the near-sighted boob, not finding enough dead trees, proceeded to make dead ones. We hauled them in and the Colonel saw the green sprigs on them and asked Corporal Cox if those were dead trees. He said: "No, sir, but they soon will be." Corporal Cox said to one of the men with him: "The Old Man can see more with one eye that I can with two." "Hell," the other replied, "he can see more with his blind eye than I can with my two."

There were fifty-four men in the Pioneer Platoon and as that is too many to mention each personally, I can only give an estimate of the platoon as a whole. They were all loyal, ambitious, and willing to do or to die for their country, and it is our regret that we had no opportunity to participate in the victory that was won in no small part through the efforts of the Pioneers of the allied countries. Picks and shovels help to make or destroy cities and our hope is that in the future we will be required to handle them in peaceful pursuits only.

The Signal Platoon

FROM the organization of the 63rd Infantry there were gradually attached to Headquarters Company men whose previous experience and employment had brought them in contact with electricity in its various branches; electricians, linemen, telegraph operators, telephone men, and others. The ultimate purpose in view was the establishing of a regimental signal platoon.

Shortly after our arrival at Camp Meade, early in September, 1918, the Signal Platoon was formed, with ten non-commissioned officers and some thirty privates, with the intention of increasing the number until the required war strength was reached. During the following four months of its life the members were subjected to a never ending and persistent effort to master the various methods of signalling used by the army.

Lieutenant Hunter, an enthusiastic, precise, and energetic officer was placed in command, a man whose previous experience and training stood him in good stead in bringing a successful termination the particular work in hand.

Our daily time was divided into periods of instruction; a portion to the study of the telegraph code, semaphore, wig-wag, aeroplane panels, heliograph, use of the telephone, telegraph, and wireless instruments, physical exercise, and drill. Short lectures were given daily on elementary electricity, and care and maintenance of instruments and lines in order to acquaint the men with the fundamental principles

of the instruments we come in contact with and their installation and repair. In this way our work was varied and the probability of its becoming monotonous was avoided.

Credit at this time must be given to a French sergeant, stationed at Camp Meade to give instruction in this signal work. His service on the Western Front in France had taught him the necessity for precise care in regard to detection of signals by the enemy. His manner of relating his own personal experiences and observations, resulting from using the necessary precautionary methods created an interest in the secretive use of the heliograph and telegraph. We learned the practical use of the heliograph, sky rockets, aeroplane panels, smoke bombs, etc., and their value for quick communication, especially during the time of advance.

After several weeks of class instruction, the platoon was given the opportunity to make some practical installations, working in conjunction with the Pioneer Platoon, whose model trenches, dugouts, and outposts were used as a base of operations of telegraph and telephone lines, switch boards, etc., each center of communication being connected in the manner best suited to the location. Model wire trenches were dug as a means of protection and concealment, care being taken in the method of drainage.

During the latter part of October and November field maneuvers were carried out by the battalions of the regiment, proving an additional source of endeavor. The platoon was divided on each occasion to receive instruction both in assault and defense. During the advance in these problems, over seemingly endless stretches of territory, the men were loaded down with lamps, batteries, wire, instruments, etc., which were a constant source of annoyance, especially as the necessary crowding of an action of several days' duration into a period of several hours for the purpose of instruction, was something of a handicap to successful signalling. However,

some practical knowledge was gained by these operations, especially in the selection of stations, the speediest method of signalling and the manner of effective concealment. In order to shorten our messages and to insure the accuracy of stenotyped messages constantly coming in use, a code was adopted, pursuant to methods used in actual warfare, whereby a combination of letters would relay a message of great length and immediate importance. Speed of transmission was gained, with less possibility of error. All messages were written in full on the blanks issued for that purpose, actual time of receipt and forwarding being kept; each message numbered, recorded, and filed, so as to show prompt delivery and to maintain at the same time a permanent record. These operations were gradually enlarged upon until later they included regimental and brigade operations, working in conjunction with aeroplanes, by which communication was established and maintained from the front line trenches to divisional headquarters.

Sergeant Donald C. Smith, a soldier with a number of years of service, and the ranking non-commissioned officer of the platoon, was in charge of the daily drill. It was soon learned that this daily drill was being accepted by the boys as a welcome relaxation from their studies and lectures. Our few months in the service had taught the individuals that the dress and appearance of a soldier was an accumulation of his own personal endeavor. Squad and platoon drill was constantly given and the snap with which the instruction and orders were executed soon won for the platoon comment for its drill work and appearance.

During the latter part of October, in recognition of Lieutenant Hunter's persistent endeavor to bring the platoon to its state of efficiency, he was placed in command of Brigade signalling. At his advancement, Lieutenant Foulkrod was placed in direct charge of the work of the platoon instructions

and operations. He was a man quick to appreciate the things well done and to resent an action which was wrong. The genial disposition of this officer and the keen personal interest he took with the men, soon won the respect of them all and his requests at all times assumed the proportion of a command.

About this time Sergeant Donald Smith and Corporals Zimmerman and Moran were selected to attend the officers' training camp. At the departure of Sergeant Smith, Corporal Wimberly was made Sergeant, continuing ranking non-commissioned officer in charge until the return of Sergeants O'Connell and Keeton, who had gone overseas some time before.

An advance unit from the 11th Division was sent to France late in October, for the purpose of special instructions in the latest methods in use there and Corporal O'Connell and Private Keeton were advanced to sergeants and sent with this unit. Shortly after the arrival of the unit the armistice was signed and after a few weeks over there the men were returned to their organizations at Camp Meade.

On an evening during the last week in November, in co-operation with the Stokes Mortar Platoon, a "quiet night" on a small sector was staged, which proved exciting to the men participating and the spectators witnessing, the latter being the divisional officers. Stokes mortars were placed in various emplacements in the trenches, carefully concealed and camouflaged. In these emplacements and in other dug-outs were established such places as Divisional, Brigade, and Battalion Headquarters, with signal connection between each important center by means of telephones, buzzers, and visual lights. When zero hour arrived the outpost directed the firing of the barrages and direct firing of the guns by means of the rockets and flares, these being relayed to the proper places by the various methods, each verifying the other, until the "battle" was on in full force. The signalling and firing

went on without interruption or mistake and the problem was terminated by a hand grenade attack by the Bombers and Sappers men, which brought home the fact that some so-called "quiet nights" would not be so quiet as the title would indicate.

During the time of operations with the Battalion field problems the Signal Platoon shortage of men required a detail to be used from the Stokes Mortar Platoon as runners. The Stokes men freely accused the Signal men of manufacturing fake messages to keep the "dog robbers" busy and the "flag wavers" made no denial. Many times there were but a few minutes left for the runners to catch their breath, to the deep disgust of the Stokes men and great joy of the Signal bunch. That the opportunity for revenge finally came we shall have to admit, to our sorrow. The Stokes outfit had been doing some extensive target practice and the Signal Platoon was detailed to assist in gathering up the unexploded mortar shells and fragments. Several warm afternoons were spent gathering up sacks full of cast iron from the wide expanse of the wooded range and the growls from the Signal men on these occasions sounded like the moans of lost souls. That our scores were equalled is admitted by both outfits.

On one of the warm afternoons Corporal Germany, then a private, was one of the runners detailed from the Stokes Platoon. He was instructed to go to Brigade Headquarters to ascertain their supply of rockets and return with several of a particular color urgently needed at visual center. So Germany started out at double time in the direction of Brigade Headquarters. After an hour or two of anxious waiting for rockets, Germany came back, out of breath and wringing with perspiration and reported, "they have plenty of rockets, sir." Questioning brought out the fact that he had missed Brigade Headquarters and in his wanderings had run into Divisional Headquarters of the 11th Division. He had been well re-

ceived by several colonels and a general or two, after he had had considerable trouble with some Military Police orderlies. After ascertaining that there was a plentiful supply of rockets, he was unable to talk them out of any or in his bewilderment he forgot to get any. So upon his return his overheated condition and his disturbed temper amused us greatly and the incident will remain a merry memory in the Signal Platoon.

The One-Pounder Platoon

WHEN the one-pounder gun, or “pound wonder,” as it is jocularly known, arrived at the Presidio, immediately there were numerous applications to join that particular platoon—possibly because of the business-like appearance of it, but probably because it presented an opportunity to get away from the burden of shouldering a rifle.

However those pleasant anticipations were soon shattered by the Colonel’s “ultimatum” that there would be no specialty work until the regiment moved East.

The journey from the Presidio to Camp Meade appeared like going from the “sublime to the ridiculous” until we had become acclimated (a matter of about two trips to Baltimore). There the much-sought-after bi-weekly pass became the most important thing to look forward to—except pay day. Oft times after we had pleaded in vain with the company commander for permission to go on pass to visit some recently acquired relative, we suspected that the “top” was the one who had blocked our pass because he wanted some of us for waiters and K.P.’s over the week-end, but these suspicions could not be confirmed because of the sphinx-like silence of the orderly room force, who would have made splendid witnesses for the Standard Oil.

Shortly after our arrival at Meade we were organized into the One-Pounder Platoon, and started to work in earnest. It was a happy day when we turned in our rifles to the supply

sergeant and secured pistols; at least we simulated pistols, for didn't we have the holsters?

While Lieutenant Conley, who was made over-night from a sergeant, was attending school, we were instructed by Capt. Horton, who initiated us into the gun drill and positions of the various numbers. The Captain had been at Fort Sill, and there had evidently listened to some German propaganda about the weakening of morale in our army; so he made us run for 100 yards at a fast double carrying the gun or tripod—a mere matter of 90 pounds or so. But we didn't mind it so much, for we had the pleasure of seeing the runs and falls illustrated by the "C.C." before we were required to do them ourselves.

The work in class, in which we received instruction in the intricacies of direct and indirect fire, line of fire and angles, angle of departure, range quadrant, etc., resulted in so much scratching of heads (we were forced to scratch so as to appear to be thinking!) that it wouldn't have given any cootie in the world a chance to find a home. Only a few of us were candid enough to admit that we did not understand the various technical things explained to us. The arrival of the pounder mule was a great relief to "Nick," for he said to Lieutenant Conley: "Lieutenant, have you picked out anyone to lead that mule yet? If not, please pick me, as I can handle *that* job."

After Lieutenant Conley returned from the division school, our training progressed rapidly, as we took part in every battalion problem and often opened simulated fire in time to theoretically demolish the "enemy" machine guns.

However, on the day of the division show, when the troops of the 63rd actually advanced for several hundred yards under machine gun, Stokes mortar, and one-pounder fire, we demonstrated the result of our long hours of training by scoring a clean hit on our target (a small one, 1100 meters away), on the third shot, in spite of the fact that the range had to be estimated.

On another problem the mule and Sergeant Conrad had an argument and the mule won hands down, resulting in the sergeant's uniform being expended under the heading of "fair wear and tear." The Pioneer Platoon had to be called out to fill in the furrow caused by that mule in dragging our platoon sergeant close, very close, to terra firma.

Before writing finis, it would hardly be fitting to omit an occurrence which illustrates the ready wit of a member of our company who was returning from Baltimore late one night and was unsteadily winding his way to quarters via the 72nd Infantry with a package containing two large bottles—not coca cola—under his arm. Being spotted by a sentinel, the following dialogue ensued:

"Halt! Who is there?" "Sergeant K——, orderly for a General Officer!" "Advance, Sergeant K——, to be recognized. What have you in that bundle?" "The General's laundry!" "Pass on, Sergeant K——!" This is a concrete illustration of how close one may come to the guard house and yet escape unscathed.

The Band Section

NOW comes forward the 63rd Infantry Band to inscribe in the history of the regiment its part in the great World War. Unlike the other units of the regiment, we did not make our reputation by hard drilling under the scorching sun but rather in the darkened rehearsal room where we daily assembled to blow long tones and were busy "pinching" up.

We lay claim to having within the band both the largest and smallest men in the regiment. To Sergeant Otto Ricke falls the honor of being the largest; he is known as the daddy of the band and is therefore called "Pop." To George Cannon falls the honor of being the smallest man. He answers to the name of "Runt."

The chief heckler of the band was Kite; Riley was chief victim. From morning until night Kite was at it. Such things as putting a dead mouse in his pocket or sticks in his bed, drawing a pistol, and similar things went to make up the day. The greatest event in Riley's army life was when he entered the gas mask relay race. Of course Riley never was built for a runner, but he was game to the end and took his position in line. As he went tearing down the course the ground came up and met him, and he gave the boys a fine impersonation of Billy Bounce. After picking him up, he was asked if he was hurt, and his only reply was—"My, but that was a nawsty fall."

The days on the rifle range gave rise to the following: In

a certain tent one afternoon after pay day a number of men were playing the national game, when suddenly the voice of Sergeant Ball was heard in the distance: "I'm going up to turn the band out for first-aid drill." As everyone knows that Ball's voice can be plainly heard for several blocks, there was considerable confusion in that tent. Out of the tent went men, money, cards, and blankets and then off to the woods, where the game was continued without further interruption.

The great mystery of the range always has been—Who milked that cow? Now as far as we know the mystery has never been properly solved, so we offer this as an explanation. As you well know, Riley always had several trunk loads of toilet articles, sanitary washes, complexion beautifiers, face creams, etc., around his bunk at Meade and when off duty was always to be found at the showers with his customary can of condensed milk. (Milk baths are wonderful for an artistic temperament.) Now there were no showers at the range, and the belief has grown that Riley milked that cow and thus secured his usual milk bath.

There is another member of the outfit who cannot be overlooked—C-C-C-Collins, who came to the band from a ranch in California. Kite, as usual, found his weakness and every morning could be seen pointing his finger at him and saying "C-C-C-Collins!" Sergeant Cook also had the habit of stammering when excited, and Kite was in his glory when he got them to arguing with each other.

Other members of the outfit have contributed their bit to the life of the band and for the most part we have been a big family with everyone helping to make things pleasant for the rest.

WELL KNOWN SAYINGS

Read 'em and weep
Cut the cards
Ha, Ha, Ha! No fooling

HUGH S. LEDFORD
OLAF OLSON
TONY SALVAGNO

We will wear our slickers	VICTOR PANTALEONI
The Colonel says — — —	LEE WHITE
We're hitting over here	WALTER EMERICK
I knowed it	ROY KITE
We want our discharges	MILTON HERBERG
If you don't sign the pay roll, you don't get no pay	1ST SERGEANT BALL

When you know a man well enough and long enough, you give him a nickname indicative of his peculiarities, and hence the following:

Charles E. Clagg	Felicitas
Frank E. Bogue	Bogus
Otto F. Ricke	Pop
Albert E. Heyworth	Aloha Oe
Charles W. Cook	Satchel Face
Lee W. Pembleton	Pinky
John W. Swilling	The little drummer boy
George Hartley	Zeb
Emil E. Sund	The Ruler
Pulver D. Ackerman	P. D.
Joseph Zubereny	Zub
Tony Salvagno	S. O. S.
Thayer E. Camp	Groucho
George A. Cannon	Runt
Fred Goettel	Hunyark
Roy Kite	Father Time
James W. Thompson	Jimmie
Milton A. Herberg	Piccolo Pic
Dorman B. Hodgson	Lunch Hound
William B. McClintock	Birdie
Paul S. Scrimsher	Windy
Vern L. B. Stalter	Slowly
Andrew M. Bartelme	Flossy
George L. H. Caldwell	Goat Island
Jaroslav Cap	Jerry
Lloyd Casebeer	Schlitz
Mansel G. Clark	Manzy
Nelson W. Collins	C-C-C-Collins

History of the 63rd U. S. Infantry

John A. Elmer	Barber Pole Cadet
Walter D. Emerick	Walter Daniel
William F. Lunge	Anaheim Shoe Peddler
Otto Lantinen	Ottoe
Hugh S. Ledford	Shanty
Clarence Leland	Boston
Simon M. Lozano	Mex
Aschille Massei	One Num
Olaf R. Olson	Swede
Robert A. Mitchell	Boob McNut
Clarence E. Piper	Dizzy
Victor Pantaleoni	Pagliacci
Richard E. Ricke	Iowa Farmer
Everett H. Shaw	Chicken
Elzo D. Vincent	Winnie
Robert R. Walton	Saxophone Pete
James E. Welch	Bald Jack Rose
Lee R. White	Senor Blanco
Robert Dunbar	Society Red
Charles G. Yost	Wall Hop
Adolph Landuyt	Belgian Rose
Charles Long	Chisel

Mounted Orderly Section

DO not forget the Mounted Orderly Section, for if you do, the Colonel and his staff will have to walk. The first members of the Mounted Orderly Section—besides Ignatz, Black Beauty, and myself, were transferred from the mounted orderly section of the 12th Infantry. It must be said of them that through their exhibition of horsemanship and their knowledge of all things pertaining to mounted work, they were such an inspiration to the recruits assigned to the section that on the day of the final Divisional Review at Camp Meade, Brigadier General Burt, Commanding the 22nd Infantry Brigade, personally complimented the section upon their splendid appearance.

This was in no small degree due to the ceaseless efforts of Sergeants Waldron and “Jack” Smith and Horeshoer “Swede” Serstad. Corporals Fitzgerald and Sconyers, formerly of the mounted section, were of great assistance in its successful organization. In later days came Private Osborne, who is always willing to do his best to entertain the folks with his fancy riding and rodeo stuff. The section, in conjunction with the Supply Company, held several rodeos or wild west shows, as the Easterners call them, at Camp Meade and also at Washington, D. C. They were all successfully conducted and seemed to be well liked.

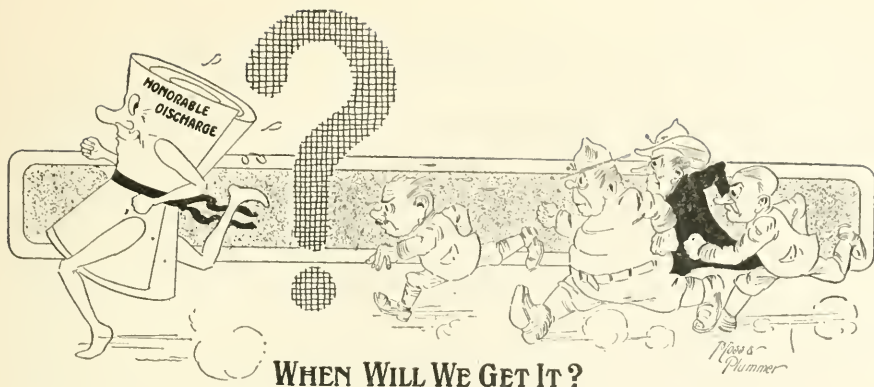
If it had not been for the mounted orderlies, Captains Horton and Johnson, as well as Chaplain Oggel, would still be walking. Due to the assistance and advice of the orderlies

and their ability to maintain a sober countenance when the above named officers were being spilled about the bull-ring, these equestrians can now mount unassisted.

Trusting that these few lines will find you all in the best of health and that Colonel Nelson and Captain Clark will never wish to ride, I remain,

BILLIE BURKE.

Col. Croxton's Favorite Charger.



WHEN WILL WE GET IT?

Miscellany

THE One-Pounder Platoon was going out on a problem at Camp Meade. Private Nichols, wagoner, was guiding his trusty mule along on its way with a master hand. As they passed the guardhouse of the 72nd Infantry, the sentry on post came to "Present Arms" to an officer who was passing.

Nick did not see the officer for whom it was intended, but he did see the salute. He promptly saluted in return and then, turning to the bunch, laughingly exclaimed: "Haw, Haw! The damn fool saluted the mule!"

His Tongue Was Oiled

Saturday morning at Camp Meade was a time of terror for the average "rookie"—at least until after inspection hour. For the officers who minutely examined his arms and equipment were able to detect dust and dirt in corners and crevices of gun and bayonet he didn't even know existed until attention was sarcastically directed to them. And a favorite method of punishing derelictions—favorite with the officers, that is!—was to deprive the hapless offender of his week-end pass to Baltimore or Washington.

Among the newly drafted recruits to Headquarters Company was a little red-haired Scotch-Irish boy from Baltimore.

He was never willfully negligent in the care of his equipment; nevertheless seemed unable to have it in the required state of perfection on those fateful Saturday mornings. Several times when his weekly visits to "home and Mother" were imperiled by such misfortune, he managed to escape from the no pass penalty by a ready retort to some scathing comment from an inspecting officer.

One Saturday the lieutenant took his bayonet, glanced at it quickly but searchingly, and then thrust it under "Red's" nose.

"Your bayonet was given you to fight with as well as your gun, you know," he observed caustically. "You aren't supposed to forget you have it and let it rust. What good will a rusty bayonet be in a scrap over there?"

"It won't get that way over there, sir," answered "Red" quickly.

"Oh, it won't, eh? And why won't it?"

"I'll keep it too busy, sir," said "Red." And again he got his pass.

SONG WITHOUT MUSIC

I wish I had a chevron on my arm,
I wish I had a chevron on my arm,
Not the sort a sergeant wears
Nor the kind that comes in pairs
But I wish I had a chevron on my arm.

Yes, I wish I had a chevron on my arm,
Oh, I wish I had a chevron on my arm,
All desire for honors fled
Sure the kind I want is *red*
Yes, I wish I had a chevron on my arm.

While at Camp Meade, Captain Horton decided that Headquarters Company needed practice in passing in review, and hence the company, in column of platoons, was marched in

review before one of the lieutenants, who acted as reviewing officer.

The One-Pounder Platoon brought up the rear of the column, and at the proper moment, Lieutenant Conley, commanding the platoon, gave the command "Eyes right." All members of the platoon at once executed the movement except the mule drawing the one-pounder gun.

"Nick" Nichols led the mule.

Captain Horton, who was observing the drill, at once shouted to Nichols: "Have that mule execute 'eyes right'!"

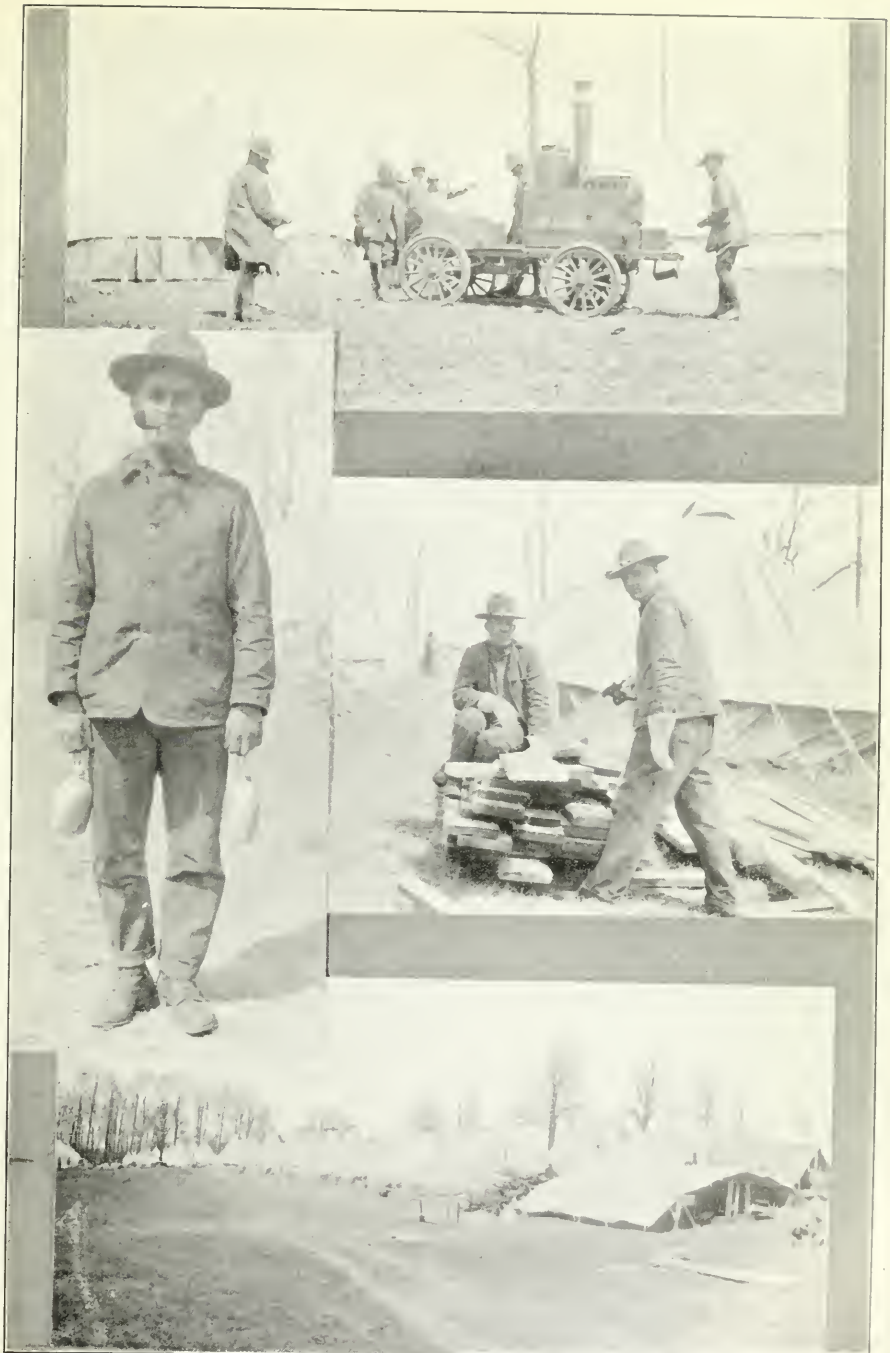
Nick took the order literally, and promptly smashed the mule on the left side of the jaw. The mule at once turned its head to the right oblique, eyes fixed on the reviewing officer, and, though rather astonished at the whole thing, held the position until the command "Front" was given.

After the drill was over, Nick came to the Captain, saluted, and said: "Sir, I am sorry that I forgot to have that mule do 'eyes right' without your reminding me of it. It was a slip-up on my part. The next time I'll do it right without your having to shout at me."

That marked the turning-point in the mule's career. From then on the mule took the I.D.R. as seriously as did Nick.

Private Ansel A. Cooper, Headquarters Company: "My one ambition is to go to town Saturday and get away from the overlasting 'Outside—Police Up!', I've policed up so many times that even when I'm down town I can't pass a cigarette butt on the sidewalk without catching myself bending over to pick it up."





In the Field



Second Lieutenant
Wallace A. Maciejewski



Captain
Leo J. Daly



Second Lieutenant
Matthew E. Shubert

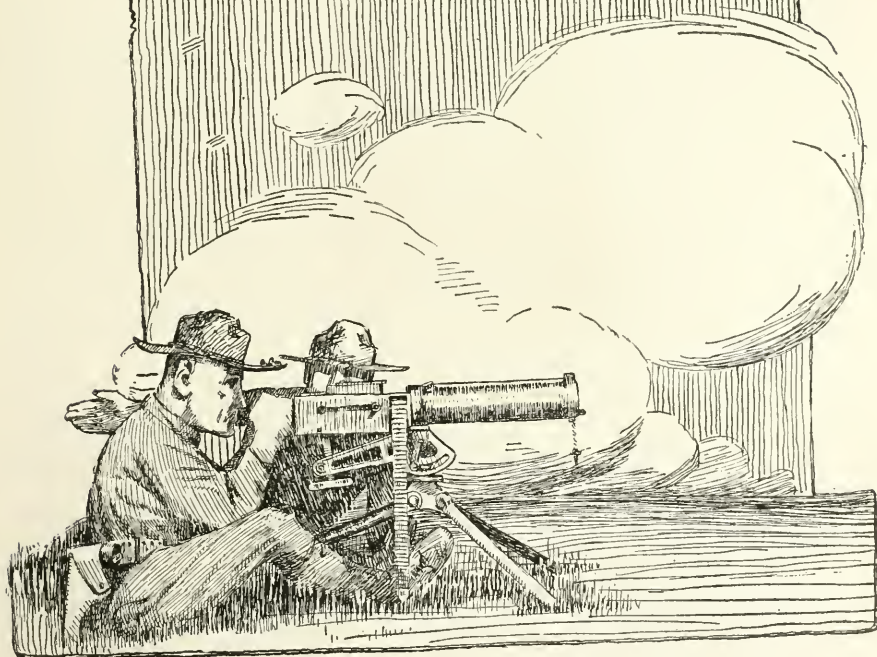


Second Lieutenant
F. E. Childs



Second Lieutenant
Don Riley

The Machine Gun Company



Machine Gun Company

MAY 15, 1917, was a busy day at the Presidio of San Francisco, California. It marked the arrival of the 12th U. S. Infantry, just relieved from border service which they had performed for four years. Amid the hustle and bustle of the first few days rumors were rife as to the probable division of the regiment and possibility of a speedy departure for France. All gossip was set at rest when, a week later, orders were received calling for formation of two new regiments—the 62nd and 63rd regiments of Infantry—using the 12th Infantry as a nucleus of the new organizations.

In the quarters of the Machine Gun Company, 12th Infantry, June 1st, Captain Cooper of that unit called in all the men picked for transfer to the new companies. They were for most part skilled machine gunners who had seen a complete enlistment on the Mexican Border. With a few short words of appreciation for past services and an appeal for even stricter devotion to duty in the newer units, he closed by giving them orders to proceed to their new outfits. Of the twenty-one pioneers who reported to Lieutenant I. C. Avery, Commander of the Machine Gun Company, 63rd Infantry, only one remained at the signing of the armistice—Sergeant John Roddy. With one officer and twenty-one men a machine-gun company could not seem complete; so, quite properly, the Quartermaster Corps sent us twenty-two mules; a rather asinine balance of power.

The company soon settled down to the regular grind of all

machine gunners: gun drill, study of gun mechanism, and care of mules. The latter were of the toughest variety known; they had to be "broke." So jaunts through the parks and along the beach were in order; sprained arms and ankles, marred countenances, and sore heads were the mules' share in hardening up the "old soldiers."

Though the company was handicapped by frequent change in the type of gun under the tactful guidance of Lieutenant Avery, steady progress was made. The Benet-Merdier, the Chauchat, the Maxim, and the Vickers guns were used in succession. The short time allowed for each gun required intensive work but all were mastered.

Meanwhile men were selected from every other company in the regiment and sent to the Machine Gun Company. The organization increased by fits and starts till by September 30, 1917, the enlisted personnel numbered sixty-five men. Came a change in command. On September 27th, Captain Marshall H. Quesenberry, two years out of West Point, took the helm. Regret at the loss of Lieutenant Avery was mitigated by his promotion to the grade of first lieutenant. Apparently Captain Quesenberry merely came on a flying visit, for, a few weeks later he was off to take a fling at the School of Small Arms, Fort Sill, Okla. Lieutenant Avery again assumed command. At the same time Lieutenants Fred H. Reynolds, Justin F. Barnard, and William F. Stromeier were added to the company.

From October to December French and English officers were detailed to instruct the company in the latest tricks of machine gunnery, with special emphasis on its use in trench warfare. This taste of the real stuff started rumors that we would soon be in France. With that thought in mind men worked like badgers and trenches and dugouts appeared with such speed as to bewilder the teachers. "These Americans," the Frenchmen would say, "zey work like ze Hell."

January 3, 1918, Captain Quesenberry returned. Training went on apace. The Colt gun was adopted. The new commander insisted on well-nigh perfection in every detail. What appeared small defects to a less experienced soldier were as sins to him. Withal he was agreeable and the men responded willingly. "Pep" became the characteristic of the Machine Gun Company drill and other captains of the regiment were soon challenging their men to drill like "Captain Quesenberry's outfit."

In April a non-commissioned officers' school was opened. About the same time Lieutenants H. C. Boehme, E. E. Crouter, A. L. Lerch, and A. L. Gralapp were assigned to the company. It became known that the regiment was to be brought up to war strength, with recruits from the April draft. On May 2d, eighteen hundred men, nearly all Oregonians, arrived at camp. Intensive training, separate from the regiment, was their lot, under the able direction of Captain Alan Pendleton. During this time Captain Quesenberry was busy selecting the best material for his organization. The result proved itself in the one hundred men of splendid physical type and high average mentality who joined the company June 26th. New "non-coms" were made entirely from old men. Two weeks later, July 10th, the Inspector-General, then on an official tour of all the camps in the Western Department, inspected the 63rd Infantry; he declared the Machine Gun Company the best that he had seen on his entire trip.

Less than a week after the General Inspection it was definitely announced that we were to go to Camp Meade, Md.

August 12th we marched through San Francisco to the train amid much cheering of God's people. Places of historic interest, the benevolence of the Red Cross at all the larger towns, and frequent stops to enable men to "stretch themselves" and listen to the regimental band tended to relieve the ennui that only a long trip on a troop train can produce. A swim

at Kansas City, Missouri (Red Cross again), was the most agreeable incident of the journey.

Hard work the motto of Camp Meade; we got down to it the day after our entrance. One week later we were sent to the range. Intensive work in the new Browning gun was begun immediately. Two weeks of this and then back to camp, where we found that we had recovered our old company commander, Captain I. C. Avery. Meantime orders had been received calling for the 63rd to give birth to another regiment, the 72nd Infantry, which, with the 63rd, was to constitute the 22nd Infantry Brigade. Accordingly twenty-five men left our company for the Machine Gun Company, 72nd Infantry. Their places were taken by Eastern draftees.

Came the Influenza. It spread with alarming rapidity. The camp was quarantined: all welfare huts, library, theaters, etc., were closed. Within four weeks over ten thousand men in the Division had been stricken, early a thousand of whom died. The 63rd came out of this trying ordeal with flying colors—and the Machine Gun Company more so. In the whole regiment only thirteen died: the Machine Gun Company had only four cases and no deaths—the record of the regiment. Not only that. The closing of welfare huts and theaters rendered some other sort of entertainment imperative. Outdoor entertainment and increased athletics were looked to. Musical and histrionic talent in the Machine Gun Company was of such high character as to produce the famous “Suicide Quartette” as well as more than a third of the cast in the musical comedy *Never Again*, rendered with great *élan* by the regimental players in camp, in Baltimore, and in Washington. In athletics too, the company showed its caliber by producing the champion tug o’ war team of the camp.

The company was at its maximum efficiency. Overseas equipment was issued November 5th. All was in readiness to move on a day’s notice. Not a man in the company

who was not straining at the leash. The premature armistice rumor of November 7th bid fair to give us the knockout blow. We revived somewhat on the swift denial of the tale, but the actual signing of the armistice sent all our hopes spinning hellward. Incidentally it revealed the substantial spirit of the Machine Gun Company; for the armistice was indeed the acid test of the morale of all organizations; and some of them collapsed under the strain. Not so the 63rd. Discipline, well-built, so permeated every company of the regiment as to carry us through this trial with reputation not only untarnished, but even magnified to an enviable degree.

During the two months that followed rumor brought us to Siberia, France, New York, and the Mexican Border. Early in January we learned of our assignment to military police duty in Washington, D. C., to take effect January 15th. Again we lost Captain Avery, this time to be succeeded by Captain Alan Pendleton, who had supervised the recruit training of many members of the company. On the morning of the fifteenth Captain Avery came up to bid us farewell. We answered with three rousing cheers for the man who had seen the organization in embryo, had directed its steps through the difficult formative period, and had finally come back to lead us overseas.

Since our arrival in Washington, January 15th, we have been at military police duty continuously, with quarters at East Potomac Park. During that time the company personnel had been steadily decreasing through discharges from the service. The rest of us look forward in anticipation to the day that will find us back in civilian life. And, for the faithful service which each one of us has rendered, we will go out to face the period of reconstruction with confidence, with broader vision; in short, better—if less credulous—social men.



Our "Leatherlegs"



Machine Gunners All



Suicide Squads

THE AFFIDAVIT BLUES

(A Forecast)

It was 1969. Two aged men, khaki-clad, wandered slowly along the seawall that encircles East Potomac Park. One a tall, well-built, figure, with waving white locks flowing down to his shoulders; the other, short, thickset, but apparently suffering from rheumatism. Both, I should judge, were well above seventy.

For a long time neither spoke. The taller man gazed out across the river at the setting sun.

"Darby," he broke out, turning majestically toward his companion, "how long have we been here?"

"Let me see," taking a greasy thumb-worn notebook from his hip-pocket; "here it is: January 15, 1919—Holy mackerel! Fifty years!"

"And me affidavits haven't been heard from yet," grumbled Jack Mannion, for it was the old salt. "But, then," he added consolingly,



(he had become accustomed to delay), "they say that the first fifty years are the worst."

"But have they left regimental headquarters yet?" queried "Darby."

"Oh, sure; those guys are fast. The adjutant promised me he put on extra speed for mine, and he got them through, too—they left here in 1928."

"Not a bad start, Jack. But how about that investigation?"

"Well, you see, when the investigators got there all the folks were dead and gone—that was in 1940. So they writes back and says that the only thing my people depended on me for was to build headstones over their graves."

"That ought to have got you out."

"Sure and it should"; Jack waxed indignant: "but when the Commanding Officer of the Eastern Department (the third successor to the 1919 C. O.) read that, he scratched his head. It was a terribly ponderous question for him. He was still scratching his head when he was retired in 1950."

"Darby" was sobbing, piteously.

"And when his successor finally did make up his mind to discharge me," fairly screamed the now wrathful Jack, "some desk cootie discovered that the notary public had omitted the second "m" in the fourth word of the sixth line of the third page, and he had the whole thing started all over again."

"Darby" was crying aloud. "Terrible, Jack, terrible," he blubbered. Jack sniffled. There was a lump in his throat. He controlled himself with an effort and went on: "Another month to get new affidavits, which I started through channels in 1955. I haven't heard of them since."

"Darby" became eloquently sympathetic.

"During that time we have seen empires fall and new kingdoms arise: the dear old boozesheviki sent to their death and Milady Nicotine murdered. But," his voice choked with grief, his breath came falteringly, "we-haven't-seen-good-old-Frisco or—Mission Street."

"Ah! Dear old Mission Street!" murmured both simultaneously.

For a long time, with heads bowed, both wept silently. Darby dropped his notebook into the river. Mannion threw at the 63rd Headquarters a look that bespoke the utterest abandonment. Then the two men gazed at each other. They stepped to the water's edge. Came a splash. A circular wave radiated about them; and telltale bubbles rose airily to the surface.

Ten years later General Stubblefield was appointed commander of the Eastern Department. His first hour at his desk was a startling one. He looked hard at a paper before him. It read: "Application for Discharge." Below, in bold handwriting was the name, "Jack Mannion." He took up the phone. "Colonel McMahon 63rd? Yes. Discharge Private Jack Mannion immediately account dependents. Case is urgent."

Colonel McMahon of Frederick, Md., tugged at his mustache nervously; then wrote: "Captain Stewart, M.G. Co., discharge Private Jack Mannion at once."

At the same moment, Private Max Simon, fishing near the very place where the Missionites had disappeared years before, saw a single bubble rise to the surface. He looked and listened intently. He heard in voices strangely like those of "Darby" Norton and Jack Mannion; and a third which he did not recognize—it may have been that of old Davy Jones—the singing of

THE AFFIDAVIT BLUES

(Music: Chopin's *Funeral March*)

We heard with joy of those things—affidavits,
We learned by them we could the army lose;
Enthusiasm marked our letters homeward—
We hadn't heard of affidavit blues.

We waited anxiously, expected always,
An answer that would bring the best of news;
We felt it then—a slightly hectic fever,
'Twas the merest touch of affidavit blues.

They came at last—we brought them to the Captain
And let him on their *raison d'être* muse;
He sent them on—that hectic flush had left us,
That slightest touch of affidavit blues.

When, day by day, and week by week, we heard not
A single word, nor found the smallest clues,
The terror gripped us—held us, made us haggard—
The second stage of affidavit blues.

History of the 63rd U. S. Infantry

Then, month on month, and year on year, we waited;
The time was flitting fast—they would not choose;
We're losing weight—and hair—we're going loony:
A dire stage of affidavit blues.

As years passed on we tried to drown our sorrow
In pints and 'arf pints—gallons, too, of booze;
"All whisky's good" but I'll cry halt on varnish,
It didn't cure my affidavit blues.

Then came the day I got the fatal answer:
That they could only my request refuse.
I leaped into the famed Potomac River,
Cast to despair by affidavit blues.

In Neptune's hell, with Davy Jones you'll find me;
If you have been like me, this hint you'll use:
"Hell's pretty tough, but things could be some worser
And one of them is affidavit blues."

JOKES AND JOSHES AND LIBELS

PAGE DIOGENES.—Trewett ought to join the Department of Justice. The story goes that friend Trewett lost an O. D. Shirt. Vowing to get the thief if there was one, he took his only remaining shirt out to the clothesline, brought a big dry-goods box to the scene, and proceeded to crawl in, with three days' rations. When he had gotten his eye adjusted to the knot-hole, he fainted. The shirt was gone!



Old John Roddy is responsible for the following advice to a rookie: "Don't let them know how much you know—make 'em think you don't know nothin'."

There is someone in — who has complete possession of Jimmie Bond's heart; anyhow he was heard murmuring this literary gem:

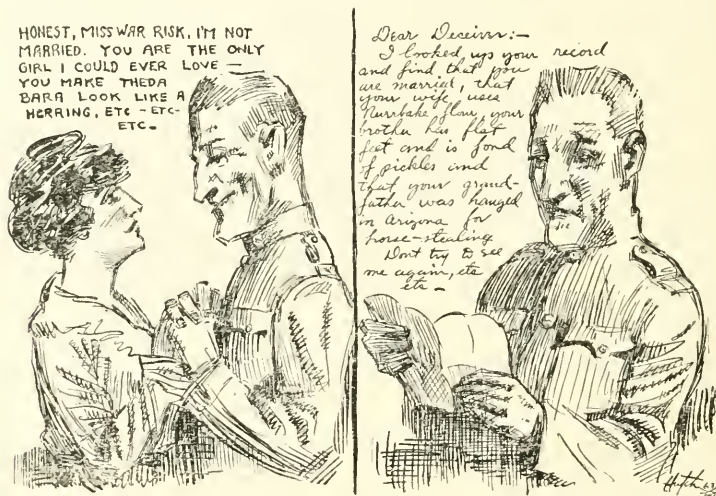
Far away in California,
'Neath the Oklahoma skies,
Lives my Alabama sweetheart
With the Mississippi eyes.

The day the false armistice rumor was published happened to be the day we received our "45's." Lunn remarked that our getting the guns was a sure sign the war was over. The next day the guns were taken in for inspection. This from Lunn: "It's all wrong, Venus, it's all wrong. The war's still on."

Casteel was an exceptionally good barber when he was honing razors.

About December 12th, Mac stepped into the O.R. in a most military manner and requested Wednesday afternoon pass. When asked where he wanted to go he wheezed out this one: "Oh! I thought I'd like to run up home and spend Xmas and New Year's holidays with the folks."

During the epidemic someone hinted that a "Charlie Chaplin Eyebrow" would be a good preventive. "Stub" must have been misinformed, for he passed the eyebrow stage and developed a most luxuriant growth which was the envy and dismay of all, even forcing "Two Gun Steve" to demobilize the one he had imported from "Over There."



With a copy of *La Vie Parisienne* in one hand, the *Police Gazette* in the other, and a suspicious-looking bulge in his right hip pocket, Jimmie Bond faced the B.S. end of the lower squad-room and delivered his "Counsels to Young Men," an excoriating treatise on prize-fighters, booze-fighters, and would-be gallants.

The time the mules were being broken in, Swanstrom was supply sergeant and Stubblefield was an acting buckaroo. The mule got the best of the argument and grave fears were entertained for Stub's skin and bones; Swanstrom ran over at the double and we though he was going to render first aid. "Hey, there," he yelled, "did you ruin that saddle?"

One hot day in August, 1918, the loungers on the front veranda were very much surprised to see Stubblefield drive past in a large machine. Before they had recovered from their surprise, old Stub again passed by and in a few minutes he again majestically drove past; this time, however, close scrutiny revealed a slight moisture on his noble brow—the heat of the day was getting him—but his fourth trip was his downfall. For the lower part of the machine became detached and, alas! the secret was out—Stub had both feet on the pavement going at full speed.

Great excitement prevailed shortly after our arrival at Camp Meade when Jolly rushed to the First Sergeant and exclaimed: "Oh! do hurry, something dreadful is happening. I

don't know whether it is a German infernal machine or what—but please do hurry."

Mendel hastily buckled on his belt and called Cory, Sudbrock, Chrislu, and McMann and dashed madly toward the stables. Nearing the scene, every precaution was taken and they silently approached the place whence strange sounds issued. Mendel instructed Cory to silently encircle the objective. Again and again came that strange "Pattooee"

and then mournfully thunderous rumbling. The attackers were just about to rush in, when a wondrously harmonious melody was wafted through the air. Enraptured, they waited, and their minds were entirely set at ease by the chorus "Pattooee and I knew him when he was all right." It was our peerless quartet, Harry Jones, Huyson (Red) Johnson, Ilog, and Porter. From that time we all welcomed the deep rumbling, for it always presaged some worth-while harmony. Our quartet was in great demand all over camp, at the Hostess House, and Regimental shows, and very fittingly furnished one of the big hits at the farewell banquet given Colonel Croxton. And just to think that Jolly discovered them! Do tell!



Capt. Pendleton is thinking of trimming all the trees.

With Willy Davis furnishing that seductive Southern ducky shuffle and Irish Martin and Micky McCabe, the hot-footed clog of Erin, many periods of desperation were passed without violence.

One of Rags Davis's favorite forms of amusement was to drag out a little green book and read a name and address, and then, with a far-away look in his eye, rave over some beauty of bygone days. Dudley Johnson thought this a great idea and is now on his fifth volume. The *Harvard Classics* will look like a leaflet when Dud gets through.

The real reason for Pound's daily siesta did not come to light until he was seen on several successive nights tripping the light fantastic with the school marms. Maybe that accounts for the copy of "Vocational Guidance" we found on his bunk.

Do you want to know the names of Weiman's Champion Tug-o' War team? Here they are and every one of them is a reason for their championship: Casteel, Cory, Bollenbaugh Bros., Hanns, Faltus, Sudbrock, Harry Jones, Gagen, Yassenoff, Weidman, and Volle.



SUPPLY COMPANY

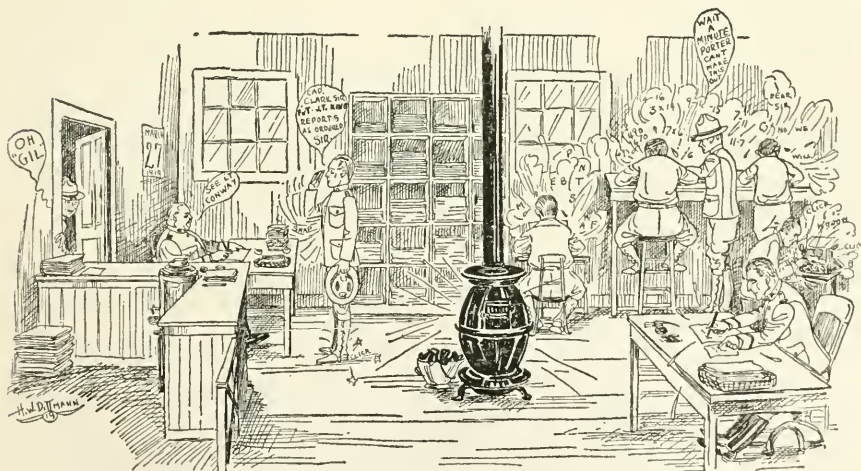


THE name Supply Company indicates in a general way the object and purpose of this organization. A word of explanation will make this clear.

The object is to centralize into as few hands as possible the equipping of a regiment.

The purpose is to obtain the supplies necessary for equipping the troops and distributing them as quickly as possible.

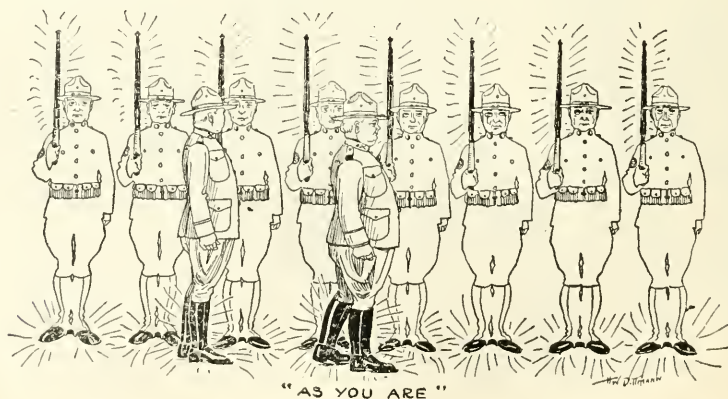
Both are accomplished by the company commanders turning into the supply office a list of supplies needed. Then the supply officer makes a consolidation of these lists into a requisition.





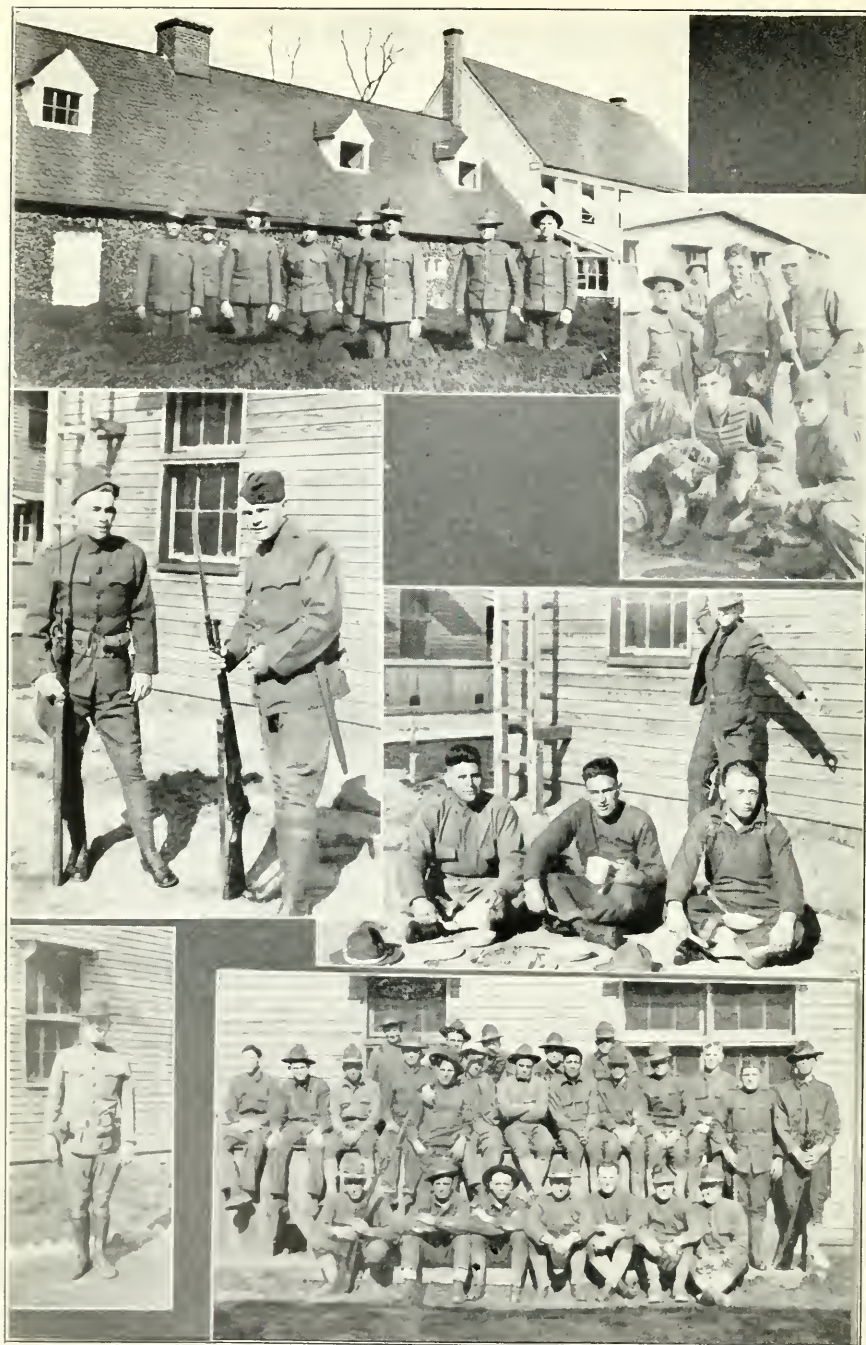
tion on the different branches of supply, draws, and distributes to the different companies.

The duties of the Supply Company are many and varied. Picture in your mind a group of 3700 men, all sizes and shapes. These men must have shoes, stockings, underwear, leggings breeches, shirts, coats, hats, hat cords, collar ornaments, overcoats, raincoats, shelter halves and poles, blankets, mess equipment, rifles, belts, bayonets, bedsacks, straw to fill the bedsacks, and cots to sleep on, and a place provided to sleep in. Then comes the mess. The outdoor life of our men makes for good appetites and our Government is very liberal in providing good food for the men in the Army. This in-

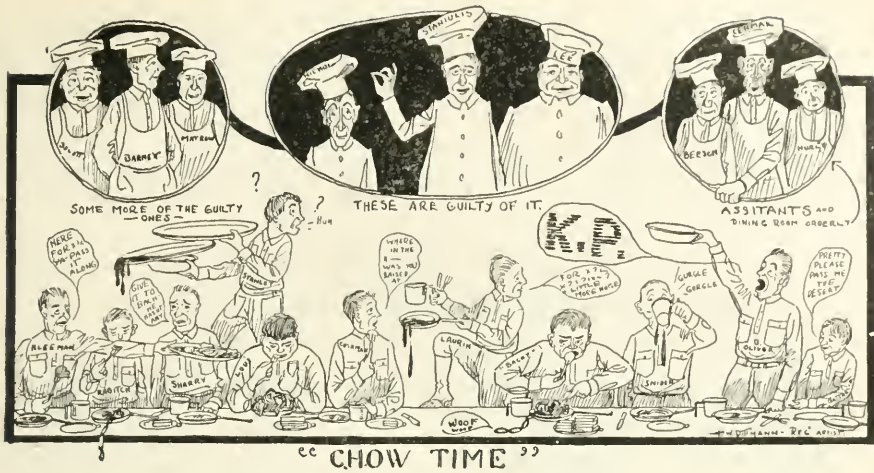




"Let 'er Buck!"

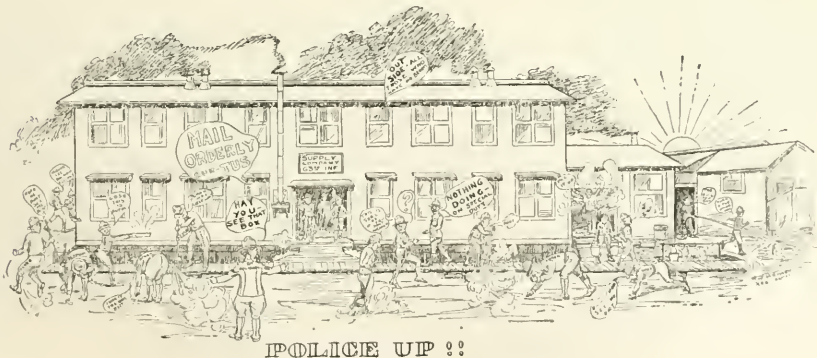


"Punchers" in Disguise



cludes everything on the market, in season. Perishable supplies are drawn every day and non-perishable every ten days. Stoves have to be provided, and utensils, fuel, and water. In fact, everything that goes into a man to make him big, healthy, and strong, and everything that goes on him to make him look the man that he is, comes through the Supply Company.

Now when you have your men clothed, feeding regularly, sheltered, and working hard, there comes a time when they expect something in the way of pay for what they are doing.



Again the Supply comes in and pays off the men, settles the commissary accounts of the different companies, draws the difference in cash, and pays this to the companies for a company fund.

Medical supplies also are drawn through the Supply Company.

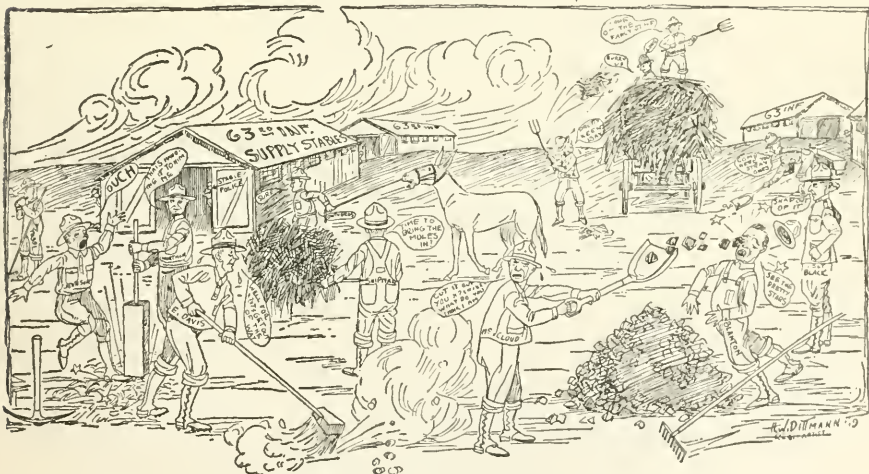


A regiment changes station. The Supply Company prepares the bill of lading, loads all property on cars, gets transportation for freight and men, and upon arrival at a new station unloads the freight and delivers it to the different companies.

To perform these duties, what is generally known as the Supply Company was organized.

It consists of the supply officer as company commander, two first lieutenants and two second lieutenants as officers, one ordnance sergeant, one corporal of ordnance, and six privates for ordnance department, three regimental supply sergeants, four supply sergeants, one first sergeant, one mess sergeant, one stable sergeant with corporals, horseshoers, wagoners (mule-skinners), saddlers, cooks, and privates, to make a total of 164 enlisted personnel. Organization tables allow the Supply Company 275 draft mules, 7 riding mules, and 9 horses with wagons and other equipment.

As can be seen, the Supply Company is organized with the view of giving the best service and doing the most good to the largest number of men in the regiment. In order to accomplish this it is necessary to have the full support of the commanding officers of the regiment and full coöperation of the company commanders. This has been given by the officers of the 63rd Infantry and, because of this fact, the 63rd Infantry has a good Supply Company, capable of meeting most emergencies as they arise. The record of the company shows that the company was composed of men of more than ordinary ability. There was never a job too small or a job too large for us to handle. The spirit of getting things done, loyalty to the cause for which they enlisted, loyalty to their officers and regiment, good-fellowship among themselves, and love for our long-eared friends are among the many characteristics that have made the Supply Company a success. All did their best and put all they had in the game with the result that the regiment as a whole was well taken care of by their Supply Company.



SUPPLY CO. AT DRILL IN CAMP MEADE

THE INJECTION

A cotton swab,
A needle hot,
A little sting,
You've got your shot.

If you were a Rookie that had come to the 63rd Regiment at Camp Meade—and heard—

Colonel Croxton bawl out a Shavetail,

Or Captain Jones lecture on military courtesy and discipline,

Or Captain Horton, when you went by with the sweater on that "she" had sent you,

Or the medical officer over at the Infirmary when you refused to take salts,

Or what one of the mess sergeants told a new K. P.,

Or Sergeant Boyer of "F" Co. telling how they worked 'em when he was a recruit,

Or saw—

Sergeant Oliver cleaning mule hair out of his toothbrush with a "cootie" comb,

Or Osborn or "Red" Inman go round the barracks at a dead run standing up on their horses,

Or Keeley "double-timing" it up to the red barn and back, with Sergeant Clump of "A" Co., after him,

Or the M. P. after he had tried to stop the "party" behind the K. C. hall the night of the party,

Or Wood, of the Supply Co., thirty-eight hours after his week-end pass began,

Or the scrap at the Headquarters Company,

Or Jack Ellis making 'em police up down at the Supply Company,

Or Driggars riding the horse that had the Remount "bluffed,"

Believe me, you decided right off that you sure were *one* rookie in a regular outfit.

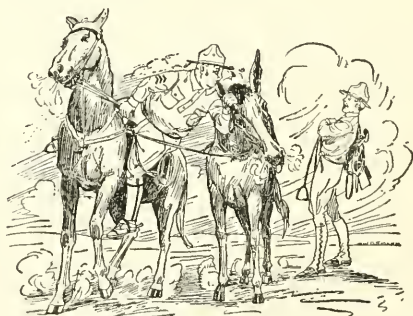


THESE INCIDENTS ALWAYS SEEM TO OCCUR
OCCASIONALLY TO TOP SGT. CONARTY.

History of the 63rd U. S. Infantry

FOUND: In the "Issue Ticket" file of Supply Sergeant Ellis the following telegram: "Ten pound baby boy arrived this morning." Jack is wondering how he is going to produce the goods when the Zone Inspector comes around.

It is very bad policy to make a purchase without first sampling the goods, which was proven to the sorrow of one of the boys who paid seven dollars and fifty cents of perfectly good money for a quart of pure vinegar which retails at any grocery store at twenty-five cents. All is not gold that glitters and all is not whiskey that comes with a Government seal.



Sgt. Oliver giving our "DEAR" friend advice.

THE SAD TALE OF A CAMP MEADE M. P.

This is the tale of Horatius McFee,
Camp Meade "anti-liquor" M. P.,
And the trouble he fell in when he started quellin'
Some guys in the line Infantrie.

Extreme conscientious was he,
His orders he kept to a T,
And he took great delight 'n this one-sided fightin'
With stewed guys that hardly could see.

'Twas a happy Horatius McFee,
Detailed as Chief of M. P.,
To keep rum from prancin' and spoilin' the dancin',
At the Infantry hop and soiree.

'Twas a big-feeling Horatius McFee
Who went to the hall as M. P.,
He walked proudly in and he ogled the wimen,
And kept order throughout the soiree.

At last our Horatius McFee
Espied the departure of three,
And a dry rasping throttle deduced that a bottle
Might be passed with the contents of "tea."

Then out stole young Horatius McFee,
His duty lay plain as could be;
By the moonlight he watched 'em until he had "kotched" 'em,
A-pullin' their bottle of tea.

Then up stepped young Horatius McFee,
"You're pinched guys, now come on with me,"
When they didn't foller, he grabbed on the collar,
Of a guy quite as hard boiled as he.

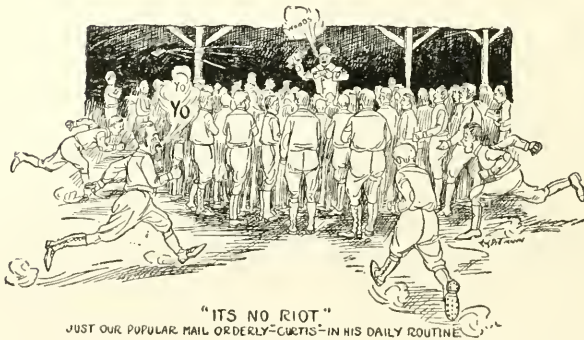
But alas for the valiant M. P.
In his haste he had quite failed to see,
In the guy he would murder, an old Sixty-thirder,
Instead of a rookie like he.

History of the 63rd U. S. Infantry

A week in the hospital he
Lay before he even could see,
A full week of repenting and bitter lamenting,
Not seeing the six and the three.

To the C. O. went Horatius McFee,
"Sir, please send me down to Camp Lee,"
Where the Sixty-third, in cold-blooded murder,
Can't beat up an M. P. like me.

Now the moral for every M. P.
Has to do with the care with which he
Should size up his guy' an' be careful at tryin'
To bust up a Sixty-third spree.



"ITS NO RIOT."
JUST OUR POPULAR MAIL ORDERLY-"CHITIS"-IN HIS DAILY ROUTINE.



First Lieutenant
Archer L. Lerch



Second Lieutenant
Victor Thomason



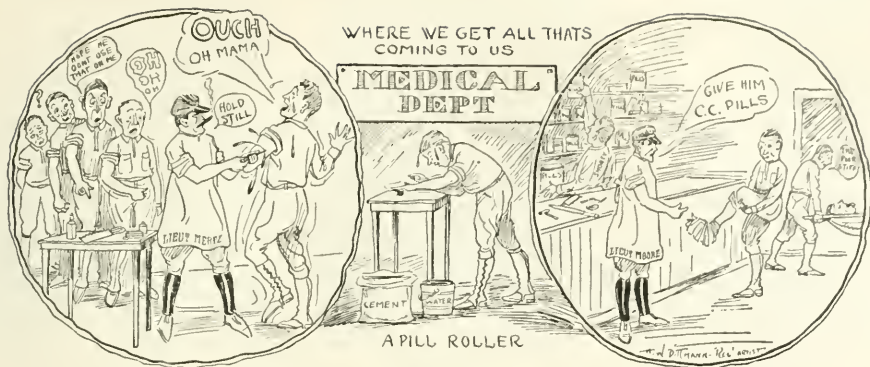
First Lieutenant
William L. Conway



Major
Harry E. Clay

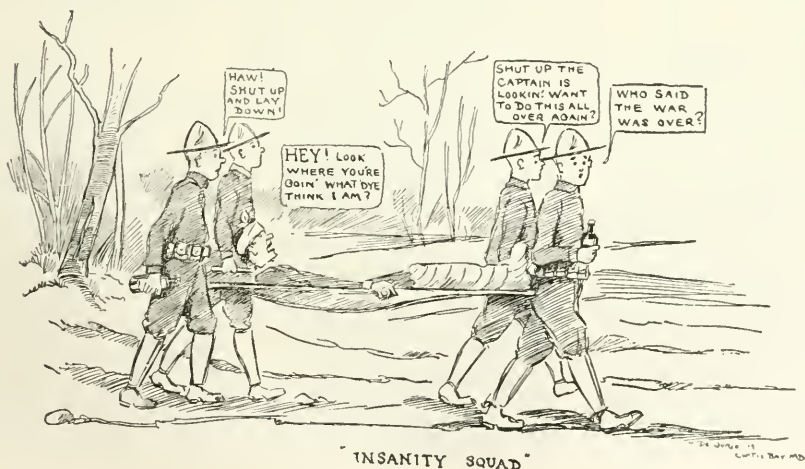


Major
Thompson M. Baird



THE Medical Detachment of the 63rd Infantry was organized June 18, 1917, at the Presidio of San Francisco, Cal., under the direction of Captain Everett O. Jones, surgeon. The original organization was composed of picked men from the Ambulance Co. No. 2 and Post Hospital, and its members were all from the Western or Middle Western States.

July 6, 1917, Captain Jones was succeeded by Captain Ernest C. Dalton as surgeon. Captain Dalton had recently returned from the Mexican border and, on coming to the 63rd, was promoted to the grade of major. Under him the men were trained in all modern methods of emergency first-aid work,



hospital corps duties, and preliminary gas defense. Instruction was given in French by First Lieutenant William H. Blanchette, a doctor and native of France, who spoke the language fluently. The men also attended other French classes in the Y. M. C. A. Hut. In addition they were given an instructive course in medical moving pictures in the Oregon Building.

The training consisted of six hours' drilling and field work, one hour of French and one hour first-aid and minor surgery each day, excepting Saturday and Sunday, and a twelve to fifteen-mile hike once a week.

At the Presidio the Hospital Corps inoculated the entire regiment of approximately four thousand men against typhoid fever and smallpox. At Camp Meade these men were again





Captain
James S. Hewson



Captain
Frank H. Collins



Captain
Ezra F. Mertz



First Lieutenant
Thomas F. Moore



First Lieutenant
Judson F. Browne



First Lieutenant
Frank A. Murphy



First Lieutenant
William S. Crawford



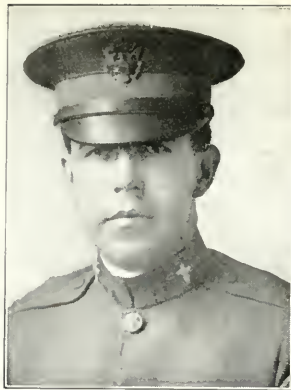
First Lieutenant
Irving R. Hardy



First Lieutenant
Francis J. Slattery



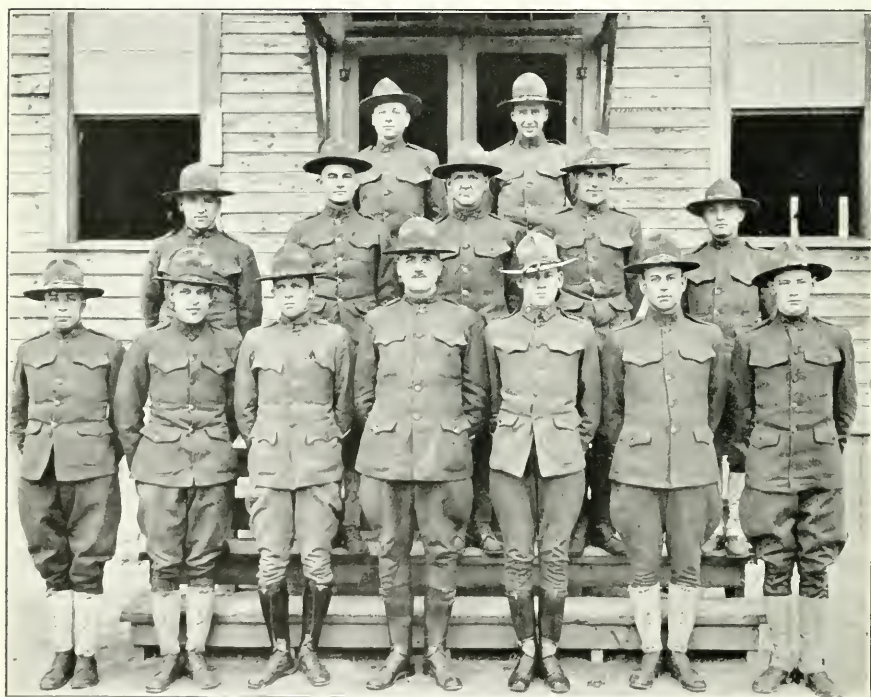
Chaplain
James H. Dunham



Chaplain
Daniel F. Desmond



Chaplain
Melvin V. Ogle

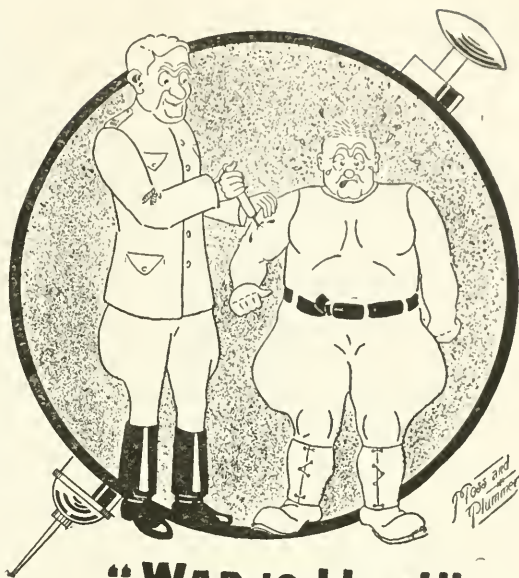


inoculated with Lipo pneumococcic vaccine, making in all about sixteen thousand "shots" of vaccine and eight thousand vaccinations. Every possible precaution was taken to immunize the entire regiment against contagious disease.

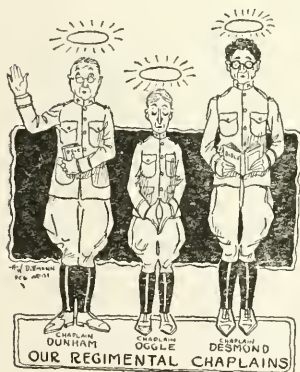
Physically the men of the Hospital Corps were of a husky type and often distinguished themselves. On one occasion, after having been ridiculed as weaklings, they outpulled in a tug of war the heaviest line company team in the regiment.

It is worthy of note that when the regiment entrained at San Francisco, in eight train sections, each section was accompanied by six medical corps men and one medical officer, who did their work so well that the regiment arrived at Camp Meade with only one case of sickness developing throughout the trip.

It was a matter of regret to the whole regiment that, on September 6, 1918, twenty men and three medical officers were taken from the unit to form the Medical Corps of the 72nd Infantry, with Captain Clay as surgeon. One week later Captain Clay was transferred back, relieving Major Dalton as surgeon of the 63rd Infantry,

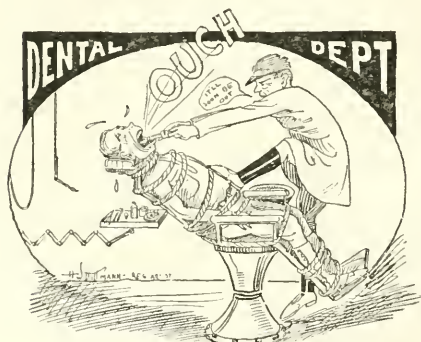


"WAR IS H—!"



CHAPLAIN DUNHAM
CHAPLAIN OGLE
CHAPLAIN DESMUND
OUR REGIMENTAL CHAPLAINS

and promoted to grade of major. Major Dalton was then transferred to the 71st Infantry and later to the Philippine Islands.

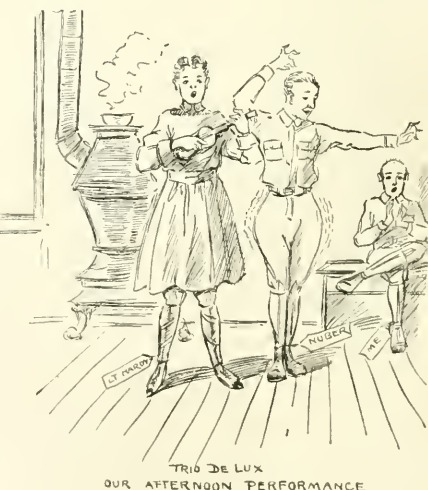


"LT. WAYMAN HAS A METHOD ALL HIS OWN"

the armistice was signed. Colonel Pillsbury, surgeon of the 11th Division, to which this organization belonged, used the Medical Corps of the 63rd Infantry as an example in personal appearance as well as paper work for the other medical units of that division.

In writing the story of the Medical Department we take pleasure in mentioning Mrs. Clay, who accompanied her husband, Major Clay, to Camp Meade, where she greatly endeared herself to the men of the Medical Department. Mrs. Clay had been a trained nurse and, during the influenza epidemic at Camp Meade, gave herself unsparingly in beautiful service.

Major Clay was succeeded by Major Thompson M. Baird as surgeon. Major Baird is a graduate of the Jefferson



Medical College, of Philadelphia. Before entering the service he had a large practice in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Major Baird served with the 58th Infantry of the 4th Division in France and had the honor of leading the 1st Battalion into action near the Vesle River on August 4, 1918, by order of Brigadier-General E. E. Booth. For bravery on this occasion he received the Distinguished Service Medal. On August 10, 1918, while attending a wounded man on the field of battle, near Fismes, he was gassed and wounded.



MAJOR CLAY WITH HIS FAVORITE "SLEEPY JIM"

Recovering from his wounds, which were considered fatal, he was assigned chief of Medical Service R. C., Military Hospital No. 8, in Paris.

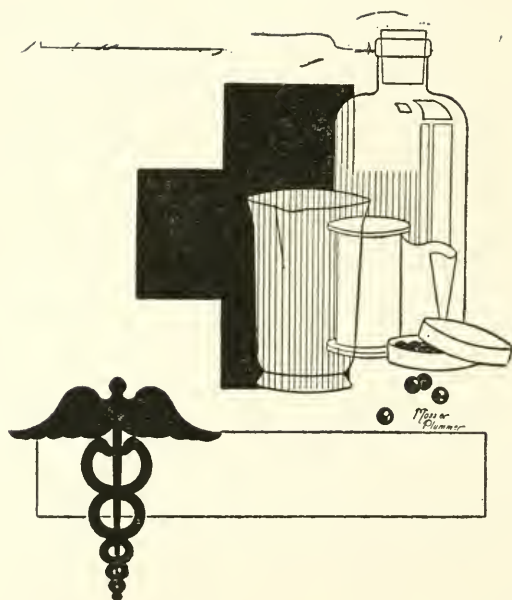
The Medical Department is proud of his record and highly favored by his new assignment.

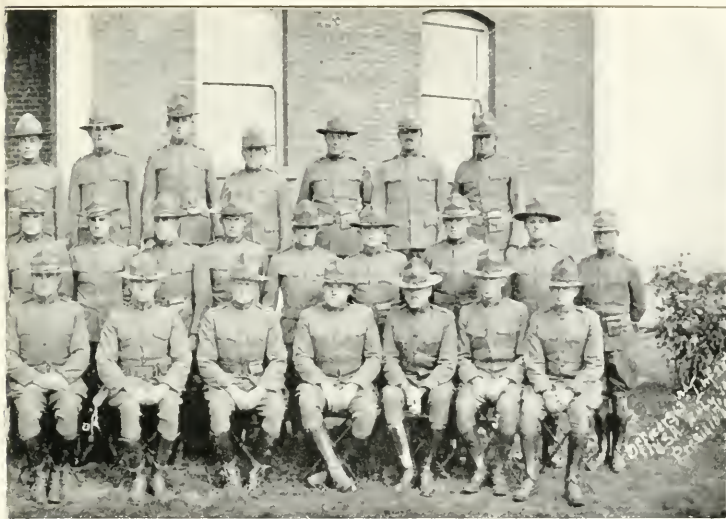
The men of this detachment responded to their country's call and, finding places of service in the Medical Department of the 63rd, have done their work well. Had they been permitted to go to the front, they would have returned with the honors of war.

Whatever their military rating, there is much in these men of the Medical Department to inspire one with strength, optimism, and hope. They share in the high rating given by the War Department to the whole regiment.

It does not take much sagacity to predict for men so thoroughly trained for success in war success in peace.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." To all who served so well we wish the victories of peace.







Regimental Officers



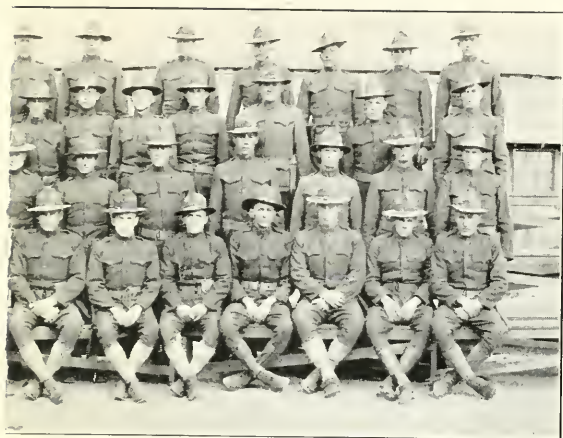
Headquarters Company



Machine Gun Company



Supply Company



First Battalion,
Sixty-third U. S. Infantry



Major Walter E. Black



Second Lieutenant
Edgar M. Haas



First Lieutenant
Alfred P. Kitson



First Lieutenant
Lorenzo D. Macy

SOME DON'TS FOR THE SOLDIER AND EX-SOLDIER

Don't, for your own sake, your friends, and your Country, forget that you have seen Honorable Service as an American Soldier.

Don't be "slouchy" in the way you wear your clothes. Don't leave your overcoat unbuttoned or wear your hat on the side of your head.

Don't amble along; walk erect; "poke out" your chest and SNAP into everything you do.

Don't be a Rowdy; carry yourself like a Soldier. It wasn't the "Hard Guys" that won the war.

Don't fail to salute an Officer when you meet him. It's the sign of fellowship in the Honorable Profession of Arms, and shows civilians that you have military breeding.

Don't be discourteous to the civilian population which has stood behind you so nobly by giving money to the many agencies for your comfort.

Don't forget that you are going home to that mother who knows you are the best soldier Uncle Sam ever had, or ever will have, and for her sake, if for nothing else, KEEP YOUR RECORD CLEAN.

Don't, if you are an Overseas Soldier, call the man who did not get over a "Slacker." You were lucky and he wasn't, that's all. Many a better man that you didn't have a chance at the big fight, and if you insult him, he will be doing right if he takes part of his disappointment out on you.

Don't be the "Fall Guy" and buy fake campaign buttons or ribbons. You only cheapen your uniform and make yourself look ridiculous. Wait until the Government authorizes a Campaign Badge that you can wear with credit and pride.

Don't hang around the city until you are "broke" and can't get home. Go home now and get back on the job.

Don't ever cease being thankful that you were privileged to defend the Rights of Humanity in War, and when you go back to civil life, determine that you will uphold the same fine ideals which inspired you as a soldier. You have shown the world how you can FIGHT; now show it how you can LIVE.

LORENZO D. MACY,
*First Lieutenant, 63rd Infantry,
Commanding Provost Guard.*

Provost Guard, 1st Battalion, 63rd Infantry Detachment

THE Provost Guard for Baltimore City was taken over by the 63rd Infantry Detachment, January 23, 1919, relieving the 11th Division Military Police Detachment, which returned to Camp Meade, Md., at that time, to be mustered out.

The guard consisted of fifty men of the 1st Battalion, under command of First Lieutenant Lorenzo D. Macy. Major Walter E. Black, commanding 1st Battalion, 63rd Infantry, Curtis Bay, Md., was provost marshal until his transfer to command of 2nd Battalion, East Potomac Park, Washington, D. C., when this office was filled by his successor, Major Albert R. Dillingham.

Headquarters for the Guard was established at the Central Police Station, No. 2 East Saratoga Street. A small room on the first floor was used as an office and orderly room. Quarters for the men were on the third floor. Here, three large airy rooms, shower baths, and pool room, with player piano installed, made assignment to the detachment very attractive.

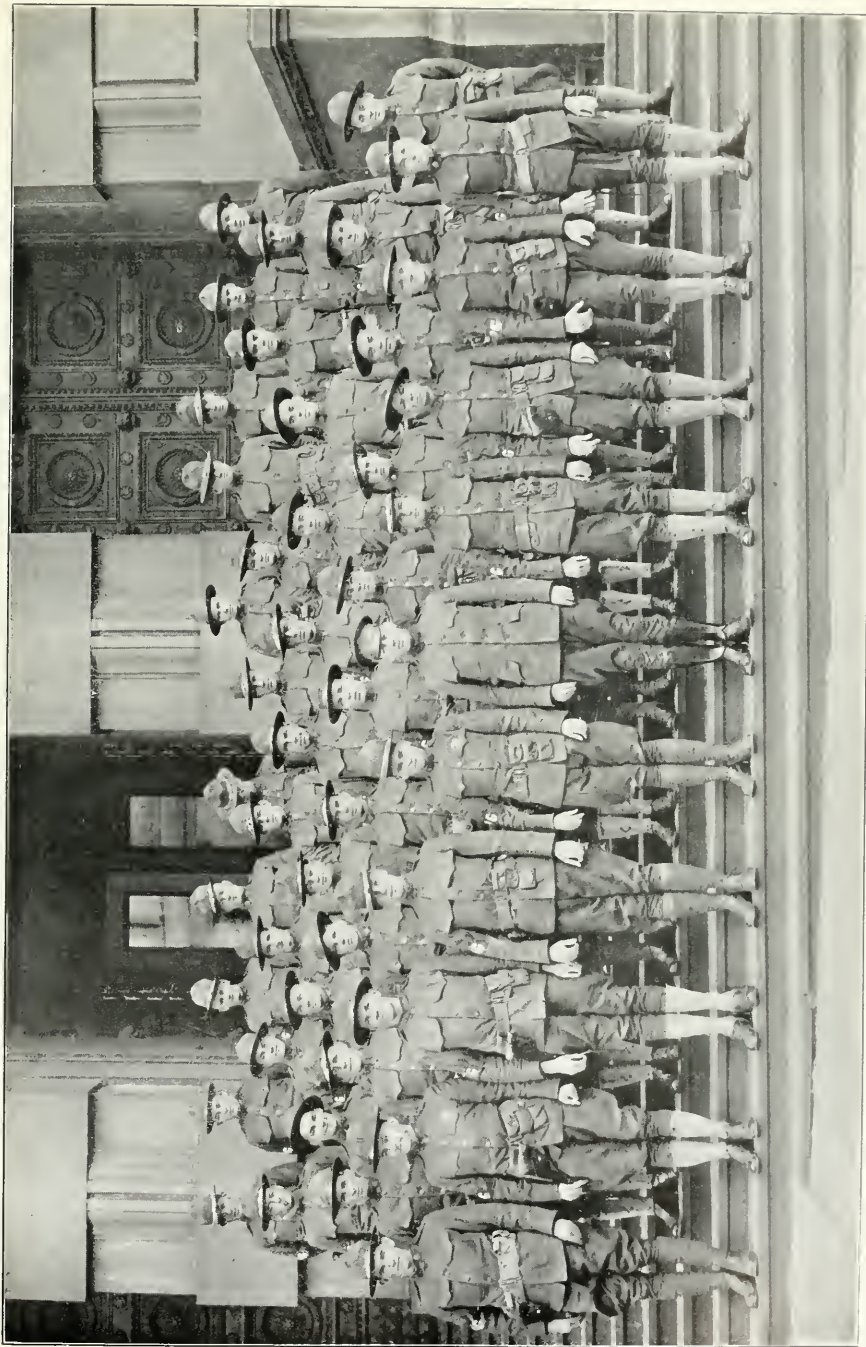
Arrangements were made for the men to mess at the W. C. C. S. Hotel, Holliday and Lexington Streets. By this arrangement the rations were drawn from the Quartermaster and turned over to the manager of the hotel, and the men were furnished a splendid mess at no additional cost.

The work was interesting. Most of the offenses dealt with were of minor character, and, with the exception of the A.W. O.L. and desertion cases, due almost entirely to drink. Much of the effort put forth by the guard was in bringing bootleggers to justice.

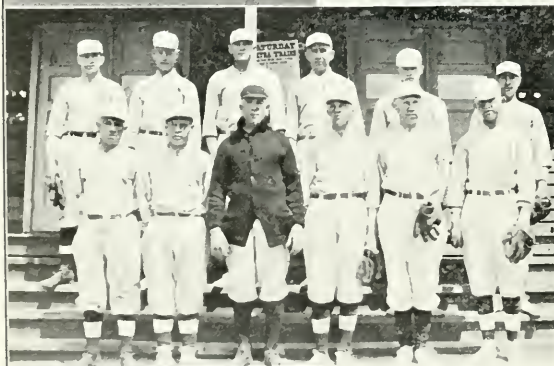
When off duty many visits were made to the courts, especially the police courts. Go to any police court if you want to study life. Not life as it should be, or can be, but life as it is, with a great number of weak-willed and habit-wrecked beings who are brought before the magistrate to answer for their weakness and their crime. Like actors on a stage, but with a bitter realism not possible there, they run before you the whole gamut of human emotion.

The hearty coöperation of the Police Department, and the splendid character of the men at the head of the department, made the work much more pleasant than it otherwise would have been.

The men of the detachment displayed good judgment, grit, and loyalty; they carried themselves like men and soldiers and discharged the hard duties of the provost guard in a manner worthy of the 63rd Infantry.



The Chosen Few



First in Their Lines

Company "A"

UPON the organization of the regiment, fifty men and "Spot," under the command of the only officer of the company, Captain Wallace McNamara, moved up to the barracks to be occupied by the 63rd Infantry, and formed Company "A." It was a big job starting all over again but we all put our shoulders to the wheel, and pushed hard. We were small, but were all strong for Company "A."

On July 28, 1917, Lieutenant Allan Pendleton reported to the company and took command, relieving Captain McNamara, who then became regimental adjutant, then was soon transferred, and we were left with only one officer. An addition of thirty-one recruits and four non-commissioned officers was made during July, bringing the enlisted strength of the company up to ninety men. The new men soon became boosters and before long we became almost like an old outfit. At this time we organized a baseball team that held its own with the best in the regiment.

With the addition of three new officers, work began in earnest. We built dummies, made fencing sticks, and dug various kinds of trenches. The Company Fund bought more athletic equipment and we played as hard as we worked.

Things went smoothly through October, although we did our "Squads East," sang *Over There*, and counted "ONE,—ONE,—Two," with increasing snap. The first Thanksgiving dinner of Company "A" was held in a very elaborately decorated mess hall. Menu cards with the Company roster on

each one were given out. They made a big hit, and so did the dinner. Mess Sergeant Henry T. Klein had forgotten nothing and every one went away "full." As on Thanksgiving, we had a big Christmas spread.

Early in January, out of the clear sky an order came for us to proceed to North Island, San Diego, California. We loaded our property on the boat at the Presidio docks and, eighty strong, plus "Spot," started on our trip. On January 11th we arrived in San Diego, rode across the San Diego Bay to North Island, and at once moved into tents.

North Island is in reality a long peninsula projecting out into San Diego Bay, connected to the mainland on the Coronado side by a long, narrow "Sand Spit." On the island is the well known Army Aviation Station, and Rockwell Field. The Navy also has a part of the Island for the use of her aviators.

All day long, day after day, there were planes in the air flying about like busy bees buzzing around a honeycomb. They were not only in the air but everywhere; we were there to guard them against fire and destruction, and we did it. Two immense searchlights were at once put up, which lighted practically the whole island at night. They were so strong that the officer of the day could mount the hundred-foot tower and, by turning the lights about, could almost tell whether his sentries were on post! No one was allowed on the island without a pass, and the rule was rigidly adhered to. Frequent night fire drills were held; on these occasions the island had to be encircled in double time, but we did it, not always, however, with full clothing equipment. The guard was severe at first but, with the addition of seventy-two men who were at once sent to us from the regiment, it became much easier.

We weren't on guard all of the time, and when on pass were in close range of Camp Kearney and Camp Taliaferro and within four hours of Los Angeles. From camp we could



Captain Wilson G. Bingham



First Lieutenant
Henry D. McCary



First Lieutenant
Raymond R. Tourtillott



Inside and Out

plainly see Point Loma, Fort Rosecrans, and the entrance to San Diego Bay. The famous Hotel Del Coronado was but a thirty minutes' walk from camp. Very often in the morning, before our work-out, we were hiked across the "Sand Spit" and around the hotel and then through its beautiful grounds. "Spot" used to make all trips with us and would even try to help sing *Over There*, as we hiked along.

We had a very good baseball field, basketball court, and soccer field; and we used them all. Plenty of athletic equipment was furnished and, in spite of the lazy and tropical weather, there was always someone working out. Rabbit drives, however, were the greatest diversion and more fun, because they brought results on the mess table the next day. A skirmish line would be formed and the island combed. Each drive paid a dozen or more rabbits, which, when cleaned and cooked, tasted pretty good.

Although Company "A" had come by this time to be a big family, and we had ideal climatic conditions, everyone still longed to be back on the San Francisco flats. March 1st brought an unexpected order to return to San Francisco. Lieutenant Pendleton read it in the mess hall, and had there been any roof on that place, the cheering would have raised it off! The order also called for the sending out of four separate detachments to be attached to Company "C," 63rd Infantry. A change, however, was all we wanted, and it all sounded mighty good. On March 4th a detachment of one corporal and seven men left for Long Beach, California; one corporal and seven men for San Pedro, California; one corporal and ten men to New Idria, California; and one sergeant, four corporals, and twenty-one men for Wilmington, California; the rest of the company entrained at the same time for San Francisco, and returned over the same route, arriving there on the morning of March 5th. We at once moved into the brick barracks.

The detachment sent to Long Beach was quartered in

barracks and did guard over the Craig and Los Angeles Shipyards. The San Pedro detachment guarded the Los Angeles Shipyard and Dry Docks. The men lived in barracks, the climate was very good, and the guard not particularly hard. The men sent to New Idria guarded the Cinne-bar Quicksilver Mines, which are said to produce nearly three-fourths of the total output in the United States. The men were quartered in new barracks. At Wilmington the wooden shipyards of the Chandler Shipbuilding Company and Fulton Shipbuilding Company were guarded. The men lived in barracks and, although the guard was stiff, liked the place very much.

In July all men on detached service joined the company and, in accordance with the ever-prevalent rumors, everything was made ready for a quick departure east.

The company left San Francisco on August 12th and arrived at Camp Meade, Maryland, on the morning of the 19th, where we started to work in earnest. Everyone believed now that he would at last get a chance at the Hun, and was preparing himself.

In September Captain Oscar H. Beasley was assigned and took command of the company. He greatly inspired the men in their training, due to the fact that he had been "Over There" and had fought the Hun himself. When the armistice was signed "A" Company still had plenty of "pep" and broke up a Development Battalion parade in celebration of the so-called peace treaty. On January 17th the company left Camp Meade, with the 1st Battalion for Curtis Bay, Maryland, and at once settled down in tents. On March 24th Captain Beasley became a civilian and Captain Wilson G. Bingham succeeded him in command, making the seventh company commander "A" Company has had during its short existence. We believe this to be the record in the regiment. We are very progressive and like variety.

(Concluded on page 128)

THE SIXTY-THIRD "GROWL"

Tune: *Silver Threads among the Gold.*

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I

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver stripes instead of gold,
Now that peace in Europe nears,
I'll be back in seven years.

II

I'll drop in on you some night,
With my whiskers long and white,
Yes, the war is over, dear,
And we are going home, I hear.

III

Home again with you once more,
Say—by nineteen twenty-four,
Once by now I thought I'd be
Sailing o'er, across the sea,

IV

To the place we hear each day,
But I'm stuck in Curtis Bay.
You can hear the gang all curse,
War is Hell, but peace is worse.

V

When the next war comes around,
In the front line I'll be found,
I'll rush in again, "pell-mell,"
Yes, I will, I will like Hell!

ANTHONY COENEN, TENOR

In full accord with the versatility of the company is Private Anthony Coenen, the six-foot tenor who starred at the Liberty Theater at Camp Meade, Maryland, when the regimental show was staged there.

Coenen came from Tucson, Arizona; in civil life he studied voice culture under the direction of the National Opera at Mexico City. It was real talent that Coenen brought to Camp.

Coenen sang the leading male part in the musical comedy at Camp Meade in a clear sweet tenor and won great distinction. After his appearance at Camp Meade, officers heard him in their private clubrooms and noted civilians listened to him in their homes in Baltimore and Washington. The company also enjoyed his lyrics in the mess hall at the wonderful Thanksgiving dinner of 1918.

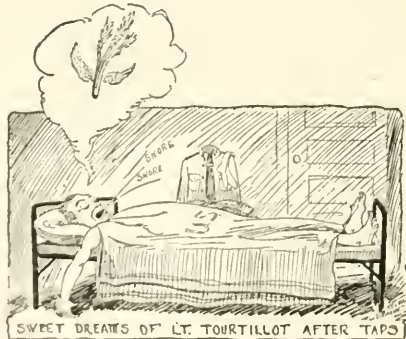
At present Private Coenen is under training with Dr. Frank Damrosch, the famous teacher of voice for the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York City. With such a teacher as Damrosch, and such a fine tenor voice as he has, Coenen should soon be ready for a bright career.

BENEATH "O. D."

There are oodles of advantages in being a Regular. Then again there ain't. For instance, intensive training under a broiling Southern sky, wearing the regulation O. D. uniform.

We all remember those blistering August days, stabbin' the dummies. The more the salty brine rolled down our manly torsos, the more we wondered why in Hell we weren't issued khaki shirts and breeches. But we didn't get them; so we continued to perspire and froth at the mouth.

I can remember how glad we were to be in a deep trench. We used to huddle up in a little ball to take advantage of the bit of shade thus afforded. Somehow, though, there was always an officer around to "take all of the joy out of life," and up we'd get and start anew. We could have been tried for what we thought—but what a blessing it is that we can think what we please!





Ready for Anything



In and Out of Khaki

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER

He's a driller and a drinker,
He's a gambler and a sport,
He's a hard old hand at hiking,
 but at work he's rather short,
But the devil likes his fighting
 and the hearty way it's done;
He's a cross between a Christian
 and the devil's only son,
He has vices like the most of men
 and virtues like a few,
But when you thump his mettle
You will find its ring is true.
He's a mixture, made of Capsicum
 with fire to make it hot.
On his record as a soldier there
 is not a single blot.
He's a khaki-colored cyclone
 with the lightning in its heart,
And he never yet has turned his back
 nor played the coward's part.
He is honored by the title of a
 soldier and a man;
He is Uncle Samuel's nephew and
 he's all American.

"ETHEL"

It is not every organization that is favored in having a lady on its roll. We have Ethel. This is the way of it. The Sixty-third staged a show at Camp Meade, Maryland. No show is a go unless it has female characters. So we had to have several impersonators. "A" Company furnished Private Carl Ecker who impersonated a nifty little waitress to perfection. Carl made a very cunning maid for the main act and pulled off a stunning ballet dance between acts. As Carl is not very tall, you could not have told him from a real girl unless you actually knew it was he. "Miss" Ecker made such a well-remembered hit that the fitting female name "Ethel" was bestowed upon him, and it has seemed to stick. They say Ethel is married to a sure-enough lady; now would you believe it?

(Continued from p. 122)

We have lost most of our old timers through transfers, officers' training camps, etc.,—we even lost “Spot” while crossing the plains of Nevada, but the “A” Company spirit is still in existence and, although but one hundred and fifty-four strong, we still believe we are the best company in the regiment.

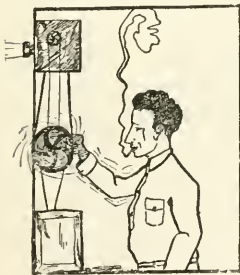
Company "B"

SOME misguided comedian once got a laugh when he begged, "Let me jine up with 'B' Company, so I'll *be* there when they go, and *be* there when they come back." What he meant by "there" is somewhat hazy, but if his desire was to be on the job at all times, never to be lacking in the pinches, to be loyal always, "B" Company of the 63rd Infantry would have suited him exactly; for, whatever the task (and there have been many with less glory than pain) the men of this, the second lettered company of the regiment, have never been found wanting.



Our history was the history of the regiment until the day in January when we were ordered to Benicia Arsenal for guard duty there.

Benicia Arsenal, once the most desirable army post in California, is a good mile from the village of Benicia, which has seen better and brighter days, having been at one time capital of the Bear State. The arsenal is a distributing point for Western Department ordnance, and a great quantity of fixed ammunition and high explosive was stored there during the war. Triton was the chief source of worry, and after learning that it takes but eighty pounds of this powder to destroy the largest ship afloat, a vigilant guard was maintained over the million



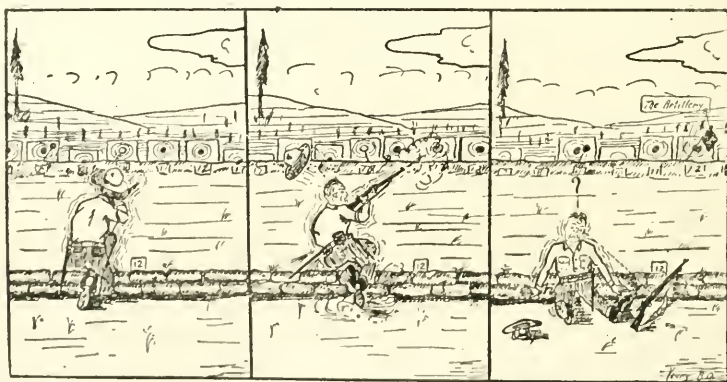
DINTY MOORE WHEN NOT
IN THE MILL CAN BE FOUND
GRINDING THEM OUT AT THE Y'

or so pounds in the arsenal warehouses. Colonel Frank Baker, retired, commanded the post, and did all in his power to make the men and officers comfortable.



The passing of six rather uneventful weeks left the company, officers and men, in a state of anticipation, not anticipation that anything would happen at the arsenal, but that orders would come for the outfit to rejoin the regiment. The men argued

that the business of preventing the explosion of T. N. T. was all right for ordnance troops, but that a company of the 63rd Infantry should be actively engaged in making good Germans out of live ones somewhere in France. Naturally, from such a mood a crop of rumors spread, and "B" Company

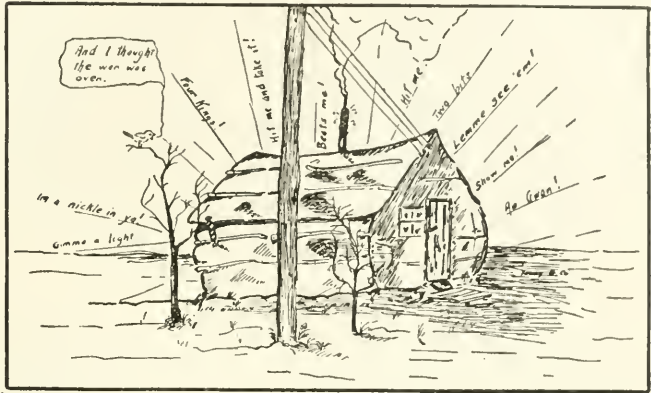


The men were told before leaving for the rifle range that their rifles might kick. This proved true in many cases.

was leaving the arsenal on an average of twice a month. Optimism gave place to dark despair, however, when, instead of

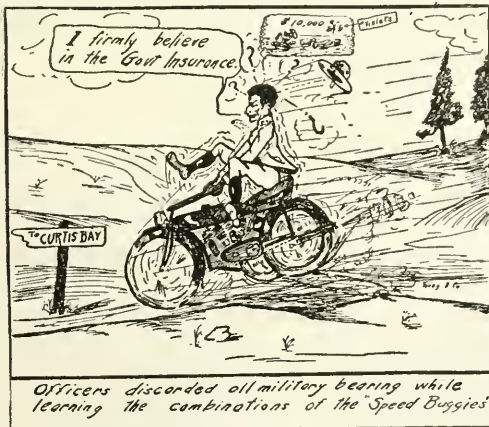
orders to leave, word came that the company was again to be reinforced, this time by a detail of fifty men and two officers.

This addition so overcrowded the quarters that it was necessary to move most of the company to what is known as Benicia Barracks. These buildings,



"Shorty's" tailor shack after pay day.

long in a state of disrepair, had been partially renovated for the use of a temporary ordnance school for the training of non-commissioned officers, and are situated about a mile from the arsenal proper. Timber for the construction of the barracks was shipped around the Horn in the early eighties, and they had housed many an outfit before "B" Company took



possession. At one time General U. S. Grant served there as a captain.

Amid these surroundings and with the prospect of several more months of isolation before them (it being spring), several of the men passed from bachelordom into a state of marital bliss.

A greater amount of drill was now possible, inasmuch as the men were doing guard less often, and an effort was made to catch up with the rest

of the regiment in San Francisco. Several of the other detachments were being called in, and glowing accounts of the



"There will be inspection" is as popular as a "cry for help."

development of the 63rd into a fighting machine were being received at the arsenal. Recruits from Washington and Oregon had been assigned to the regiment, and "B" Company was informed that its quota of men was waiting for it at the Presidio.

Finally, after six and a half months' watchful waiting, orders came for the company to move to San Francisco. On July 22, 1918, after being relieved by a detachment of United States Guards, the outfit entrained for the Presidio. The resurrection of "B" Company, the last organization to be recalled, completed the reconcentration of the regiment, and gave substance to the rumors that the 63rd was to be almost immediately sent east for overseas training. The company, after getting its new men, numbered two hundred forty-four, and entered into preparations for the eastward move with enthusiasm and interest. It was not long before the men had as good a knowledge as the other companies of the subjects taken up in their absence.

Of the trip to Camp Meade little need be said, since each unit of the organization shared alike in this experience. Indeed, from this time the story of "B" Company is so closely linked with that of the regiment that a detailed account would entail useless repetition.

Hence it is the ambition of this narrative to picture, as nearly as possible, events that concern "B" Company as a company.



BAD NEWS FROM HOME!



First Lieutenant
Frank J. Leard



Captain
Grady H. Pendergrast



First Lieutenant
Ralph E. Powell



First Lieutenant
Fred H. Reynolds



Second Lieutenant
Walter M. Hampton



Second Lieutenant
William P. Strong



Sergeants Madden and Stiles Hard at It



All the Comforts of Home

Kuhn: "Say, Gaines, is Madden from a rural section?"

Gaines: "No, why the cross-examination?"

Kuhn: "Well, I saw him try to post a letter in the fire box over in Baltimore recently."

Lieutenant Powell: "Schultz, that hat looks pretty seedy. Draw a new one."

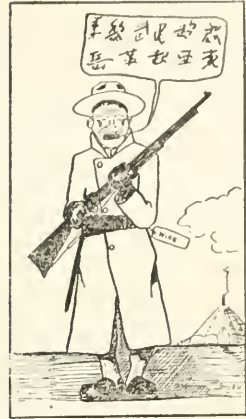
Schultz: "Yes, sir. And I would like to get a new pair of breeches."

Lieutenant Powell: "They look O. K. from here."

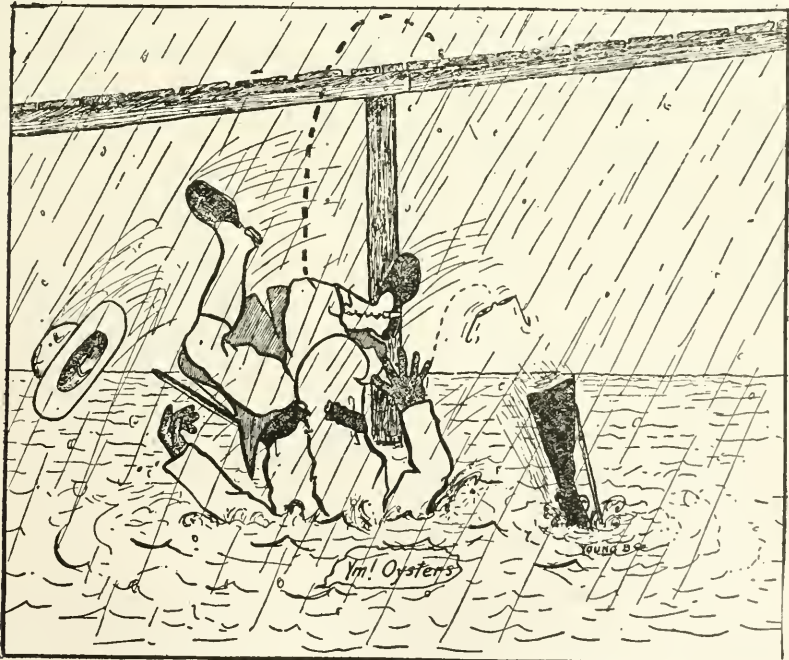
Schultz: "Yes, sir, but I split them in the third regimental exercise."

Officer of the Day: "Costello, what are your general orders?"

Costello: "Sir, I have been in the army nine months and you are the first to ask me."



WING: Halt, who dere?
Voice: Officer of the day.
WING: What, you come,
Offis' Day? Me make look
see.



At Camp Meade, by the dim light of a few lanterns, all property was removed from the cars into a great mud hole,



The Company Clerk keeps his trigger finger in shape by banging out fatigues, KPs and gunds.

alongside of which the engineer had obligingly halted, and afterward transferred to trucks upon which "B" Company made a not too triumphal entry into Camp Meade. Upon reaching barracks it was a case of "every man for himself and the devil for all." While awaiting breakfast, which the cooks immediately began to prepare, the men

curled up on the floor, with packs for pillows, and snatched an hour of much needed rest. The floor, which had recently been oiled, left its lasting impression on our O. D. blouses and breeches. This, however, wasn't discovered until daylight, which disclosed other conditions little conducive to comfort. After cleaning the barracks and getting the kitchen fairly well established, it was found that the company had been directed to the wrong quarters, and it was a case of pull up and move again.

During the weeks of training which followed on drill field and range, the men of "B" Company worked hard and faithfully.

Intensive training only half-expressed what the company was going through. All were busy mastering the bayonet,



while the bombing, rifle grenade, and automatic rifle squads were doing double duty. The men quickly learned the new combat formations and were more than once commended for the manner in which they advanced on an imaginary machine-gun nest, or cleaned out a German trench.

In spite of rumors that an armistice was to be signed between the Entente powers and the German Empire, interest was at fever heat on the day of the divisional review before Major-General Carter. The company looked formidable, indeed, arrayed in overseas togs, and contributed its share in making the regiment the best-looking and best-drilled outfit of the division.



A MAN SHOULD NEVER LOSE HIS GRIP ESPECIALLY ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

Then came the signing of the armistice, and, although enthusiasm died out to a large degree, as was natural without the incentive of future foreign service, the men never forgot that they were members of "B" Company, nor failed in any duty. It was a disappointed but game outfit that finally gave up hope of reaching France. In January, "B" Company came with the First Battalion, under Major Walter E. Black, to Curtis Bay, Maryland.



The "old folks" are always pleased when they hear of their son's advancements.

History, as ever, repeats itself, and "B" Company once more finds itself guarding T. N. T. and several other mild forms of explosive. In fact, it is believed that if T. N. T. had never been invented, the outfit would long ago have covered itself with glory on European soil. As it is, the government just had to have this organization at

home. It is a sadly depleted company, hardly recognizable as the one which left San Francisco almost a year ago. Many men have been discharged, leaving a total of one hundred and thirty-two on the roster, exclusive of twelve provost guards in Baltimore.

So much for "B" Company's modest part in the great war, for that it was a part cannot be denied. Just as it took all kinds of men to make the army, it took all kinds of duty to gain victory. Those who wear white service chevrons have an interest in that victory, and "B" Company would undoubtedly have worn the gold with credit, had the opportunity been offered.



WHEN THE 63RD REGIMENT LEFT HOME

Situated there . . .
 At the Golden Gate . . .
 On the edge of the West . . .
 The rim of the world . . .
 Where it first saw light of day . . .
 As an Army unit . . .
 Commanded by the best Colonel . . .
 The most-loved Colonel . . .
 The Army knew . . .
 The 63rd Regiment of U. S. Infantry . . .
 Inspired by the fire and enthusiasm . . .
 Of its energetic Commander . . .
 Commenced its training in earnest . . .
 The busy days glided by . . .
 Swiftly, surely, crowding each other . . .
 Hope ran feverishly high . . .
 Hearts beat fast with snap and "pep" . . .
 As they marched and drilled . . .
 Worked and sang . . .
 All men worked as one . . .
 Hoping eventually to smash the Hun . . .
 That single thought imbued them all . . .
 All hearts loyally beat together . . .
 Hope and confidence . . .
 Showed in each face and eye . . .
 Coördination and strength . . .
 Marked the "Outfit" as its own . . .
 The amalgamation of units was complete . . .
 The proud new regiment had found its soul.
 Time passed and weeks . . .
 Quickly hurried into months . . .
 Yet no man flinched or faltered . . .
 But worked and hoped . . .
 Prayed and waited . . .
 Finally . . .
 Like a thunderbolt from the clear sky . . .
 It came . . .
 HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

History of the 63rd U. S. Infantry

The longed-for travel order . . .
 The great pulse of the "outfit" quickened . . .
 Pent-up hope surged again . . .
 On that memorable August day . . .
 The sunshine was brighter than ever before . . .
 Snatches of "rag time" rent the air . . .
 An airplane purred lazily overhead . . .
 Whitecaps galloped gaily on the Bay . . .
 Sailboats and numerous craft . . .
 Plyed here and there . . .
 The famous old Foghorn . . .
 Was for once silent . . .
 The distant, dignified hills . . .
 Silent, majestic, unperturbed . . .
 Smiled down as if desiring . . .
 To lend their strength and poise . . .
 To the proud 63rd . . .
 Feverish packing over . . .
 Came the command "Fall in" . . .
 The band played for the last time . . .
 In the Old Presidio . . .
 The regiment sang as never before . . .
 'We're going over and we won't, come back . . .
 Till it's over "Over There" . . .
 In column of squads . . .
 The regiment headed out . . .
 While Old Presidio . . .
 That has seen many soldiers . . .
 In previous years, come and go . . .
 Watched again . . .
 As the roads reëchoed . . .
 The Rymth, Rymth, Rymth . . .
 Of marching feet.

 Down Lombard and Van Ness . . .
 Across Market to 3rd and Townsend . . .
 Marched the Proud 63rd . . .
 Showing in step and bearing . . .
 The results of hard training . . .
 Eyes snapping with pride . . .

As they scented the battle fields . . .
 Afar off.
 Mothers and fathers . . .
 Sisters and brothers . . .
 Wives and sweethearts . . .
 Friends and countrymen . . .
 Lined the way . . .
 Shedding tears . . .
 Applauding, waving fond farewells . . .
 To the pride of the West . . .
 Uttering silent prayers . . .
 Knowing these hardy men . . .
 Would win in any cause . . .
 They were called upon to defend . . .
 The Tourist cars were filled . . .
 To full capacity . . .
 The whistle shrilled . . .
 The wheels moved slowly . . .
 Gradually gaining in momentum . . .
 As the powerful locomotive . . .
 Belched smoke and power . . .
 Thousands of arms went up waving . . .
 Thousands of lusty voices . . .
 Were heard cheering . . .
 As the train pulled away . . .
 The figures in olive drab . . .
 Watched the crowd and station . . .
 Gradually fade from sight . . .
 Like a beautiful Western sunset . . .
 Studded with a million blending colors . . .
 The clickety click of the car wheels . . .
 Broke in on each man's reflections . . .
 The sinking, evening sun . . .
 Cast long swift shadows . . .
 Of the flying troop train . . .
 The voices of the happy troops . . .
 Were heard above the noise of the train . . .
 Singing, "It's a long way to Berlin
 But we'll get there . . .
 And we're on our way, by Heck."

HEARD ABOUT CAMP

It is hard to remember the days when Durkin used to say "thay" for say, and "thave" for shave. He now has a new set of teeth that will make his pleasing smile popular with the tooth-paste advertisers.

Sergeant Levalley was made provost sergeant for ten days, just long enough to have the baseball diamond leveled up by the boys in the coop. Now Levalley is clamoring for a D. S. C.

Andy Smart sat down on post one day to fix his sock. It is a good thing there was not a washtub full of water handy for the O. D. might have witnessed "September Morn" instead of the "Barefoot Boy."

Sergeant Madden recently called a taxi to take some of his friends for a ride, and upon arrival they were astonished to find that said taxi was decorated with a large gong and footman Bradley, at their service.

Company "B" is not assured of protection from fire, for Baker, the Oregonian chicken dresser, was recently appointed to a seat on the Curtis Bay fire chariot.

Swede Orbek claims he can't understand Baltimoreans. He says that in the country he comes from they call it a "yug," but Marylanders say "yimmiyon."

"Jim Riordan" forgot he was in the army at Camp Meade. During the intermission at a show in the Auditorium he asked a friend to step out and tip one over with him. That is one reason we feel the shows helped the boys to relax and forget for a time at least the grind of the old drill grounds.

Charley Moore says he had excited an idea. He is going to get a camouflage wife.

"Selvera, what are your special orders for this post?" demanded the officer of the day on a dark night at Benicia Arsenal.

Said post was a building filled to the ceiling with T. N. T. Selvera, who at that time was by no means the master of his English tongue that he is now, still had the right idea.

"Speecial order?" he began. "Mus' walk 'round thees bulldink. Keep fine watch out. Eft git seek, call corp'ral guart. Lot nobody come 'round thees post. Eft come, shoot 'um. *Try shoot 'um flat.*"

The O. D. continued the motion, confident that Selvera's post would be well guarded.

Company "C"

THE best company of the best regiment of the United States Army had its beginning at the Presidio of foggy San Francisco on June 1, 1917, when fifty enlisted men, commanded by Lieutenant F.C. Phelps, were transferred from Company "C" of the 12th Infantry, to become Company "C," 63rd U. S. Infantry. Seventeen of this number were recruits. Lieutenant Phelps, after giving Company "C" its start in history, was relieved of his command by Captain C. S. Bendel on June 21st.

Captain Bendel was transferred on July 13, 1917, and the command was taken over by Lieutenant Eugene Weiss. On July 18th, Captain H. M. Bankhead was assigned and took command; for the first time, Company "C" had two officers, Lieutenant Weiss not being relieved until July 31st.

Lieutenant Edgar A. Tully was assigned to Company "C" on August 8, 1918, and Captain John H. Harrison on August 15th. With Captain Harrison, came the big hat which reposed just over his right ear and the familiar: "Put that hat on straight."

Through the fall season, company life was peaceful and quiet, the usual fatigue and guard being in evidence but nothing out of the ordinary, except a passing back and forth of "assistant" details, to help out with the recruits at Fort Barry.

Lieutenant McMurray was assigned to Company "C" on September 27th, and on September 29th, Captain Bankhead,

while on detached service at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where he went August 15th, was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of Infantry.

From January 7, 1918, until the middle of April, Sergeant Reed, Corporal Hacker, and a detail of ten men were in Los Angeles acting as a Quartermaster guard.

During the latter part of January, came word that the company was to be divided into several detachments, for industrial guard in various localities. There was ample time given us for preparation but we were all very much concerned over the item of pay; at last, on the day before we were to leave, the company was paid and we were given a few hours' leave, in which to distribute the pay-roll over the most deserving sections of San Francisco and Oakland. Everyone was cautioned to remain near quarters after eleven o'clock of the night before departure, but the more adventurous ones made frequent trips into the outside world and it was truly miraculous that all were present the next morning when the company was assembled. The detail was made up for the New Idria station and, after its departure, the remainder of the company with Captain Clay, M.C., and his corps of "pill-rollers," under the command of Lieutenant McMurray, started for Long Beach, California, February 1st. This detail reached Los Angeles the next morning and was again divided into two detachments. One, of forty men, under the command of Lieutenant Tully, went to San Pedro to assume the guard of a shipbuilding plant; the remainder of the company, under the command of Lieutenant McMurray, went to Long Beach to establish company headquarters and mount guard over another shipbuilding plant.

The New Idria men, whose duties were the guarding of the Cinnebar Mines, got little comfort from the first glimpse of their new station—just hills, red rock, and shanties. But they soon forgot that the mail arrived by stage only three



First Lieutenant
Albert C. Newell



First Lieutenant
Eugene E. Pratt



Captain
Thomas L. McMurray



Second Lieutenant
Harold L. Turner



First Lieutenant
Martin Miller



The Necessities of Life

times a week and that the weather through February and March was a nightmare of rain, snow, and red mud. The hotel brought pleasure (helpmates, in a few cases) into the lives of the men; Camp Two, with its rocky hillsides and "burrows," the singing classes in the schoolhouse, and San Carlos, with its aerial tramway and its Spanish cooking, lightened the off hours. The I. W. W. (Idria Wild Women) proved alluring; for their benefit a dance and cake auction was held in the mess hall, and, later on, for forty soldierettes from Hollister High School, the boys staged a Thrift Stamp Dance.

There were other dances that proved rare treats out there sixty-three miles from civilization, one, for instance, which celebrated the opening of some new bungalows which had been built on the hill back of the schoolhouse; another was held in the new squad room which had been built for "A" Company's detachment. Talk about "ye old times" back on the farm and the early days of the wild and woolly West! They had nothing on these social affairs—lanterns, candles, 'n everything, even to the music. As "Hoop" used to say, "If they get sore, they may take the orchestra out under their arm." Even the widow who lived across the street from quarters laid in a stock of the latest jazz numbers for her phonograph.

During the winter and early spring when the slush and mud was knee-deep, Lieutenant McDonald put in an urgent request for boots, so that walking post would become something less of an adventure; in answer, two bulky boxes arrived on the stage one day, during the hottest and driest months of the year. Soon after this (on July 23rd), orders came for the detachment to rejoin the regiment at the Presidio.

By the last of April most of the detachments were back at the Presidio (the New Idrians were the last to arrive); here the customary guard and fatigue were resumed. We fell back into the old rut of garrison affairs and made ourselves known once more in the social life of San Francisco and Oakland.

Some time in May there came "floating down the wind" rumors of a lot of "babes" and then "overseas!" as soon as the recruits could be whipped into shape. The "babes" materialized in a great horde from Angel Island on May 25th; by the last of July we were up to full war strength. From then on, we lived under a nervous tension of anticipation. Each new rumor pertaining to departure brought a shout from those who heard it and the training was speeded up all along the line.

For some time we had good reason to believe we would soon be sent to Camp Meade, Maryland, for intensive "overseas" training but it was not until about August 8th that we received definite word. After our trip across the continent, we settled down to hard work at Camp Meade. A week at the range, our loss of forty men to "C" Company of the 72nd, a few days at Glen Burnie, followed close on our arrival. Quarantine for the "flu" shut down on September 14th, but the work kept on; Lieutenant Stephens, back from the front, started us in a new kind of training. Hand grenade work and "automatic" practice were the new features.

A reorganization of the company became necessary when Sergeant Peters left us on September 26th.

After this we were chiefly occupied with "bunk-fatigue," when not on the training field, and the days were a succession of heart-breaking attempts to become top-notchers in everything pertaining to Hun-extermination. Some of the boys even learned strong language and, to this day, many of them remember the words they learned then and hoped some day to whisper into the ear of a Hun—hence the frequent statement nowadays, "No, I don't swear but I know all of the words." Notwithstanding the fact that our daily training demanded wallowing in the sand of the training field, and rifles generally carried good loads of sand in bore and magazine, everything had to be spick and span for Saturday inspection and the company's woodpile became the means of convincing some

of us that guns simply *must* be clean for inspection, regardless of the week's adventures and accidents.

During October we learned, to a certainty, that if the Kaiser held out much longer we would get a crack at him. "Overseas" equipment was "dished out" to us from time to time and with each addition a new series of photographs was started and a good many of the men have photographs showing each stage in the evolution of uniform, from "home guard" to "overseas."

After giving us just about all one man could be expected to give, in the way of "pep" and the technique of Hun-slaughter, Lieutenant Stephens left us for the Machine Gun Company on October 11th. We still frequently heard his snappy commands of "Aaaaat-ees," which always carried a delightful little squeak at the end, and we have often wondered whether or not he resented hearing us mimic this command when he was sighted somewhere in our vicinity—probably not, though, as it generally brought a smile of recognition to his face and he knew he was not forgotten.

The armistice news came to us as "straight stuff" on the day of Lieutenant Stephens' departure but it was several days before we were willing to believe it and let our hopes fall flat. Many of the other organizations in camp went wild with the news and their serpentine and processions of bands were sources of annoyance to most of the company, who, with the news of peace, discovered that they had been "left in the soup" and had devoted many months of hard work to the starting of something they couldn't finish.

Thanksgiving came with its big dinner and numerous invitations from friends in towns near-by. The "flu" quarantine had been lifted early in November but training had continued to be strenuous during the entire month, so very few of us took advantage of available liberty-days until Thanksgiving, and that period brought very pleasant relaxation.

More "parties," and very little hard duty, brought us to New Year's and the rumors of our assignment to a new station came more frequently. Curtis Bay was the result. Life here was uneventful and not long after our arrival "homing fever" seemed to spring up in the company. The company orderly room was immediately flooded with applications to be discharged. The reasons were multitudinous and various, but, as the saying goes, "variety is the spice of life." The fever did not seem to limit itself to the enlisted personnel of the company but took root in the officers as well. Our old friend, Lieutenant Matson, whose new acquisition was: "Requisition gone forward," picked up and left us. We all hope that he has the success in civil life that he had as supply officer of the company and then of the battalion.

The company was taken over by Lieutenant Pratt when Captain McMurray left us in March for the school at Camp Benning, Georgia.

SPICY SPASMS

Kelly has put in for his old job in a San Francisco bank—as a banker, Kelly ought to make a good janitor.

Sergeant Trickle, of Post Exchange fame, has returned to his many acres up in the wheat country—acquired with the spoils of war.

Sergeant Higgins looked like a prosperous bootlegger to the M. P. in Camp Meade, when he came off pass from Baltimore. His suit case promised a rich find but Mr. M. P. couldn't catch old "Dad" napping; all that could be found in said suit case was a military hairbrush, tooth paste, a few socks, and a comb.

The famous old International Squad was the "cream of the earth," and no disputing it. "Jew" Hurowitz was the original number one and some pivot he was; number two was from the far east and a regular Yip Sing Highbinder, named Gwee. Number three was the famous big-mouth Peché, he being a Polly-voo-Fransay; number four was the crazy harp, named Dinnie Meeham Farrell, who had never seen the Emerald Isle but whose ancestors had kissed the "Blarney Stone."

Now for the rear rank: number one, named Giavaras (a Greek), to run over the Jew if he stopped too quick; number two, a gent from Japan, named Minamoto, who was the runt of the squad but knew the nomenclature of the rifle from A to Z. Number three was a regular Svenska who was A. W. O. L. for six days when they found out he was in the hospital. Number four, second in command, was a regular fellow, named Boggiano, a "Wop" from California, who was some heel buster on his forward man. Altogether they were some squad, even if they had to have an interpreter.

Sergeant Harry Miller writes from the young ladies' seminary, where he is teaching military tactics according to his own adaptations of the I. D. R., Guard Manners, etc., that he is having some difficulty in convincing his Lieutenant of the wisdom of revising military functions to suit the circumstances; he says the soldierettes pie the deal almost every evening when they try to dance during Retreat and Colors (some of those calls are kinda jazzy) and that he has had to cut out reveille entirely, as the first morning's experience was altogether too much for a diffident married man who still loves his wife and four children.

"Hoopsnake" Armstrong is famous for the originality he exhibits in some of the combinations of ingredients he throws together for mess, but the last straw fell one morning when he threw the salt bag at the pan of fried spuds and forgot to stir up the result. Very shortly after breakfast he was presented with Major Black's order, reducing him from Cook 1st Class to Cook 3rd Class.

While at the Camp Meade range, Corporal Roberts was searching his tent for some missing article, when Private Correl entered and solicitously asked if he could assist in the search. Bob answered that some one had taken the squad's skirmish line and instructed him to draw a new one from the Supply Sergeant. Fortunately the supply tent was unoccupied at the time, so Correl was spared a trip to the hospital.

Soldier: "Why that kind of tobacco, Frank?"

Ulrich: "Rebenstorf can't smoke it."

We can't remember the name of the Lieutenant who competed with Corporal Ulrich for the appointment of Postmaster at Wilmington—but it was the one who sent Denny Farrell to Long Beach for special duty and on the same evening appeared at the P. O. to confer with the Postmistress and to offer his services in the arduous task of preventing a congestion (of soldiers) at the stamp window.

The Postmistress was leaving for Long Beach when he arrived (just ahead of Frank) and she announced that the appointment had already been bestowed upon a black-haired private whose eyebrows meet attractively over his nose.

You should have seen "C" bring home the bacon at Camp Meade in the regimental field-meet, with our cracked drill team; why, we had the umpires so completely bamboozled with the snap of it all, that Corporal Hargrave presented arms and made two pretty about-faces while still at present and got away with it. We sure had them dazzled.

Corporal Rebenstorf, who hails from Elgin, Illinois, took a furlough to the Sucker State, with the intention of becoming a benedict. When he arrived, he found the other party on the knee of a sailor, so Count Von Rebenstorf surrendered all rights in the fair damsel to the Naval Reserve.

We wonder how it feels to write your name on a powder magazine at Curtis Bay and then have to buy paint and paint the magazine.

Ask Schmalsle—he knows.

Smoky Joe Collins says his home State, West Virginia, is rolling country, and from what we have seen of it, he is right.

You could plant potatoes on one hill and the following day find them on the next.

We hope Big Russell will get back on the Portland, Oregon, police force; we might want to take the city by surprise and it is nice to be in with the cops.

We can't figure out how they dared to keep John Murphy in the States while the war was on, with the dangerous weapon he carries.

When John starts to smoke that pipe, it's gas! Test for gas! Keep your mask on in this case though and see if the weapon is unsheathed and burning.

Haughton, the champion goat-getter know-it-all, got into an argument with Pap Perkins as to whether or not the *Star-Spangled Banner* had always been a national anthem. The argument finally wound up in a bet of five dollars, which they placed upon a bunk and then proceeded to consult a *World's Almanac*. When the decision was reached it was found that a neutral had won the bet. Which proves that it doesn't always take a book to win a bet.

Gwee and Fook are the only two men in the company who come into the Orderly Room and don't try to read everything in sight.

While training Minamoto for a model "dog-robber," Sergeant Cooper sent him to the kitchen one evening with a request to Sergeant Hughes for a pail of beer. Sergeant Hughes absent-mindedly told Minamoto to go somewhere, and, as our little Jap thought it would be too long a journey for one evening, he took the next best alternative and called on Sergeant White in the Supply Room. All was serene from there on and he very promptly turned up at the Orderly Room presenting Cooper with the Supply Sergeant's respects and a bucket of saddle soap. A scuffle of suds was his alibi and he had the Top "stood off."

Corporal Morrison ought to make good at running guns or booze into the United States when he leaves the 63rd, if he hasn't lost his knack for slipping by the guards since he left Camp Meade—Camp Meade was pickin's for him during the "flu" quarantine.

While at Wilmington, the Baldwin brothers spent most of their off-guard time in the sardine cannery; it was impossible to determine whether they were sardine packers or chicken inspectors—maybe both.

Private Peché (pronounced Pehshay) claimed, before he was transferred to the 72nd Infantry, that the Coast League wanted him to pitch for them; but "C" Company already had first claim on him—he had been detailed as water-boy for the company team.

Of course, this doesn't prove anything but it does show how easily soldiers adapt themselves (and their feet) to circumstances. Abe Mathews loaned his very best Sunday-go-to-meetin' pair of shoes to a Lieutenant who is said to be a descendant of the Father of our Country; Abe understood that he was lending the shoes to be worn during the trip between Frisco and Camp Meade but evidently the Lieutenant considered the transaction in the manner of a gift—at any rate Abe is still minus the "kicks."



"As You Were"

THE PLACE FOR KAISER BILL

'Bout every one has had his say
As to where to put that Hun:
The one that started for Paree,
But went back on the run.

To make it clear to one and all,
I shall try to put you wiser:
'Tis no one more nor less
Than Butcher Bill, the Kaiser.

Some on a lonely isle would place him,
And there, day by day,
In solitude and loneliness
He would slowly pass away.

Some to hell would send him,
And on hot coals make him dance,
With naught to drink but mustard gas
That burned the fields of France.

Now give me your attention,
And every one I'll tell:
The place I have in mind:
Would be better far than hell.

For this is my suggestion,
And it's good, I think, indeed:
Just ship him to the U. S. A.
And intern him at Camp Meade.

Company "D"

COMPANY "D" was organized at the Presidio of San Francisco, California, June 1, 1917, the personnel consisting of First Lieutenant M. H. Quesenberry and forty-nine enlisted men from the old 12th U. S. Infantry. These men were recruited at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and had seen service on the Mexican border and were well qualified for the job of breaking in recruits. Part of the first work these men were called on to do was teaching eighteen recruits the ups and downs of the Springfield rifle at the Fort Barry Rifle Range, where target practice was an important part of the training.

In the latter part of 1917 several officers joined the company and helped with the work of whipping the men into fighting shape. Lieutenant Winfield took command of the company when Captain Quesenberry was transferred to the Machine Gun Company. During this time, the enlisted personnel reached a total of two hundred and five men, being volunteers from every State west of the Mississippi River.

On the first of February, 1918, Lieutenant Winfield left with Company "D," for Garfield, Utah, for guard duty in that State and Idaho.

Lieutenant Lathrop was sent to Grace, Idaho, with twenty-nine enlisted men to relieve the National Guard stationed there. The National Guard outfit had considerable trouble, and several members were temporarily disabled in mix-ups with

I. W. W.'s and Pro-Germans. The officer in command had just received a high-power rifle bullet through his hat from an I. W. W. This was stopped as soon as the 63rd Regulars of Company "D" took charge of the place.

Guard duty was performed on the property of the Utah Power and Light Company which consisted of a large dam one-half mile north of Grace, and the fifty thousand horsepower electric plant seven miles southwest of Grace.

Eleven enlisted men under a sergeant were sent to Toole, Utah, to guard the copper mines at that place and to put down activities on the part of the I. W. W. striking miners.

Nine enlisted men under a sergeant were sent to Bingham to guard the tunnels and the property of the Bingham and Garfield Railroad.

Guards were sent daily to Magna and Arthur, Utah, to protect the smelters at those places from the headquarters in Garfield.

A well remembered detail of the stay at Garfield was the capture of a husky bear cub which two small boys had cornered in a deserted building. The bear had deserted the National Guards, not being fond of their company, and they had been unable to locate him on their departure. The whole force turned out to capture him with all available rope and baling wire in camp as well as garden rakes and other offensive weapons. Sergeant George Anderson slipped a rope around his body, all pulled, and the bear was led to the company barracks. He was appointed company mascot on the spot and was a favorite of every member of Company "D"; it was with deep regret that we were forced to leave him with the Cooks' and Bakers' School when we left on our trip to Camp Meade. Efforts are now being made by the company to locate and get our friend back to the best home he ever had.

It was on March 3, 1918, that the Company entrained at Garfield for the Presidio of San Francisco, California, a pro-



First Lieutenant
Clarence L. O'Neil



Captain
Leslie T. Lathrop



Second Lieutenant
John F. Farley



Second Lieutenant
James A. Kehoe

cedure which the community, especially the girls, deeply regretted, as the people had formed a deep affection for the boys of the detachment. At this time Captain Charles N. Stephens took command of the company.

The long-heralded move to an Eastern cantonment took place on August 12, 1918, and there was joy in the heart of each man as every one felt positive that before many weeks passed they would be chasing the Boche out of France and far over the border of his own country.

Among the first things started at Camp Meade were further exercises fitting the men for the target range, as we had only eight days in which to fit the company for the range. We had orders to proceed to Camp Meade Rifle Range on August 28, 1918, and left on our two-hour hike with heavy packs over a dusty road at 8:00 A. M. on that day. How the boys missed the cool California climate on this memorable hike! And it was about this time they really began to see the serious side of war. By the time tents were up and garbage dumps dug, all were ready for "slum," and bed, and it is safe to say that no feather bed ever felt more comfortable than the hard earth old Dame Nature provided for them that night. The firing at the range was of high standard and the regiment had more "bull's-eyes" to its credit than any other organization.

The boys were allowed to celebrate Sunday, September 1st, as they wished, and improved the chance to satisfy their longing for fruit by visiting the neighboring orchards and helping themselves to all the peaches and apples they could find. One lonely farmer-soldier actually tied up a poor lone cow and calmly took her calf's supper away from her. (The mystery still remains as to who milked the cow.) We were punished for this by being confined to the camp by our Commanding Officer and the heavens by a rainstorm in the middle of the night, which sent the boys out of their tents with what bedclothes they could grab before they floated away. They

then went to the woods in the hope of finding a dry spot under some tree where they could finish the night.

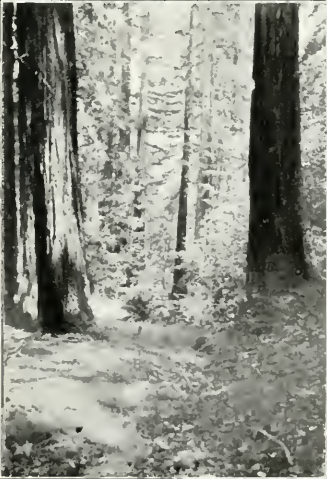
We returned to Camp Meade on September 6th, where we stayed for two days and then left for Glenburne, Maryland, where we finished our record course. When the results were figured, it was found there were five experts and twenty-seven sharpshooters in the company. This was a splendid showing for recruits who had never had a military rifle in their hands. This record was probably due to the fact that most of them were ex-cowboys and trappers and raised with a rifle.

After returning from rifle practice forty-seven men were transferred to Company "D," and Lieutenant Lathrop was given a well-earned captaincy and took command of Company "D."

One of the best-remembered as well as the saddest details of the stay at Camp Meade was the visit of influenza to the camp. After the quarantine was lifted the regiment had its final review and prepared to leave for the other side, but the armistice was signed and we were cheated out of our chance to get to France, but we gave a demonstration of our feelings on the subject by staying inside while the rest of the camp went wildly celebrating "peace." The next day the news came that the war was still on and the boys went on a jubilee parade with the regimental band leading them. There was a period of anxious waiting and wondering what was to become of us, but the training did not diminish, as it was thought we might still have a chance to go across.

All our hopes were dashed when we were marched to the train, on the morning of January 17, 1919, and entrained for Curtis Bay, Ordnance Depot, to guard powder magazines there. The guard has been heavy and weather conditions not so favorable as the "Pure Air Westener" has been used to, but the men have shown splendid spirit in their duty at this place.

During the entire existence of the company a marked



Remember God's Country?



Can You Forget This?

respect for the officers has been exhibited by the enlisted men at all times, and the officers in turn have always shown a helpful and friendly spirit toward every man in the company. Each member of Company "D" repeatedly congratulated himself on being a member of the company, and a careful investigation of the conditions of any company or organization in the military service would fail to reveal a more loyal and more harmonious atmosphere than that prevailing throughout Company "D."



"Winning the War"





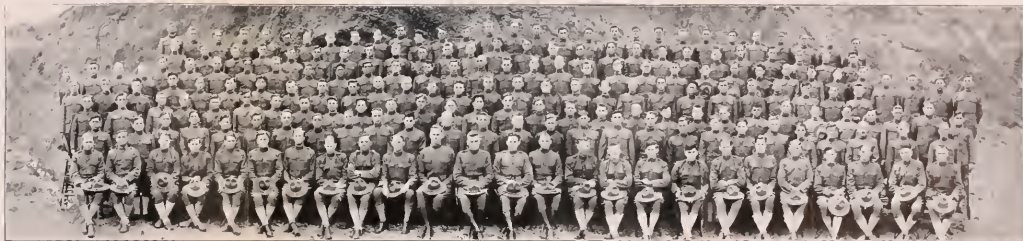
"C" Company



"D" Company



"A" Company



"B" Company



Vailers Nelson Dorset Maitre James Boston Austin - Robinson Gordon
 Buchanan Fox Scaggs O'Neil Johnston Proff Malins Gray
 Hancock Gifford Wilson Fox Gray Edwards Isabella Harding
 Taylor Martin "A" Idey "J" -don Brier Elmore Shannon Chisholm Dan S. Ford

Second Battalion,
Sixty-third U. S. Infantry



Major H. H. Walker



First Lieutenant
Garth B. Haddock



Captian
Francis W. Kernan

Company "E"

FROM GOLDEN GATE TO HELL GATE

"Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins.
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the West begins."

OUT of the West came Company "E"—easy to pronounce, and easy to manage (we have this straight from the Company Commander)—a motley crew of poets, peasants, and piano tuners. Though traveling they knew not whither, the eyes of all were lighted with a stern resolve to falter not "Till it's over over There."



"THE STUFF WE'RE MADE FROM"

The expression was somewhat heightened by the fact that for months a deep-throated throng, Croxton's Canaries, had been shouting this refrain, and proclaiming to the skies that the sentiments expressed therein were true. Ye gods, can it be possible that after painstaking vocal efforts to such tunes as *Over There*, *Marseillaise*, and *So Long*, that brave assemblage should have come to *this*?

What! Company "E" with night sticks? What an absurdity! That sterling collection of musketeers, that bold band of adventurers, that noble aggregation of cutthroats, that courageous bunch of prune pickers, assigned to an ignoble duty? Impossible! That most excellent subdivision of the finest regiment in the U. S. A. flatfooting in New York? Alas, our friends, 'tis all too true!

Nothing now is left but the fondest recollections. Company "E," alphabetically the first company of the second battalion, and actually the foremost organization of the entire regiment. What a flood of remembrances!

The engagements in which this unit participated naturally come first to our minds:

THE FREE-LUNCH COUNTER-ATTACKS, San Francisco—1917.

THE ENGAGEMENTS AT MONTEREY, California—April–June, 1918.

THE EASTERN DRIVE, along a 3,000-mile front, Presidio to Camp Meade.

THE LAFAYETTE CAMPAIGN:

The Encounter with THE COW.

The Skirmish in the ORCHARD.

The Attack of INFLUENZA.

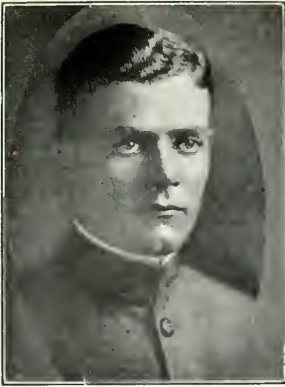
The Sortie of the CHESTNUT PICKERS.

(In which Sergeant Svenska Brodin and Barber Yiddish Mullen won the D. S. C.)

The Brush in the BALTIMORE SMOKE SCREEN.

The Fall of 1918.

Although Company "E" emerged victorious from the conflict, great was the number that fell by the wayside.



First Lieutenant
George W. Young, Jr.



First Lieutenant
Francis C. Lewis



Captain
Richard M. Winfield



Second Lieutenant
Frank H. Tyson



First Lieutenant
Reuben E. Halston

Among the casualties were:

Captain Napoleon W. Riley—Missing in Avoirdupois.

First Lieutenant Albert C. Newell—Submarined.

First Lieutenant Arthur P. Kitson—Captured by the Bolsheviki.

Second Lieutenant W. H. Budd Leitch—Delivered to the Moving-picture Industry as a Hostage.

Sergeant Max Hyams—Bobtailed.

Sergeant Otis O. McCrory—Loaned to the Camouflage Section.

Corporal Ralph W. Hornaday—Commissioned.

Corporal Jay G. Turner—Automatics got Him.

Private Charles S. Bouck—Firemen's Burlesque.

Private, First Class, Frank Howard—Too Much "Spell of the Yukon."

Private Jung Wah—Chop Suey or Hop?

AN UNFINISHED MANUSCRIPT

Though the losses were great, many remain whose faces grace the festive board upon the sounding of chow call. What they will do in the future, they know not. If favored by the fortunes of war, they care not. About their discharges, they think not——

(Editor's Note: This manuscript was unfinished, the author being stricken down most suddenly after having written the foregoing. It is highly probable that he had a conscience.)

UNDERSTAND THAT?

Captain Winfield is the official and actual commander of the company. No one has ventured to ask where he hails from, but we are willing to bet our hobnailed shoes that he was raised in the tall and uncut. He is greatly admired by all who know him for the hearty manner in which he approves of applications for furloughs, discharges, etc.

HATES HIMSELF

Lieutenant Lewis, always punctually present on the drill ground, admits that several States claim the honor of being his permanent residing place. His decision has been finally made in favor of the State of Oregon. (He isn't going back.) It is rumored that several heiresses are dogging his footsteps, and that he may shortly be lost to the company.

UNABRIDGED

A compendium of useless information, Lieutenant Halston is the only bachelor officer of the company. He stands ready and willing at all times to instruct the organization in range-finding—an accomplishment which will be of great value to tobacco users in later years locating the postmaster's stove at Scappoose, Oregon.

DOUBLE TIME! MARCH!

Always slow and methodical, Lieutenant Young approves of double-timing and strenuous exercising, if desired by the individuals concerned. Although slouchy and not too military in appearance, he is tolerated for the reason that many a dirty blouse covers an honest heart.

THE CURSE OF THE RED CROSS NURSE

Lieutenant Tyson, a confirmed woman-hater, and one of the old-timers, desires nothing so much as to be left alone to work out his own salvation. He assumes a fatherly attitude toward all with whom he converses.

A RARE CASE

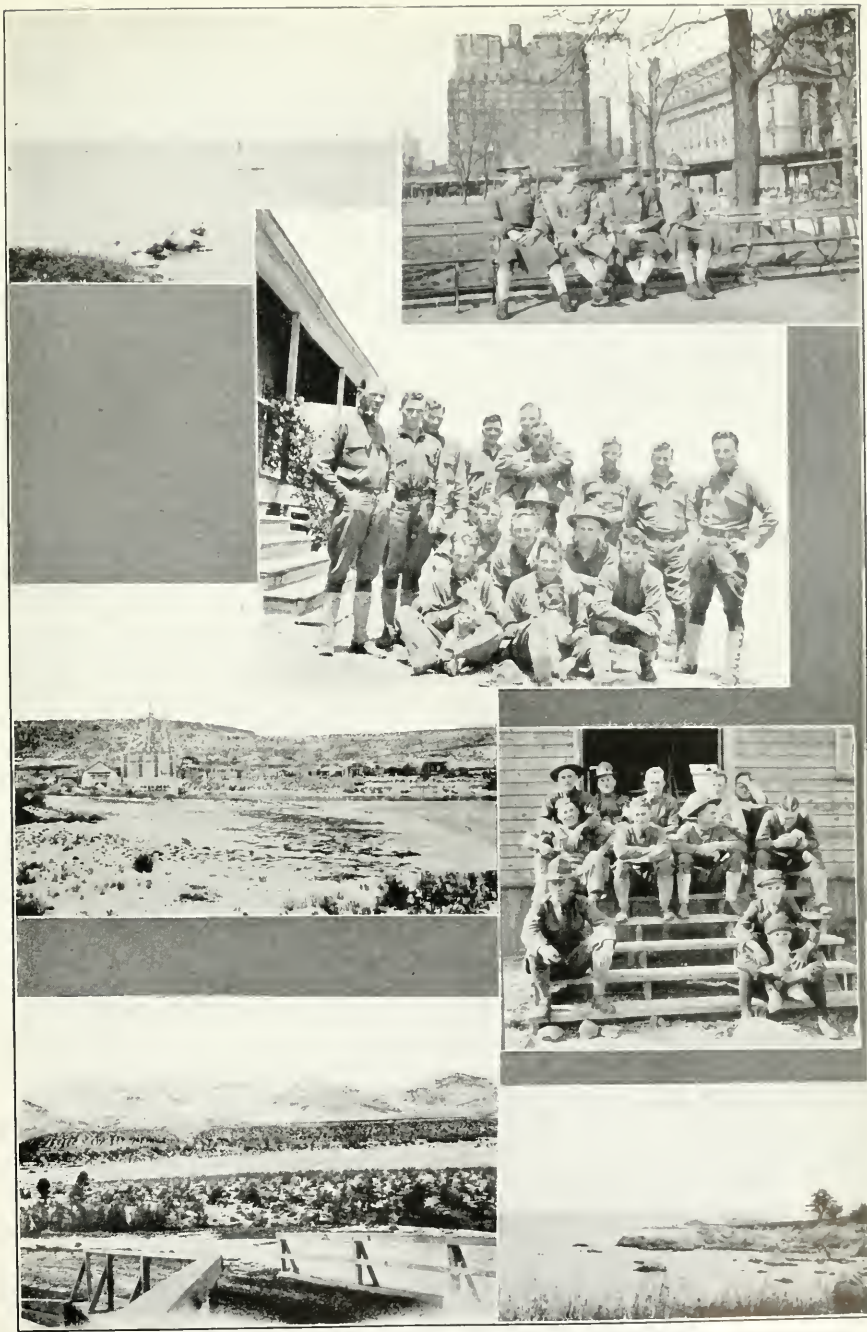
To those who are not so very well versed in Army matters, it appears that First Sergeant Shanks has seen service in every country but Ireland. He has never been known, however, to repeat bugle calls on his whistle. when the probability was great that the windjammer had not been heard.

STRICTLY BUSINESS

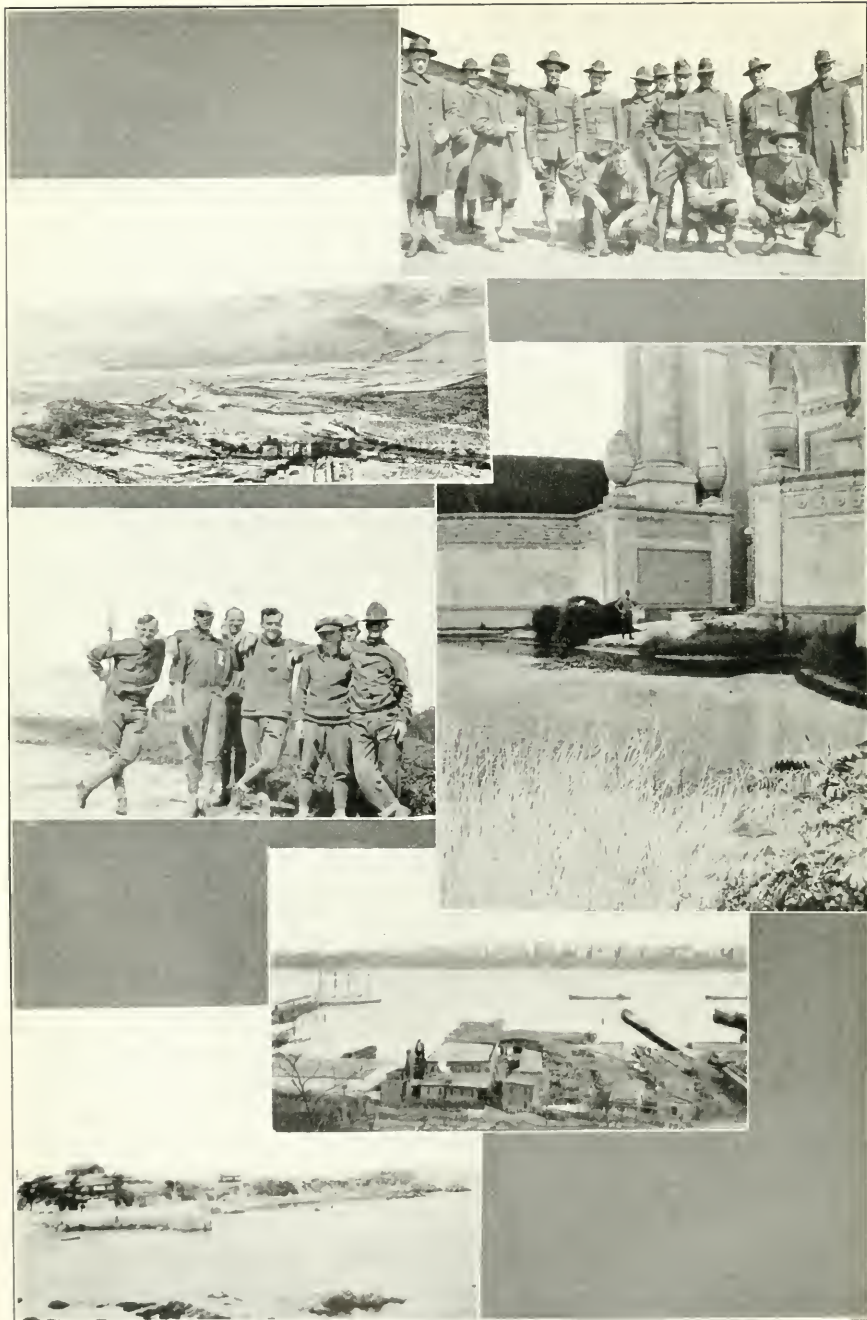
Sergeant Lepski resigned his position as first sergeant because of the increase in pay on the non-commissioned staff. No, Clarence, the high-sounding title had nothing whatever to do with it.

CALL AGAIN

Albertini's, that little department store around the corner from the Orderly room, carries a fine assortment of everything required by the average soldier, but the service is rotten. It has been said that customers are sometimes required to go there several times before being waited upon.



Coast to Coast



Oh, What Sights!

THEY'VE BEEN THERE

Although not having participated in the strenuous battles in the Western Presidios, it is nevertheless understood that Sergeants Scully and Chapman saw a little service "somewhere in France." The report that they assisted the marine press agents has not been confirmed nor denied. Both of these young men are very reticent about their doings, and are willing to let the general impression stand that "a thin line of forest-green-covered heroes saved Paris." Having observed this action from a couple of funk holes occupied by the entire division (exclusive of the Marine Brigade), these sergeants were promised a lot of medals and things, and were sent to the Eleventh Division to teach us the modern way of settling difficulties. When the Kaiser heard this he quit, leaving our gold-stripers without the commissions and knickknacks promised them.

EXTRACT

John Nyman, occasional sergeant, has declared his intention of joining the Army of Occupation in the event that his "buddie," John Barleycorn, leaves these shores on July the first. He states that he has the approval of the Custodian of the Mill on this proposed transfer.

THEATRICAL NOTES

Life in the "E" Company barracks has been one continual round of pleasure, due to the untiring efforts of Lieutenant Gray, our master of ceremonies. In pre-war days this charming officer rose from a menial position in the orchestra pit to the flies by his untiring efforts. Availing himself of the talent in the company, many are the entertainments which have been put on under his personal supervision. Among the vaudeville artists indebted to the "Loot" for his advice and suggestions, appear the following now famous names:

Agnes	—	ASHBURN and ANDERSON	—	Annie
Rendering sentimental songs of the Long Ago				
Babe		BANTA and BURKE	—	Billie
Comediennes Extraordinary				
Cupid	—	COREY and CORRIERI	—	Cutie
In a scorching skit entitled "The Scout and the Skate."				
Ignatz	—	GALLAGHER and MURPHY	—	Abie
Yiddish Yodelers in "A Yonkers Yubilee"				

History of the 63rd U. S. Infantry

NOT WHAT HE EXPECTED

Company Commander: "Lockett, what do you think of a soldier who continually dodges duty and 'gets away with it?'"

Dee: I think he's a wonder, sir.

EG-G-G-SCUSE, BL-L-L-EASE

Vat vill ve do vidout Helman, da gembler????????????????????

NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY!

Corporal Boyd's only contribution to the Regimental Book is the following:

All good men love their wives, but so good have I grown
That I love other men's wives as well as I love my own.

HEARD AT THE GUARDHOUSE

Nyman's orderly: "Number one, one prisoner."

Number one: "Corporal of the Guard, one case of lemon extract."

Corporal of the Guard: "Pour him in."

THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT

"Leather-legs" will be much more popular with this organization after July the first. Their bars, y'know, "Buddie," THEIR BARS!

MY GENERAL ORDERS

1. To accept my discharge, take all government property in view, and beat it for home.

2. To accept my discharge in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing that it is not revoked before I get out of sight or hearing.

3. To take the fastest train out of here and not stop at any military posts on my way home.

4. To repeat all the things that the censor cut out of my letters to the folks at home.

5. To receive, believe, and pass on to my children all that I have acquired, and all that I may acquire in future years, statements that agree with General Sherman's idea of war.

6. To never quit civilian life after being properly relieved from service.
7. To talk to no one about reënlisting.
8. In case of the presence of the recruiting officer, to give the alarm.
9. When the girls are at home, to allow no soldiers or military persons on or near my premises.
10. In cases not covered by instructions, to claim exemption.
11. To salute all officers who aided me in obtaining my discharge, salute all Budweiser, brandy, and whisky not cased.
12. To be especially watchful at night, and during the hours for challenging to challenge all persons and to allow no one to pass without first buying me a drink.

A STACK OF WHEATS

When Greek meets Greek, they usually start a restaurant. May we not meet many of our brothers at the establishment in Portland owned, operated, and controlled by Cournavos and Nissirios.

FARROW'S EXPERIENCE

It is his first run on the Provost Guard. With a nice, little red band upon his arm displaying the mysterious letters "P G," and armed with a pistol full of bullets, the sergeant is ready to assist in the taming of New York. His men are similarly tagged, dressed, and armed.

Without any trouble they arrive at the Grand Central Terminal. Almost anyone can get there without trouble, but few can make it without a nickel, as these heroes have done.

The men are quickly dispatched on their beats, but the sergeant, as becoming a "non com," remains in the station. Alas, he is rapidly forgetting that this place boasts a station master, who alone is boss therein. Our veteran suddenly believes himself to be responsible for the administration of this monstrous edifice, and why should he not? Has he not been in charge of quarters a thousand times?

A tour of inspection follows, as is becoming a man who attends to his duties properly. And what is found? On the third floor, where the Red Cross holds sway, hundreds of soldiers and sailors are in the arms of Morpheus, dreaming of discharges and of home, perhaps. Brilliant lights are shining on the happy faces of the peaceful sleepers.

"Such an outrage," exclaims the sergeant, dashing for the switch-board which controls the electric current. The station is plunged in

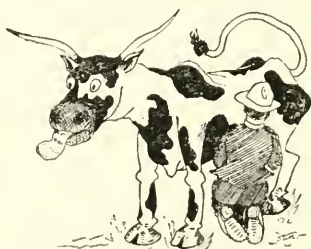
darkness. Confusion reigns. Again the lights are turned on, and, disgusted, the proud wearer of the badge of authority returns to the room set aside for the exclusive use of the sergeant and his men.

The sergeant's motto for years has been, "Keep everything at all times as though for inspection."

"Look here," he shouts to the colored porters who are taking things easy near by, "I want this place cleaned up, and cleaned at once."

Hesitatingly they start to obey, overawed by the menacing gun, when another sergeant enters the room, saying: "You can't give them orders, they aren't in the Army, y'know."

"Oh," exclaims the sergeant, upon whom the truth is beginning to dawn, "What kind of a job is this, anyway?"



RATHER

Stepanek: "What did Foister say to Mullen that gave him such a rise?"

Hauke: "He called him a hog."

Stepanek: "The H—— you say?"

Hauke: "Yes, he said that if the mess table were a trough, Mullen would have both feet in it."

CAN'T BE HELPED

By actual count, two hundred and ninety-two poems, good, bad, and indifferent, were submitted for publication in the "E" Company section. For want of space, but two can be printed, which have to do with subjects most dear to the hearts of all, K. P. and P. G.

One has evidently been stolen, and the other is manifestly rotten, but some mention must be made of the two forms of duty so relished by the members of this organization.

"K. P."

Oh, Kitchen Police is the duty that creases
 A lot of new lines in your brow,
 It keeps a guy hustling when detailed for rustling
 The daily allowance of chow;
 The murphies I'm peeling have set my mind reeling,
 I've done seven billion and three,
 When I get away from this job, I'll be gray from
 K. P.

But there's no escaping from scrubbing and scraping
 The pans and the pots and the plates,
 And bringing in fuel and ladling out gruel,
 And paring the onions by crates;
 My nerves are all shaken from smelling the bacon,
 The coffee, the beans, and the tea,
 My hunger's departed, who was it that started
 K. P.?

I thought I'd be fighting the Germans, and righting
 The wrongs that the papers portrayed,
 And here I am wearing an apron, and bearing
 The task of a scullery maid;
 Why, drilling is easy compared to the greasy,
 Hard labor they've handed to me,
 This cleaning of fishes and juggling of dishes,
 K. P.!

PROVOST GUARD

'Twas a grand life, a great life,
 A full-of-pep-and-thrills life,
 When you hit the Infantry.
 Now there's lots of strife, with many a knife
 For the bird who left his home and wife
 To pound the streets
 And miss his eats
 On the new N. Y. P. G.

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It's a tough job, a rough job,
It's not a collar-and-cuff job,
So far as you can see.
There's a hard mob, with many a gob,
Which'll call you nineteen kinds of a slob
If you're only a sub,
Yet you carry the club
Of the new N. Y. P. G.

It's a whisky soak, a frisky soak,
A wine-and-beer-and-rickey soak,
Who on your rounds you'll see.
There's many a bloke who'd take a poke
At the man who's making all the smoke
In pinching the jag
And reading his tag
For the new N. Y. P. G.

It's a queer game, a stiff game,
It's not a hit-and-run game,
Whatever that may be.
It brings no fame, but it hands you the name
Of a gink who thought that the war'd be tame,
If you never got full
And walked like a bull
With the new N. Y. P. G.

Company "F"

THE history of Company "F" in general is but the repetition of the regimental history,—the same hard work, the same disappointments.

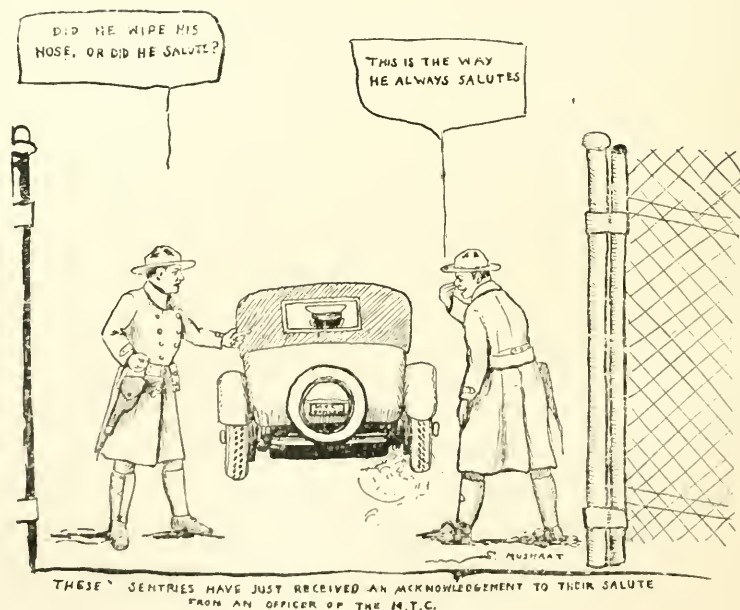
Company "F" was organized June 1, 1917, in the North Cantonment, Presidio of San Francisco, California, by the transfer of non-commissioned officers and privates, first class, from Company "F," 12th Infantry. Recruits were received from that time on in varying numbers and very soon the company boasted of at least three squads to turn out for daily drill, the total strength of the company being forty-nine men, commanded by Captain C. A. Donaldson (now Lieutenant-Colonel). The close-order drill was accomplished on the sand lots, the former location of several World's Fair buildings, and bayonet drill as well as grenade training on the beach just off the barracks. The commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the company took a special course in bayonet training under Major Koehler, Master of the Sword, of West Point.

In February, 1918, "F" Company, along with the rest of the regiment, moved to the brick barracks in the main post. The garrison guard was then taken over and to all appearances the Regiment was slated for a long stay. Detachments were sent to Oakland and Lompoc for guard duty.

The regiment under the guiding hand of Colonel Croxton took up the art of singing and it is believed that this had more to do eventually in holding up the spirits of the men than

anything else. Our daily prayer was for recruits that we might start their training for a crack at the Kaiser, and it was a happy group of commissioned and non-commissioned officers that reported to Captain Allan Pendleton who was designated to command all recruits to be received in June. These recruits arrived on schedule time and the hard work of making soldiers out of them was begun. To avoid repeating the history of the Regiment we will pass over this part with the statement that the recruits turned over to "F" Company surely showed the results of the hard work.

The usual routine of the infantry soldier's existence followed until that happy day when we received our orders to proceed to Camp Meade, Maryland, to become a part of the 11th Division. August 12th finally came around and Company "F" was assigned to the fourth section for transportation. Leaving the Presidio about 10 o'clock, we marched down to the train.



The fourth section arrived at Camp Meade on August 19, 1918, at about 7.30 A.M. and our work was one continual strain, until we received the good, but disheartening, news of the signing of the armistice. The regiment looked upon this as a sad blow to an ambition of delivering a kick at the Kaiser and autocracy, but its spirit never died.

Company "F" left Camp Meade on January 17, 1919, to take over the Exterior Guard of Camp Holabird, Maryland, a motor storage camp of the Motor Transport Corps, relieving the U. S. Guards upon arrival there, about three o'clock, the same day. Lieutenant Spalding was the first officer of the day. The following morning found the Guardhouse full of wrapped leggings, and silk hat cords, as the men of Company "F" had enforced uniform regulations to the letter. Company "F" was told that Camp Holabird was not a military camp; the information was unnecessary as the company had come to this conclusion some hours previously. The guard was otherwise uneventful, the men performing their duty in the proper manner.

During our stay there Captain Gilmore L. Hayman received his discharge and was relieved by Captain P. A. Helmbold. On April 11, 1919, Company "F" received telegraphic instructions to send one officer and twenty-four enlisted men to Pig Point, Virginia, for guard duty, the rest of the company going to Curtis Bay Ordnance Depot, joining the 1st Battalion for guard duty.

Company "F" has always contributed her part to athletics, furnishing two men for the victorious football team of the 22nd Infantry Brigade, on Thanksgiving Day, 1918, also furnishing the best pitcher in the regiment for the baseball team. After a talk on reënlistment on April 19th, given by one of the company officers, over twenty-five men applied for reënlistment, including seven non-commissioned officers, which in itself speaks well for the morale of the company.

Following the departure of the 1st Battalion, 63rd Infantry, for Madison Barracks, New York, the company was again united and ordered to take over the Provost Guard for the vicinity of Baltimore, Captain Helmbold being appointed provost marshal.

The company is unanimous in its decision that the following piece, as it appeared in a New York paper, by Stewart Emery, applies to several in their midst:

THE BABY BONES

Most A. E. F.'s they get their clothes by goin' on their knees
Hand-shakin' sergeants of supply and sayin' "sir" an' "please."
They mangays slum an' monkey meat an' suchlike tiddybits
An' only by a miracle find seconds in their kits,
But me, I dress in snappy serge, as cocky as a loot;
I drink red vin at seven francs an' eat six plats an' fruit.
I'm just a buck at thirty beans a-crunchin' furrin stones,
Yet still I always got the jack—I'm wicked with the bones.
I make a wide display of wealth, an' when I'm faded strong
I cuddle 'em inside my fist an' sing my little song:

Bones, bones, bones,—you been mighty good to me!
Bones, bones, bones,—you been drink and food to me.
Hello, seven, friend eleven—comin' out—attention, dice!
I've throwed some very useful hands in dizzy Alabam'
For pretty green an' yellow notes, the kale of Uncle Sam.
I've rolled 'em right for ten-case bills inside a transport's hold
An' seen 'em spin for shillin' bits on Blighty's bumpy mold.
At Hecken, on the Alsace front, Fontaine, an' Soppe le Howt
They useter bring me francs as fast as France could turn 'em out.
They gave nine straight nachrals, kid, way back at Germonville,
An' come for Phoebe an' Big Dick that time on Dead Man's Hill.
An' waitin' for the Argonne jam, while we heard bullets hiss,
I busted the battalion, 'cause I talked to 'em like this:

Bones, bones, bones—babies, hear yo' popper's plea!
Bones, bones, bones—don't you snake eye out on me!
Hello, seven, friend eleven, show to me yo' sunny side!
Weep an' read 'em! Hit 'em once, bones, an' I let the whole works ride.

SICOTTE'S STEW

"F" Company has got a man
That claims to be a cook;
Sicotte is the name that's written
On the Muster Book.
And Sicotte has a Bunkie
That the men have all dubbed "Shine";
The two cook up an awful mess
But none of it for mine.
When these two mix a batch of dough,
They tramp it with their feet,
And the bread from such a process
Is, of course, unfit to eat.
You ought to see them build a stew!
There is nothing they won't use,
And we force this in our stomachs
That we're taught not to abuse;
And their coffee, Lord Almighty, man,
It surely is a "Fizz."
A big reward is offered to the one
That proves it is.
Their hash and beans and roster pork
Would make an Angel weep
And if you eat too much of it
You'll take your long, last sleep.
But good is sure to come of it,
So, Captain, let them stay,—
For we are looking forward
To the coming of the day
When we meet the Huns in battle
In the trenches "Over There."
We will be so much more ferocious
Than a wounded Grizzly Bear.
For, after eating what they cook,
I tell you, Uncle Sam,
We'd fight the whole Hun army
And never care a Damn;
But the most successful plan would be
To send these two cooks o'er

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And have them place a mess they've cooked
Where the Huns would find it shore.
An hour thereafter spread broadcast
The tidings glad and true:
"The German nation is no more,
They ate Sicotte's stew."



YOU TELL 'EM, MASCARO

Company "G"

ON June 1, 1917, when the 12th Infantry, at the Presidio of San Francisco, California, was divided into three parts, one part being christened the 63rd Infantry Company "G," of the 63rd, became a reality.

Eventually the entire regiment becoming so well disciplined, so well trained, and so perfectly organized, every other Company, so engrossed in its own organization, undoubtedly acclaims itself the "best company in the regiment." We have watched with pride this *Esprit de Corps*, in other Companies; sometimes it almost rivaled our own, and we commend them most highly upon their splendid achievement, but, to use a familiar slang expression, "They've all got a Daddy." As Company "G" has always been about eight laps ahead of the entire procession, our company had a most perfect start, and has always maintained its pace.

Captain W. S. Faulkner, the only officer transferred from Company "G," of the 12th Infantry, became the first company commander. With Captain Faulkner were transferred some of the best non-commissioned officers and men of the same organization.

Many of the men, by this time, who came in as recruits only a short time before, had changed from pale-faced, hollow-chested lads, into ruddy, healthy, erect, manly soldiers. The transition was wonderful. They seemed to grasp so quickly the meaning of it all, and were eager to forge ahead. They were soldiers all, and their achievements remarkable.

Up to the spring of 1918, recruits were turned into soldiers, and the regular routine of daily drill and guard duty was performed. On February 22d a detachment of eighteen men was sent to Lompoc, California, under Lieutenant Roach, of the U. S. Guards, for the purpose of guarding the bean warehouses in that vicinity. The rest of the company was doing garrison duty at the Presidio, and guard duty on the outskirts of the city. The Lompoc detachment had no trouble of any sort while there, and reported, when they returned, that they had eaten more beans in that short length of time than they ever thought grew for the Army. However, when they came back, they found Company "G" nicely quartered in the brick barracks on the Main Post, the Company having moved up from the "Flats" the latter part of February.

The organization was steadily growing, and on April 30th there were one hundred and twenty-six men on the roster. Intensive training had begun, drill hours had become longer, and all were eager for the opportunity to go "across."

Reserve Officers' Training Camps were opening up for men in the service, all over the United States, and quite a number of the enlisted personnel in Company "G" took advantage of the opportunity. Some who gained their commissions distinguished themselves on the "other side."

In the Summer of 1918, First Lieutenant Robert E. McGill, returned from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, as a bayonet instructor, was promoted to the grade of captain, and became our company commander.

About this time an amusing incident happened. There was a private in the company, Histune Nakaya, from the "Land of the Setting Sun." Nakaya was born in Japan and was not a citizen of the United States. An order came from Washington to give such men honorable discharge and Nakaya,



Second Lieutenant
Leonard W. Hartigan



First Lieutenant
Chesley F. Jenness



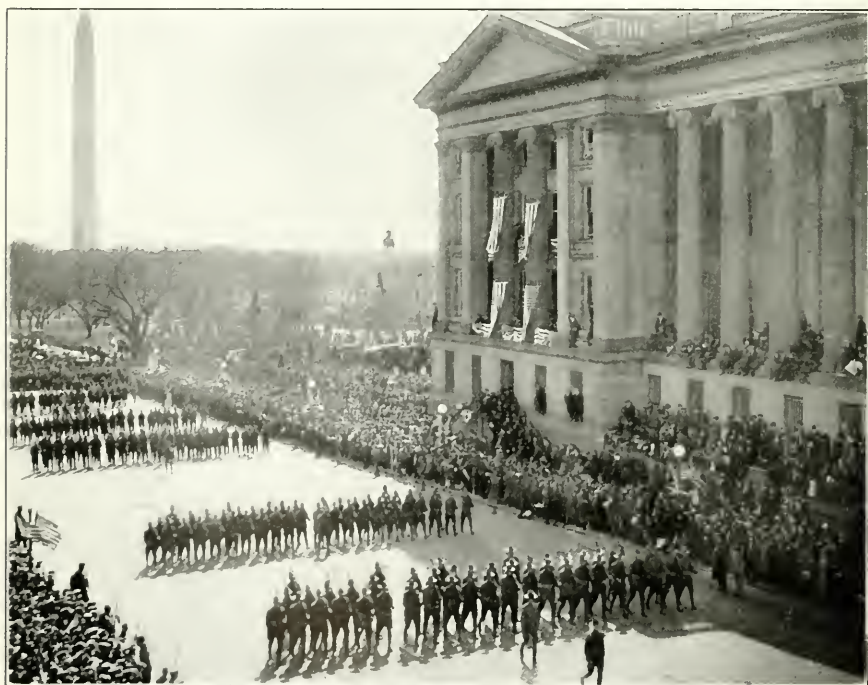
First Lieutenant
Tully C. Garner



Second Lieutenant
Benjamin Knight



Second Lieutenant
Alvin O. Bloedorn



"The President's Own"

much to his disappointment, was discharged. Now this Japanese boy had absorbed the military spirit so thoroughly that, in spite of his difficulty in writing and speaking English, he had become a first-class soldier. To make a long story short, and not understanding quite well, he refused to be discharged, and continued living in the barracks. Everything possible was done to obtain permission for him to remain in the service, but no, it could not be, so on Friday a sergeant was sent down to put him on the train, and send him back to Portland, Oregon. The sergeant came back and reported that he had seen him off. Saturday morning, while inspecting the rear rank, the captain came to a man spotlessly uniformed, but with no rifle. Looking up he saw ex-Private Histune Nakaya. "Why, Nakaya," he said: "I thought you had gone." "Yes-s-sir," he replied, "but I come back, I lak very much soldier military, I go the France, I fight Hun." But 'twas no use, all our efforts were in vain. Several letters were received from him afterward, he even wrote to his father in Japan to help him, but he never rejoined. We are reproducing one of his letters here:

"DEAR CAPTAIN SIR

You must excuse my not answering from you letter sooner but I was awffly gland (glad) and surprise to see your kind message. How are you getting along since I left Co? G sir. You want me about my uniform but I sent up already at Co. G. Presidio of san Francisco Cal. so that preace you asht for addrese sir preace. I am very gland to inform your concerning my present position, that I was working lumber mill of portland city. I con not tell you exackly but I hop may be come back in Co. of old nest when I have agriement of my fathers who live in Japan. And when are you go to the France, and you come back in peace happiness, it is I waiting supplications in the portland sir. And but I suppose this year I am no retearn in the Japan, and I some time is sande letter for you sir. I lake very much soldier military.

HISTUNE NAKAYA,

86 N. 10th St., Portland, Ore.

Then the eventful day arrived, August 12, 1918. The 63rd Infantry was leaving San Francisco. There were no A. W. O. L.'s that morning. In our minds will always remain the pleasant memory of our trip across the continent. Much has been said of our early days at Camp Meade, of the discomforts incident to our sojourn on the rifle range, on which we will not dwell.

The 72nd Infantry was formed at Camp Meade, and we transferred a group of forty men, including some of our finest non-commissioned officers, to say nothing of a nice little portion of our goodly Company Fund, to Company "G" of the infant prodigy. We hated to lose these men, but to tell the truth, the Captain thought that he, too, might be transferred, and he was merely "playin' safe."

Intensive training was begun in earnest, hardships were endured, and hard knocks went by unnoticed. All were so eager, and so desirous of helping on the "other side." At bayonet practice, one day, Private Harry Richards, in his enthusiasm, broke his leg, and was sent to the Base Hospital. Richards, much to the disappointment of all, never rejoined the company. When the "influenza epidemic" came, this company lost only two men: Private Ansel Sartwell, spoken of above, and Private John R. Provensal. Both were fine men, patriotic to the core, and their loss was deeply regretted.

Then came the anxiety for the word to go "over." The influenza epidemic had delayed it once, and shortly after all our hopes were blasted with the signing of the armistice. The Captain was instructed to get the company together and tell them that as yet our sailing date had not been changed, and that there was still a great probability of going. Those were heavy minutes.

Shortly after Christmas, Company "G" was selected, and ordered to Washington, for guard duty in the nation's Capital.

Quartered in East Potomac Park, with comfortable beauti-

ful surroundings, we are peacefully awaiting the time when men who were drafted, or enlisted for the period of the emergency, are released and allowed to return to their homes. When these men do go, new faces will appear, but it will be the breaking up of the happiest, finest, truest lot of men the army has ever known.

"The Sailing Date"

It is said that a good soldier follows blindly, and executes his orders, whate'er they may be. We need but refer to the willing belief in rumors to prove that our rank and file never pretended to sit at the table where plans are mapped out.

The 11th of November found us falling in somersaults from heights that we took months to climb. The worst of it all was that we could no longer believe in rumors of going across. However, Cradic, the incredulous, sat back on his bunk, all smiles, evidently satisfied with the anticipation of a future campaign. That same afternoon, our Captain delivered his famous 11th of November speech. Its gist: To hold ourselves in readiness and that "the sailing date had never been changed," in spite of the armistice, which meant nothing so long as peace was not signed. Immediately afterwards Cradic, as presiding officer, started recuperating from the deadening effects of the armistice. At once he set to work, holding meetings, and issuing statements that spread with lightning rapidity. I need not mention their place of meeting as I presume it is well known. Other companies were no doubt affected; our company, only, due to the exceptional talents of Cradic, earned the reputation of being extreme. As I write this brief, I am full of regret that so brave an outfit, owing to some delay, failed to appear on the actual field of battle.

Once more inspired by prospects of being a deciding factor

in the great world war, we started ambling from one adventure to another. No matter how great our achievements, we always longed for more and were never satisfied till we reached our goal.

The last week in February, 1919, has, in the climax of our activity, seen the crowning glory of our ambition: (1) On Monday morning we were started for Germany to join the Army of Occupation where we were to help preserve order and keep the Huns from starting anew. (2) Tuesday morning, orders were slightly changed. It was explained that there was hardly enough work for us in Germany, and that to prevent a misunderstanding with Japan, Uncle Sam had decided to send the best-drilled regiment to the Philippines. (3) Wednesday, due to news of the Bolshevik movement, spreading throughout Europe, former orders were withdrawn and new ones hastily given, with the result that the same afternoon we were to embark for Siberia, where we were to operate against the Bolsheviks. (4) Thursday we, those of us who survived the coldest night of our stay at Camp Meade, still suffering from its chilling effect, woke up to embrace warmly the latest news which stared us in our faces when we opened our eyes. We were to remain in the good, old U. S. A.—in Washington, D. C. or San Francisco—till we demobilized.

So, unlike the last days of Pompeii, we, when reading these lines, will appreciate the God-given gift of certain individuals and ever be thankful for their enlivening and filling with excitement a time that, otherwise, would have been tedious.

FLASHES OF HUMOR AND NEAR HUMOR

(At the expense of, and with apologies to, our comrades)

Favorite expressions of "G" Company Sergeants:

Sergeant Duke: "There's no damn necessity of this whatsoever."

Sergeant Gray: "Don't look hard. I'm as hard as the next one."

Sergeant Makar. "He's the lunatickest guy I ever seen."

Sergeant Marland: "Dress up! What in 'ell ye think this is, a bloody snake goin' across the bloomin' prairie?"

Sergeant Dixon. "Dress up in ranks, you're running 'round like a bunch o' sheep."

Sergeant Davis: "Where do you get that stuff?"

Sergeant Marland: "Snap out of it. What in 'ell yez waitin' for, a special invitation?"



Private Kelley (to Lieutenant Hartigan, who had just missed ten shots at the rifle range). "Did the Lieutenant get that message?"

Lieutenant Hartigan: "What message, Kelley."

Private Kelley: "I'm not good at receiving, sir, but they've been wigwagging to the Lieutenant from the butts."

Private Newcomb: "Turn out the guard, two officers."

"Why is Nepstead not like a cat?" "The cat came back."

Ullrich, in the pits: "Have they quit shooting?"

Sergeant Marland: "Stick your bloomin' 'ead up and see."

Sergeant Jordan, inspecting Kochoshek's new hat: "That won't fit you, Tony, it's round, it ought to have four corners on it."

Inspecting Officer, noticing that Private Petrak had no toothbrush in equipment: "Why haven't you a toothbrush?"

Petrak: "Sir, I used my toothbrush to p'lice my rifle wit'."

"Joe Radasski, being relieved: "Same orders, same post, Jack."

March 22, 1919. A big day in Foley's life. The first time in his ten months of Army career, at inspections, that Foley's rifle was not taken by the inspecting officer. Perhaps Lieutenant Jenness wanted to keep his hands clean.

Company "G" Record Holders:

Eggs. Sergeant Gray, First place, seven minutes; Sergeant Duke, Second place, six minutes.

Snorers: Corporal Nicoll, First place; Mechanic Drury, Second place.

Sounders Off. Corporal George Waters, First place.

A.W.O.L. First place, M. A. Quinn. Tie for Second place: Revenue Officer Ponton and William A. Schier.

Terry Roche, to Classen, in the mess hall: "If eatin' was a sport instead of a habit, you'd hold the world's record, and get your picture in the papers."

Chimienti, drilling the squad: "Lefta by one, march."

Chimienti, on the rifle range, cleaning four guns for officers: "Steal a two tomate, cleana four gun, pretty soon cleana whole company gun."

Lieutenant Hartigan: "What kind of a tree is that, Sergeant, with the long beans on it?"

Sergeant Dinty Moore: "That's a locust tree, sir."

Lieutenant Hartigan: "Gee, I thought it was a grasshopper bush."

Sentry on No. 1: "Turn out the guard, Commanding Officer."

Sergeant Makar (then Corporal of Guard): "Turn him in." Whereupon Corporal Makar squares himself by bawling out the sentry.

Teddy Rakiewicz, to George Waters (who has just been made corporal): "Hello, George!"

George Waters: "Don't call me Gawge, mah Gawd, don't you know ahm corporal now?"

Lieutenant Hartigan: "Do you always stammer like that?"

Private Tinsen: "N-n-n-nuh-no S-s-sir, o-oo-oo-only wh-wh-when I t-t-t-tuh-t-talk."

First Sergeant Duke, at retreat, calling a fatigue detail:

"O'Dowd." O'Dowd, "Here."

"Petrlak." Petrlak, "YOH."

"Utsler." Utsler, anticipating the detail, "Woodpile."

Harley M. Murphy, to First Sergeant: "Do I have to take out naturalization papers?"

First Sergeant: "What country were you born in?"

Harley M. Murphy: "West Virginia."

Pay night at the Presidio, Kylo comes in, lit up like a church, and takes Foley's bunk. Foley, coming in to take a nap before reveille, "Has he got my bunk, or have I got 'em again?"

Corporal Waters, coming in from the butts at the range: "Looks like every time it rains I have to be in the butts."

Private Rhoades, as his foot slipped in a mudhole: "April showers bring May flowers, Corporal."

Corporal Waters: "Yes, but Ah didn't come out heah to pick flowers."

Captain McGill, to Pilenzo: "What kind of a rifle is that you have?"

Pilenzo, saluting: "Yes-ss-sir, it's a Spring fever, SSS-Sir."

Sentry, at Camp Meade: "Halt, who's there?"

New recruit: "You wouldn't know me, Sentry, if I told you, I've just been here two days."

Lieutenant Garner, at the Rifle Range, was trying out a rifle to correct sight setting, he was shooting at Target No. 5, he fired, and missed, and just as they waved the red flag, a red flag waved in front of target No. 4, and also No. 6. "Good Lord," exclaimed the Lieutenant, "I missed all three of them."

"What in the world is the matter with your face, Nicoll, it looks like a war map." "Is that so," replied the corporal, "maybe it does, Carney was just describing the Château-Thierry drive while he was shaving me."

Michele Pilenzo, soldierlike in manner, came into the Orderly room and executed a very snappy salute: "Sir, Private Pilenz has permish from the top sarge to speak to the Cap." "Where did you come from, Pilenzo?" asked the Captain. "Schenec," was the prompt reply. "Why is it that you always leave off the last syllable of your words, Pilenzo?" queried the Captain. "It's just a hab," was the answer.

Do you remember, when:

"On the Rifle Range it was reported that Private Harley M. Murphy shot a cow? Trying to hit 'the bull'. He was not to blame though, as Ridgate had just used the rifle and had gotten it into a bad habit of never shooting straight. The barrel must have been bent. Anyway, what the deuce was that cow out there for?

"After all had been instructed that neither officers or enlisted men were allowed to leave the Glenburnie Range, Privates Petrlik and O'Dowd met a 'G' Co. officer in Baltimore, and prevented an embarrassing situation by 'seeing the officer first.' Does this remind you of the time when Private Ilog, under arrest in quarters at Camp Meade, met Captain McGill in Baltimore? Ilog, however, did not see the Captain first.

"When Terry Roche came out to stand reveille, armed with his knife, fork, and spoon?

"When Jim Quinn awoke in the 'M. P.' squad room and looked for bars on the window?

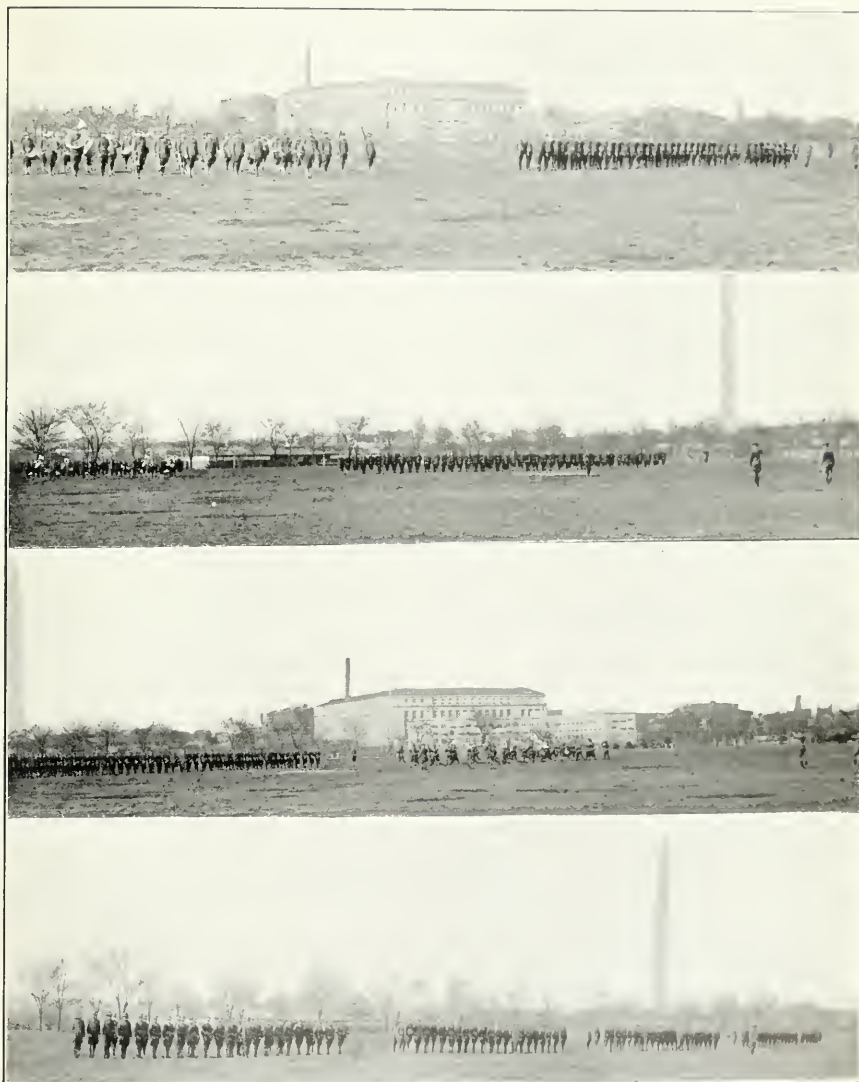
"When the Lieutenant milled the platoon around half an hour to bring them into line 'uninverted'?

"When the armistice was signed and we heard that *famous* 'eleventh of November speech'?

"When they were all out of step but Jesse L. Baker?

"When 'G' Co., at ease, was picked by the reviewing officers to be served as 'plums' to Washington, D. C.?"





Formal Guard Mount and Parade

Company "H"

AT the time of its organization, the strength of Company "H" was one officer, Captain Claremont A. Donaldson, and forty-seven enlisted men transferred from Company "H" 12th U. S. Infantry. Company "H" was quartered with Company "H," 12th Infantry, in the old Exposition cowsheds for two weeks after its formation, and then moved to the new wooden barracks in the North Cantonment along the old Exposition Marina. It is interesting to note that at the present writing fifteen of the forty-seven enlisted men originally assigned to Company "H," 63rd Infantry, are still members of the company.

During the month of July, 1917, Company "H" gained considerably in strength, acquiring thirty-seven recruits from Fort McDowell, California, and five other enlisted men by transfer from other sources, among them Sergeant George Gibson, transferred from Company "H," 8th Infantry, who was appointed first sergeant immediately upon his assignment to the company, and who remained with the company in that capacity until his discharge November 24, 1917, to accept a commission as second lieutenant, Aviation Section, Signal Corps, in which arm of the service he now holds the rank of captain. During July and August, 1917, forty recruits, Company "H," received their supplementary target practice on the rifle range at Fort Barry, California.

From the time of its organization until August 12, 1917, Captain Donaldson was the only officer assigned to Company

"H." On August 12, 1917, Second Lieutenant Anthony B. Jesky was assigned to the company, and on August 29, 1917, Second Lieutenant Thomas S. Morrison and Second Lieutenant Errol E. Crouter were attached for duty. Lieutenant Jesky served with the company as a second and first lieutenant until July 29, 1918. Lieutenant Morrison was transferred to Headquarters Company December 5, 1917, and Lieutenant Crouter was transferred to Machine Gun Company April 2, 1918. From this time on Company "H" suffered from no dearth of officers. In March, 1918, at a time when there were nine officers serving with the company and only from four to seven privates for duty, a certain officer defined a company as "a small body of enlisted men entirely surrounded by officers."

During September, 1917, Company "H" lost four sergeants, three corporals, and two privates by transfer to the 88th Division, National Army, Camp Dodge, Iowa, and seven privates by other transfers, mostly within the regiment, and gained seven recruits from Fort McDowell.

First Lieutenant Neal C. Johnson joined Company "H" September 25, 1917, taking command of the company November 1, 1917, on the promotion of Captain Donaldson to major, and has been in command since that date, accepting a commission as captain March 29, 1918. Captain Donaldson has since been promoted to lieutenant-colonel.

During the months of October, November, and December, 1917, there was little change in the enlisted personnel of the company besides the loss of First Sergeant Gibson by discharge, but on December 17, 1917, Company "H" gained four new officers, two first lieutenants, Harry A. White and Stanley I. Robinson, and two second lieutenants, Gregory S. Powell and Oliver R. Clark. Lieutenant White has been with the company continuously since this date.

The first part of 1918 saw the split up of the 63rd Infantry

into detachments for guard duty in various parts of California and Utah, and on January 15, 1918, Company "H" suffered its first loss from this source, when nine privates were transferred to Company "A" to go to San Diego, Cal. On February 13, 1918, Company "H" sent a detail of four non-commissioned officers and twenty privates to the Moore Shipbuilding Co., Oakland, Cal., to do guard duty. This detail did not return to the organization until July 22, 1918, when it was relieved by a detachment, U. S. Guards. February 21, 1918, eight privates, Company "H," were sent to Lompoc, Cal., to guard bean warehouses. This detachment returned to the Presidio of San Francisco on May 11, 1918. The spring of 1918 was the darkest period in the history of the company. It was during this period that it was at its lowest ebb numerically since July, 1917, its enlisted personnel numbering but sixty-six during parts of February and March, thirty-two of whom were not present with the company at Presidio, but were on detached service. It did not seem possible that the regiment would ever be together again, and hopes for overseas service grew faint.

Second Lieutenant H. Alston Deas joined Company "H" February 6, 1918, and was promoted to first lieutenant March 13, 1918. Lieutenant Deas was in charge of the 63rd Infantry guard details, stationed at Oakland and Alameda for the purpose of guarding shipyards, from March 20, 1918, until their relief, on July 22, 1918. This officer has been assigned to Company "H" since March 1, 1918. Second Lieutenants Basil W. Crowley and James W. Swallen were attached to the company March 11, 1918. Lieutenant Crowley was transferred to 72nd Infantry October 24, 1918, and Lieutenant Swallen was transferred to Company "K," 63rd Infantry, July 29, 1918.

From March to June, 1918, Company "H" gradually grew stronger numerically. Enlisted men who had completed their

three years' tour of service in China or the Philippine Islands were assigned, other men were received through transfer from various sources, and twenty-three recruits were assigned to the company May 14th, so that on May 31, 1918, the strength of the company was nine officers and ninety-seven enlisted men. It is worthy of mention that the company owes a great deal of its strength to the enlisted men it received during this period. Three of the five sergeants assigned to the company during this time have since become commissioned officers.

During this period an intensive program of training was carried out through difficulties, the regiment being weak in numbers and the post guard and fatigue becoming a heavy burden on account of the departure of the 12th and 62nd regiments of Infantry from the Presidio to Camp Fremont, Cal., on January 2, 1918. However, scouting, sniping, bayonet, and gas schools were attended by officers and men, combat problems were worked out on the Presidio golf links, and twenty enlisted men of Company "H" received instruction on the Rifle Range at Fort Barry, Cal., from June 8 to 18, 1918.

The period from June 1, 1918, to the time of departure of the regiment from the Presidio of San Francisco on August 12, 1918, was an extremely busy one. On June 15, 1918, one hundred and forty-five drafted and enlisted recruits were assigned to the company. The company at this time contained two hundred and fifty enlisted men and was filled to war strength for the first time, and every effort was made to whip these recruits into condition before the move, which everyone felt must come soon. July 22, 1918, saw the last of "H" detachments brought back and the company together again. First Lieutenant Garth B. Haddock was transferred to the company from Company "K" June 29, 1918.

On July 15, 1918, a detachment, 63rd Infantry, composed of three officers and one hundred and fifty enlisted men, was

sent, under emergency order, Western Department, from Presidio of San Francisco, Cal., to Bethlehem Shipbuilding Co., Alameda, Cal., to prevent injury to government property by the striking shipyard workers. Company "H" furnished the commanding officer, Captain Johnson, one other officer, Lieutenant Clark, the first sergeant, and seventeen other enlisted men for this detail. Captain Johnson and most of this detachment returned to the Presidio the following day, July 16th, the trouble at the shipyard having quickly subsided.

The 63rd Infantry left Presidio of San Francisco, Cal., for Camp Meade, Md., on August 12, 1918. It had been stationed at Presidio for more than fourteen months, never having left this post since its organization. Company "H" had occupied three different sets of quarters in the post, having moved from the wooden barracks in the North Cantonment to the brick barracks on February 25, 1918, later moving from one set of quarters in the brick barracks to another, and finally moving to wooden quarters in the East Cantonment on June 27, 1918, which quarters it occupied until the time of its departure from the post.

The trip from San Francisco, Cal., to Camp Meade, Md., was an interesting one, but uneventful. Company "H" boarded the train at the Third and Townsend Street Depot, at 2.30 P.M., August 12, 1918, and with Company "G" occupied the 5th Section. The men were in fine spirits to think they were going to get somewhere at last and accomplish something. They had two chances to bathe on their way east, once in the Great Salt Lake and once in the Y. M. C. A. pool at St. Louis, Mo. Their bath in the Great Salt Lake was an unusual one. The train stopped along the edge of the lake, the men poured out of the cars into the lake, splashed around for about fifteen minutes and re-boarded the train. The 5th Section arrived in Camp Meade at about 11.30 A.M. August 19, 1918. Five officers and two hundred and nineteen

enlisted men made the trip with Company "H," Lieutenant Oliver R. Clark being on detached service at Camp Dix, N. J., and twenty-four enlisted men having been left behind at the Presidio either sick in the Letterman General Hospital or measles suspects attached to the U. S. Guards. Of these twenty-four enlisted men twenty later rejoined the company at Camp Meade.

Upon its arrival at Camp Meade, Md., the regiment was assigned to the 11th Division, and the real intensive training began. From that date until the signing of the armistice the sole thought of everyone in Company "H" was preparation for overseas service. Along with the intensive training came the continuous readjustment and reorganization caused by transfers to new organizations and the weeding out of material unfit for overseas service. First Sergeant Thomas and Sergeants Wolfe and Mueller were discharged September 9, 1918, to accept commissions as second lieutenants of Infantry. Officers and men of the company attended schools of various kinds: grenade, bayonet, automatic rifle, gas, and intelligence schools. From August 28th to September 6th the company had target practice on the Camp Meade Rifle Range. From September 12th to 15th the company finished up its course of firing on the Glenburnie Range. September 6, 1918, three sergeants, seven corporals, and thirty privates were transferred to Company "H," 72nd Infantry, to form a nucleus around which this new company should be built. On September 9, 1918, forty recruits were transferred from the 154th Depot Brigade, and these men received their target practice on the Glenburnie Range from October 23rd to 31st.

The company was not weakened by the influenza epidemic that was rife in Camp Meade during September and October, and the intensive training was continued without a let-up, Company "H" lost one man by death at this time, Private John W. Snyder, who succumbed to the influenza on October

11, 1918. This is the only loss by death that Company "H" has suffered since its organization. Second Lieutenant William K. Howell was assigned to the company November 8, 1918.

Besides the various schools attended by individual officers and men, the company as a whole went through a sort of continuous school during this period; besides the weekly combat problems in which the regiment took part, the company had daily combat problems of its own. The company as a whole had instruction in the throwing of live hand grenades; it also had gas instruction, and on November 7, 1918, passed through the gas house by platoons, and almost all the men of the company had actual practice in the use of the automatic rifle. The new combat formations were learned by the company, and in these it reached a high state of proficiency. During this period the company was twice complimented for its efficiency, once by the officers composing the French Mission, and once by Lieutenant-Colonel Hunt, General Staff, who was laying down methods of intensive training at that time.

On November 9, 1918, the day of the 11th Division review, Company "H" was at the very highest stages of efficiency. All the overseas equipment had been issued, and everything was ready for overseas service. On November 11th, however, the armistice was signed, and its chances for overseas service ruined.

During the period of the war the company furnished from its enlisted ranks five officers, four of whom, Fred Y. Thomas, Jasper N. Wolfe, Jr., Mathew E. Schubert, and Erwin J. Mueller, were commissioned in the Infantry, and one, George Gibson, was commissioned in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps. One of these officers, Second Lieutenant Erwin J. Mueller, is now assigned to and on duty with Company "H."

On December 21, 1918, an exchange was made between Company "H" and Company "I," 63rd Infantry, forty pri-

vates being transferred to Company "I" for the purpose of doing provost guard duty in New York City, and forty privates being transferred from Company "I" to replace them.

Company "H" left Camp Meade, Maryland, January 23, 1919, to go to Wilmington, Delaware, to do provost guard duty in the city of Wilmington, and to guard a large amount of Russian ammunition seized by the British Government after the downfall of the Imperial Russian Government. Attached to the company were six enlisted men, Medical Corps, 63rd Infantry, and upon its arrival at Wilmington First Lieutenant Will M. Majors, M. C., and First Lieutenant Frank P. Walthour, Dental Corps, and six more enlisted men, Medical Department, were also attached to the organization. Lieutenant Walthour has since been transferred to Fort Terry, New York.

When the company first arrived in Wilmington, Delaware, it was necessary for a large proportion of it to be on duty as provost guards, but by the efficient duty performed by the provost guard all offenders were checked up and the company was soon able to dispense with a great number of these provost guard posts, and handle the situation by occasional patrols.

The strength of Company "H," 63rd Infantry, at this writing is 6 officers and 209 enlisted men. One officer, Medical Corps, 12 enlisted men, Medical Department, and 3 recruits are at present attached to the company.

EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF GREAT AMERICANS

NUMBER I

THE STORY OF A CAREER

Ssh! The curtain rises!

Willis Narrowmind was born in a little cabin on Pollywog Creek in the mountains of Tennessee. Unspoiled by civilization, he became a strong boy. His playmates were the cat, the chickens, and Gypsee, the

DAYS *on the* RANGE



THE BIG RAIN



MESS LINE-UP NEXT DAY—



SNAKES ?
OH, MY,
YES!!



WERE YOU IN ON THIS?



SHAVING
UNDER
DIFFICULTIES



little pig. Woof-woof, the big Ozark chipmunk hound, was a constant companion, and protected the lad from the hungry Tennessee squirrels.

Willis received his education at the log schoolhouse on Buzzard Ridge. At the early age of sixteen, he graduated from the fifth grade. He stood first in his class. The other pupil was absent most of the term, but gave Willis a hard race for first honors.

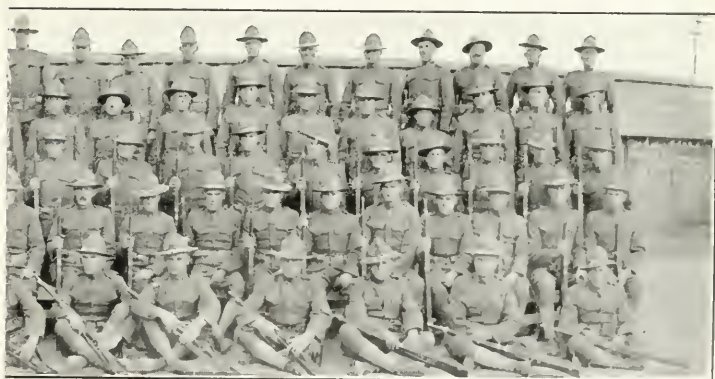
Willis had read of steam engines, autos, and such contraptions, so he decided to view them with his own eyes. He packed his belongings in a red bandana, grasped his grandfather's squirrel rifle, and journeyed forth. As he was leaving the old homestead, Gypsee, now grown into a husky pig, trotted up with affectionate grunts. Willis couldn't part with his old playmate, and Gypsee was permitted to follow.

Willis had many adventures in the city. One day he tried to use the squirrel rifle on a conductor who refused to let Gypsee ride on the car. The rifle was taken away, and Gypsee was sold to pay the fine. Broken-hearted, the poor lad pawned the red handkerchief to buy a bowl of soup, which he tried to eat with a fork.

Then he enlisted. After several months, his genius was quickly recognized, and he became a corporal. But advancement did not come rapidly enough, so Willis promoted himself to be sergeant. If let alone he might have become a self-made captain by now. But, alas! Narrow-mind was busted!

But true ability can't be kept down. Many men said Willis looked better as K. P. than as corporal. During the trip across the country he polished the officers' shoes with tender care. So once again he gained the corporal's chevrons. He became popular by treating the men with the same kindness he used to show to Gypsee and Woof-woof. His beautiful face and graceful dancing have broken many a girl's heart. His virtues are many, and include wisdom, a tailor-made suit, gentle manners, and a love for perfume.

Willis often dreams of boyhood days. Once again he is an innocent lad, fishing on the banks of Pollywog Creek. Gypsee is by his side, and gazes trustfully up at him. The hens are scratching for worms for bait, while one fluffy little chick sits on the tip of the pole, ready to warn Willis of the approach of a fish. Woof-woof crouches nearby, ready for any daring squirrel. The dream fades—Willis rises with a sigh, and goes to borrow some eau-de-cologne.





"E" Company



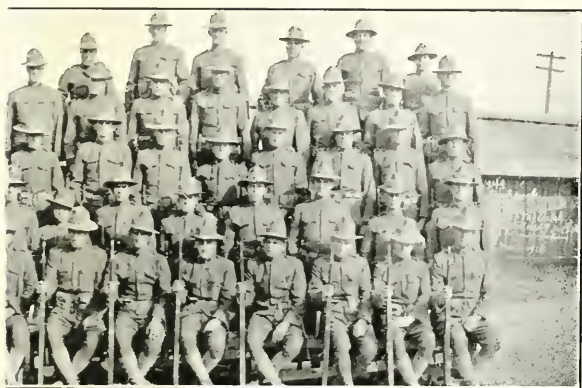
"F" Company



"G" Company



"H" Company



Third Battalion
Sixty-Third U. S. Infantry



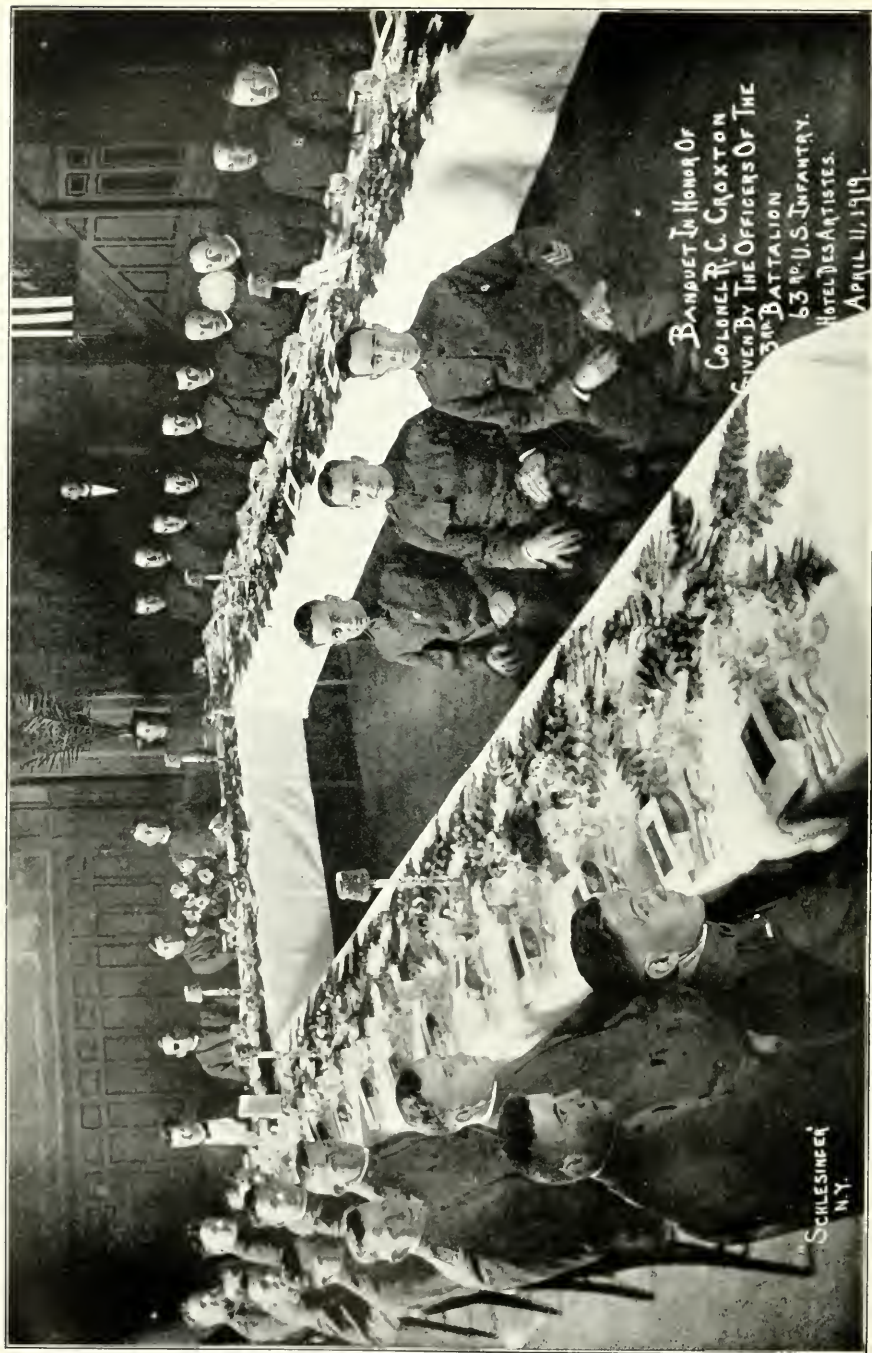
Major Leland S. Hobbs



Second Lieutenant
William E. Field



Major
Elmer E. E. Swanton
Q. M. C.



BANQUET IN HONOR OF
COLONEL R. C. CROXTON
GIVEN BY THE OFFICERS OF THE
3RD BATTALION
63RD U.S. INFANTRY.
HOTEL DES ARTISTES.
APRIL 11, 1919.

SCHLESINGER
N.Y.

The New York Detachment

A CERTAIN Division which had been "Over There" was to parade in the metropolis. It had assisted materially in the making of history, and a holiday had been proclaimed that all might satisfy their curiosity and fulfill their desires in reviewing this organization. Dense throngs filled the streets, and through the crowd moved a mere handful of soldiers. They wore no decorations for gallantry in action, no chevrons denoting service. Their only badge was a brassard of red, worn upon the left arm of each, inscribed with the letters "P. G."

Shrilly a voice rose high above the clamor of the mob. "Who won the war?" it asked, and answered in the same breath, "The P. G's!" Women laughed and jeered. A hundred wounded soldiers hooted and cat-called from a grandstand near by. Soldiers, sailors, civilians—all who heard—hissed and denounced these men as only the rabble can. If they but knew the truth, not a person that jibed and taunted that day but would suffer pangs of regret for the act, and ——

Does the soldier live who, upon seeing one of his comrades wearing the red brassard of the Provost Guard, has not formed an opinion or voiced some sentiment concerning the individual observed—his dress, his bearing, his character, his courage, or the necessity for his presence? Has that detailed unfortunate carrying the symbol of authority ever been looked upon by a more favored member of the military establishment impersonally? Probably not.

If you were an officer or enlisted man complying to the best of your knowledge and ability with the maze of regulations governing your dress and deportment, there is a likelihood that you gazed upon the provost guardsman as a necessary evil. You may have determined to tolerate him. You certainly made no decision to look upon him with favor.

On the other hand, if you were violating a military order and knew it, you did what?

Feeling that you had sufficient rank, you decided to brazen the thing out. You assumed a proud, defiant, haughty look. When addressed by the P. G. concerning your dereliction, in all probability you registered amazement, made a few caustic comments, and reprimanded the man severely for his manner of approach. If you "got away with it," you were not corrected nor humiliated. Heaven forbid! You had merely performed satisfactorily (to yourself at least) a disagreeable duty.

Your shoulder ornaments being nil, and not having the moral support of numbers, when possible you quickly evaded the representative of law and order. If you were one of a group, all guilty of an act or omission, you alone know the individual course you took.

It can only be said that in any event your feeling toward the P. G. was one of resentment rather than of appreciation, of displeasure rather than of indulgence.

But those men taunted that day—who were they? What had they done? Enlisted long before a war with Germany was ever dreamed of, or in the early summer of 1917, in a combatant branch of the service; choosing at that time the Regular Army because it seemed to promise the quickest chance of *active* service; training, marching, drilling, shooting for an interminable period; chafing at the inaction in guarding bridges, docks, and railroads for an æon of time; assigned finally to a division, a part of which went overseas, themselves

under orders for sailing; commanded from the outset by an officer of over thirty years' service whose initiative, energy, and ability have seldom been equalled; commended repeatedly by their Divisional Commander for their discipline, their excellence at maneuvers, and their willingness to serve under all conditions; accredited by officers of the General Staff the finest infantry organization in the United States; and, their hopes of being "in at the finish" shattered by the signing of the armistice, chosen for their knowledge and their tact, as well as for their stature and physical abilities, to become the military representatives of law and order in the largest city in the world—such, in short, is the history of those men of the New York Detachment of the 63rd Infantry.

That they did not falter that day, that they have never deviated from the course laid out for them, is due primarily to their loyalty, and in a large part to their splendid discipline.

We will never appreciate fully the individual longing, the intense desire, the continued uncertainty, the fervent wish denied, as experienced by each of these true Americans. Few can understand their final resignation to perform well an ignominious duty. Let a little praise be given those to whom so much credit is due.

History of the 63rd U. S. Infantry

WAR DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF ORDNANCE
WASHINGTON

May 6, 1919.

From: The Acting Chief of Ordnance
To: The Adjutant-General of the Army.
Subject: Exemplary Conduct of Troops—63rd Infantry.

1. On April 12th, I requested that one hundred enlisted men and appropriate officers be detailed to Lieutenant-Colonel E. J. W. Ragsdale at Van Cortlandt Park, New York City, for the purpose of assisting in the demonstration of Trench Warfare Matériel, as a part of the Victory Loan Activities. In accordance with your instructions, Captain Witcher, with one officer and one hundred enlisted men of the 63rd Infantry, reported. This organization came from the command of Major L. S. Hobbs at Camp Astoria.

2. The conduct of this organization was so exemplary that it has become more than a matter of casual comment among the officers of this department encamped at Van Cortlandt Park. I understand Captain Witcher and his command encamped with little apparent difficulty, and that the camp compared most favorably with that of the other organizations present. I have been further informed that the officers and enlisted men worked arduously and prolonged hours, but nevertheless cheerfully. It has been further brought to my attention that the discipline was of a high order, the officers and enlisted men being smart in the execution of military etiquette, and evincing other signs of a well-disciplined and thoroughly competent command. The preparations and actual demonstrations of the matériel in mimic battle under the most trying conditions called for the display of soldierly qualities. The fact that Private Newman, though injured severely during the firing of a 3" Trench Mortar, continued to operate his piece until relieved by his non-commissioned officer, and then proceeded to the ambulance without attracting attention or making any display, and that the program was carried out without the least confusion or noticeable irregularity, reflects great credit upon the command.

The Ordnance Department appreciates that the demonstration of its matériel could not have been entrusted to more competent troops, and

it is suggested that the sentiment of this Department be conveyed to Major L. S. Hobbs, Camp Astoria, Long Island, N. Y.

W. S. PIERCE,
*Brig.-Gen., Ord. Dept., U. S. A., Acting
Chief of Ordnance.*

1ST. IND.

War Department, A. G. O. May 9, 1919. Through the Commanding General, Eastern Department, Governor's Island, New York, to the Commanding Officer, 63rd Infantry, East Potomac Park, Washington, D. C.

JPT

2ND. IND.

Hq. Eastern Department, May 12, 1919. To Commanding Officer, 63rd Infantry, East Potomac Park, Washington, D. C.

P. R. M.

3RD IND.

Hq. 63rd Infantry, East Potomac Park, Washington, D. C., May 14, 1919. To Major L. S. Hobbs, 63rd Infantry, Astoria Cantonment, Astoria, L. I., N.Y.

1. The Regimental Commander desires to express to Major Hobbs, Captain Witcher and to the officers and enlisted men of the 63rd Infantry who took part in the demonstration mentioned in the foregoing letter his high appreciation of the conduct and work of these officers and men. It is a matter of great pride of the undersigned to receive such letters as the above, and it indicates great work has been accomplished by the commanding officer, 3rd Battalion, and by the officers and enlisted men under him.

2. It is requested that the letter of the Acting Chief of Ordnance be read to the men of your command, and that copies of this letter be furnished Captain Witcher.

CHAS. J. NELSON,
Colonel, 63rd Infantry, Comd'g.

HEADQUARTERS 3RD BATTALION, 63RD INFANTRY,
ASTORIA CANTONMENT, ASTORIA, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.,

May 19th, 1919.

From: The Commanding Officer, 3rd Battalion, 63rd Infantry.
To: The Detachment, 63rd Infantry, detailed to Ordnance
Department for Demonstration Purposes at Van Cort-
landt Park.
Subject: Report of Chief of Ordnance.

1. The attached letter, which will be read to you, speaks for itself. As I wrote to the Commanding Officer, 63rd Infantry, I think much of the commendation being given to me should go to Captain Witcher, Lieutenant Purvis, and the selected men from each of the five companies stationed here. I have been fortunate in having dependable, ambitious officers, and loyal, reliable men in this battalion, and with such a combination an officer should be expected to secure results.

2. The praise from the Chief of Ordnance should be very gratifying to all men and officers of this battalion, particularly the participants at the demonstration of the Trench Mortar and Trench Warfare Matériel at Van Cortlandt Park, New York City, during the Victory Loan celebration.

3. Let us not forget, however, that we cannot live on past reputations. We must at all times endeavor to keep up the efficiency credited to us in the past, and as new members come in, officers and men must see that they are made to be good substitutes in every particular for those men whom we are losing.

L. S. HOBBS,
Major, 63rd Infantry.



"Yimca" and His "Ath-a-letes"



First Lieutenant
Edward D. J. Coughlan

Captain
Walter A. Mack

Second Lieutenant
Harry Boissonnault

Company "I"

COMPANY "I" has had rather an eventful career, and as some of the "boys" express it, a "jinx" career, considering the fact that it is one of the units of the Regular Army which did not see overseas service.

Organized and trained at the Presidio, Company "I" crossed the continent, disembarking at Camp Meade, Maryland, where the company was put through more intensive training and given its overseas equipment. Preparations were then made for transfer to a port of embarkation only to be halted by the signing of the armistice on November 11, 1918, almost on the eve of its departure.

That in a nut-shell is the story of Company "I." It is the story of the organization of a military unit not unlike the hundreds of other units formed for Uncle Sam's army. There were weeks of intensive training followed by keen disappointment, when after the work of preparation, injected with every ounce of "pep" possessed by the officers and men, they were unable to go "across" and take part in the big adventure.

Like other stories this one would not be complete without an historical review of the company from the date of its organization to the present time. This history, briefly told, gives some of the more interesting events of the company's activities and of the members of the company.

From the date of its organization until May 15, 1918, there was little excitement in Company "I." Things then began to happen, for it was on that date that the first contingent of 125

drafted men—they were green fellows then—were assigned to the company.

Under the careful guidance and instruction of the regulars, work was started of molding the round-shouldered rookies into trained infantrymen. Perseverance, patience, and hard work on the part of the instructors soon had their effect.

One bright morning, when the dawn of day had hardly broken, word was received at headquarters, for which the company had so long been waiting. "Pack up" was the order issued. An epidemic of curiosity followed.

"Where are we going?" "Does this mean overseas at last?" and "Which way are we going?" were some of the questions passed from man to man in the unit. The questions went unanswered, for a policy of veiled secrecy was in vogue. The immediate future of the company was then in doubt until the day the men boarded the train when word leaked out that the destination was Camp Meade, Maryland. More credence was given this rumor when the huge locomotives that were to pull the trains bearing the fighting men were headed toward the rising sun.

As our section made innumerable stops on its eastern flight, the men and non-coms in the first thirteen coaches were royally received by the Red Cross and other war welfare workers along the route. They were treated to hot coffee, doughnuts, fried cakes, chocolates, and cigarettes, but for some unaccountable reason, the fourteenth coach, the officers' car, was entirely ignored. During the first number of stops the matter was not given much attention, but as the train was nearing the Missouri state line the officers decided that an investigation might bring forth some valuable information. The next stop brought forth a sleuth from car No. 14, who mingled among the welfare workers on the station platform, and later among the men in the fore part of the train, and as the train pulled out reported his findings to the commanding officer.

"Why, sir, those fellows up front have been telling the welfare workers and other girls that the last car is the quarantine car, and that no one is permitted to go near," was the report.

At St. Louis, Missouri, on August 17th, Company "I," with Company "K" in reserve, assaulted the Central Y. M. C. A., and after a short skirmish, which resulted without a single casualty, captured the objective. It was a busy two hours the boys spent in the pool and the baths, relaxing from the hard trip.

On the evening of August 19th, just one week after the departure from the Presidio, Section 6 pulled into Camp Meade. The first night at Camp Meade was spent, by the men and officers alike, hunting the soft side of the boards (floor). It was the end of a hard journey, and the boys were wondering what next.

The following few weeks was filled with hard work, intensive training, and wild excitement, for the company was preparing for the big adventure. The fellows buckled down to the grindstone, and labored with a spirit which won commendation from the officers.

September 29th was the day the announcement was made of the quarantine for an indefinite period. All hopes which had been entertained for immediate service overseas were dispelled, and "General Gloom" took command of the company for the few days that followed. This soon subsided, and the men again became interested in the training.

Almost on the eve of the departure for France and the field of action, the Boches, defeated on all fronts, threw up their hands, crying "Kamerad," signed the armistice.

It was a moment of keen disappointment to the officers and men. The celebration of joy which was enacted by other units was not in evidence around Company "I" quarters, but, instead, expressions of regret were displayed by the men, that their efforts were to result in naught. It seemed impossible

to the men, and many could not be convinced until the official order was received at headquarters from the War Department to the effect that the Germans had signed the armistice. Like good American soldiers, however, they remained at their work and did the best they could, knowing that their chances of helping crush the enemy had departed.

A short time after the signing of the armistice a revision of schedule for training was ordered, and a general relaxation was brought about, which was gratefully received by the men of the company.

Much pleasure was derived from the many rumors which were in circulation after the signing of the armistice as to what disposition was to be made of the company. One day "Dame Rumor" had it that the company was to be sent to Siberia for duty, the next day it was to be sent back West, and on succeeding days, first to one place and then another. Finally an order was received from the War Department conveying the information that the 63rd Infantry had been placed at the disposal of the Eastern Department. This dispelled all rumors as regarded the much-looked-for trip back across the continent to the Pacific Coast. Information was received one morning to the effect that the 63rd Infantry was to be split up into detachments and sent to various cities along the Atlantic seaboard for duty. Company "I" was one of the first companies selected for duty, and the place designated New York City.

A detachment of three officers and one hundred men from Company "I" with Company "K" comprised the first contingent to leave for the new duty in New York City, leaving Camp Meade on the morning of December 23, 1918.

The detachments were placed on duty as provost guard, relieving the 9th Battalion, U. S. Guards, who were mustered out of service. Company "I" remained on duty until March 1st, at which time the major part of the company was transferred to Astoria Cantonment, Astoria, Long Island, owing to the

crowded conditions at Pearl and Park streets. A small detachment of special duty men and twenty-seven men of the Mobile Patrol remained at Pearl and Park streets.

An order was received from Headquarters Eastern Department directing twenty men from Company "I" in command of First Lieutenant Purvis, to proceed to Van Cortlandt Park for the purpose of making necessary arrangements for a demonstration in connection with the ordnance equipment which had been designed and manufactured for the purpose of driving Fritzie back across the Rhine, but which, due to the signing of the armistice, did not get into action, much to the satisfaction of Fritzie. Had the hostilities been prolonged, the use of the new instruments of war to be used by the Yanks would have meant a perpetual nightmare for the Boches.

COMPANY "I" IN SPORTS

Company "I" was not only one of the most active, but one of the most successful units in the athletic world at Camp Meade and at other stations where it has been. The company had teams organized in almost every branch of athletics before the trip eastward, and won some contests at the Presidio and while en route across the continent.

A CHAMPIONSHIP BASEBALL TEAM

The baseball team is perhaps the strongest diamond aggregation in the 63rd Infantry, and has shown its supremacy over a number of other army units outside of the 63rd Infantry. Included among the players were several big league and college stars, the best known of whom was "Big Bill" James, who was the hero and individual star during the World's series in 1914, then the wonder of the pitching staff of Manager Stallings' Boston Braves. The team played fifteen games within the regiment during the season at Camp Meade without a defeat. After the close of the regular schedule it played an all-star outfit picked from the remaining companies in the regiment and lost by the score of 5 to 4.

VOLLEY BALL

The volley ball team copped the regimental pennant in 1918.

Few games were played at the Presidio, but after moving eastward the outfit started its string of victories, which won the title. Championship honors were also taken in the Midway league, Sergeant Eckard handling the team.

BASKETBALL

Basketball did not prove so interesting to the men of the company and few games were played at Camp Meade. However, a strong quintet was organized after the company was transferred to New York. Company "I" was represented by five men on the regimental basketball squad, among them Captain W. A. Mack.

On the track Company "I" also showed its caliber, the company winning the gravy in all regimental and brigade meets.

FOOTBALL

Company "I" did not contribute a large number of men to the 22nd Infantry Brigade football team, but what it did contribute was re-



The Regimental "Champs"



These are "The Hard Boys"



Such Things Happen

sponsible for the points that won the game from the 21st Infantry Brigade on Thanksgiving day 1918.

It was through the individual playing of Captain Mack of Company "I" that the victory was won. Captain Mack as fullback made the gains and carried the ball over for two touchdowns, kicking three goals. He also made the forward pass to Lieutenant Young as quarterback who made a successful catch and through a clear field carried the ball over for the third touchdown. Fifteen of the twenty-one points were registered by Captain Mack. He did brilliant work both on the offensive and defensive and was the individual star of the game.

The success in the athletic field by Company "I" is largely due to the efforts and interest taken by First Lieutenant Donald B. Rice and Sergeant Homer W. Eckard. Sergeant Eckard's interest in the games and his ability as a player and coach resulted in his being elected manager of all the different teams. He was a member of the regimental committee on athletics. Lieutenant Rice was the regimental director of athletics.

A FIGHTER AND A WRESTLER

Included among Company "I's" many athletes is George Murphy, middle-weight champion on the Pacific Coast during the year preceding his entrance into the service, also Megas Panagiotakis, Greek wrestler, who has not as yet been defeated. He gave a few exhibitions during his stay with the company. Not many men cared to tackle him. Without arms Panagiotakis could have picked up a few of the Boches and thrown them back across the Rhine.



MISCELLANY

SOME SPEECH

The only reason we are not giving Captain Mack's opening speech when taking command of Company "I" is because our typewriter isn't equipped to portray expressive adjectives by means of asterisks.

GEO. WASHINGTON'S TRAITS

Sergeant Mabry has frequently been entertained by the captain in his private office answering the many queries with a line trying to substantiate his innocence in numerous accusations which were brought to his attention. On this particular occasion the patience of the Captain seemed to be to the point of exhaustion when Sergeant Mabry spoke up and said, "If the Captain wants me to lie, I'll lie."

THE TIME, PLEASE?

Louis Grafer, mechanic extraordinary, possesses one of the largest assortments of watches of any man in the service, bar none. Some very interesting popular models, valuable only as antiques considering the peculiarities of movements, etc. They range from the two-bit Ingersoll to the dollar seventy-eight Swiss movement. When requested for the exact time, Grafer usually replies, "Just four minutes for four."

ACCOMMODATING TO THE EXTREME

First Lieutenant A. C. Purvis is one of the most accommodating officers during parades ever observed. His handling of certain elements of the crowd is indeed very meritorious, especially during the recent parade of the 27th Division in New York City, when the popular lieutenant went to the trouble of climbing fourteen flights of stairs, not even disturbing the elevator man, and securing two chairs for young ladies. No trouble at all, I'm sure. Vote unanimous. Some fairies.

EVERY SATURDAY A.M.

Quotation from Captain Mack. "There will be a lecture immediately after inspection on the use of the new Enfield rifle as a barabell baton, Indian club, and boomerang."

INSPECTIONS

The greatest of all inspections was the one conducted by Captain Strohmeyer of the Canteen when on the trip across the continent. He didn't find what he was looking for.

NOTHING UP HIS SLEEVE

Lieutenant A. C. Purvis, prior to his entrance into the service, had not been much of hand at cards. Desiring to be one of the boys, it was necessary for him to learn the games which were being played by the officers. It is understood that his first lesson, and a very short one, cost him only ten dollars, during which he tried to slick the officers by counting four aces as two pair.

DON JUAN FROM SEATTLE

Lieutenant Harry Boissonnault is probably one of the best-known officers now that promenades on the "Rialto" in New York City. He may be seen nightly with that winning smile of his, standing in front of the Tokio with a swagger stick in one hand and a cigarette in the other. Ye Gods! how those Broadway damsels do love to get a smile from our Harry as they pass by.

NO ARGUMENT

When the Army outclasses the Navy, was the subject of a controversy between Captain Strohmeyer and an officer of the Navy during a baseball game between Company "I" and a team from the Mare Island Navy Yard at San Francisco. The argument was the result of a decision rendered by the Umps in favor of Company "I." They were both able to walk back to their respective stations.

WHEN A FELLA NEEDS A FRIEND

When Captain Mack bet twenty simoleons with Lieutenant Purvis on the relay team of Company "K." Why tell you? You know who got the money.

When the government neglected putting cavalry re-enforcements on breeches and it becomes necessary to wear an overcoat on a real warm day.

THIRSTY?

While on the range at Camp Meade, Red Willis was heard to remark, "it wasn't the milking the cow that worried me, it was the amount I drank."

CARRYING OUT ORDERS

A certain private in the company was on guard duty at the Reservoir at the Presidio one night, dark as pitch. Lieutenant White was officer of the day and in making his rounds approached this particular sentry and was ordered to halt with the customary challenge, "Who goes there?" The answer was given, "Officer of the day." The sentry did not order the officer to advance to be recognized, and after several moments Lieutenant White proceeded further towards the sentry, who again ordered him to halt. After another long interval Lieutenant White called to the sentry and asked him what he was supposed to do when anyone attempted to cross his post, and the sentry immediately replied, "I halt him once, I halt him twice, and the third time I chute" (shoot).

WAS HE RIGHT?

During the course of instruction on guard duty which included consideration of possible incidents in France, the following question was asked a recruit: "If you happened to be a sentry and were approached by General Pershing and you requested him to advance to be recognized, how would you recognize him?" Without a bit of hesitation the recruit replied, "I know him personally."

NEW YEAR'S EVE A BACK NUMBER

Upon the lifting of the quarantine at Camp Meade for the flu a certain number of men from the company, on pass, proceeded to Baltimore to celebrate the occasion. Quite a crowd had assembled at a certain spot in the city where the attention of other members of the company on pass was directed to learn the cause of the assemblage. They found one member of the company standing on a box singing the French National Anthem and the other members of the selected ring were passing through the crowd demanding that all hats be lifted during the singing.

Later a member of the Baltimore Traffic Squad was detailed, after a complaint was received at Headquarters, to ascertain the cause of street-

car traffic being held up. Investigation revealed the fact that the same men who had been entertaining themselves by causing pedestrians to lift their bonnets were engaged in a little sociable game of "craps" out in the middle of the street-car tracks, and refused to permit any cars that might wish to pass to disturb them.

AND STILL THEY FALL

A conversation overheard between one of Brooklyn's beauties and a member of Company "I":

"Before you joined the army out in the West, did you ride bucking bronchos and wear clothes like Bill Hart?" "You did?" "Oh! you great big splendid thing."

WEIGHED AND FOUND WANTING

Captain W. A. Mack, a man of strong constitution, up to the time of the epidemic of flu at Camp Meade had never known what sickness was, and in frequent talks to the men in his company was known to make the remark, "those who can't stand the gaff, the strenuous training being instituted in his company, could transfer to some other company." Strange as it may seem, every man in the company stood the gaff, and Captain Mack was the very first man to fall victim to the flu, and upon his return to the company, after a stretch of several days, he was served with the statement made by the men to the effect that if he couldn't stand the gaff he could transfer to another company where the training was not quite so strenuous. He had no come-back.

AFTERNOON EXERCISE

Rest position assumed by the office staff of Company "I," *en bloc*, heels together, toes up, hands folded over breast without the numbers. Sergeant Sheehy being instructor in the exercises. Certainly not on the floor, when so many bunks are around!

PAY-DAY STILL FAR OFF

What's the idea of the company commander walking down Broadway late in the evening with a fair one, raining as it never did before, when the Black & Whites are still operating?

FAMOUS SAYINGS

Use your head and don't mark time like a chorus girl.

For the love of — seven seconds to stack those guns.

Dependents inherited and acquired for the purpose of securing a discharge.

FAMOUS SONGS

Lieutenant Purvis, *Can You Tame the Wild, Wild Women?*

Laddie Bauer, *Oh, Susie, Won't You Behave?*

Sergeant Cook, *Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.*

Jonas Asplund, *In the Valley of the Moon.*

Lieutenant Coughlan, when acting in the capacity of officer of the guard, *Where Are My Wandering Boys To-Night?*

Captain Mack, *Just as Long as They Have Red Hair, I'm Satisfied.*

FAMOUS JOKES

Camp Meade Laundry.

W. B. & A. Railroad.

FAMOUS COME-BACKS

The dime central returned to Lieutenant Purvis, being unable to get his party, with instruction to go out and buy a malted milk for himself.

Company "K"

IN the month of May, 1917, the 12th Infantry, stationed at Nogales, Arizona, moved to the Presidio of San Francisco, California, and immediately upon arrival was split up into the 12th, 62nd, and 63rd Infantry regiments. Members of Company "K" of that old institution will remember the wonderings and anxieties as to the organization they would "draw," and as they look back they all see that they "drew right."

We had a good nucleus to start with, but very few officers, and we lost many of the best non-commissioned officers to provide officer material for the new National Army—and good material it was. A good company is always a reflection upon the company commander among the officers, but among the men the "Top Sergeant" is the man upon whom the responsibility as to the caliber of the company rests. First Sergeant Charles B. Wagner, transferred from the 12th Infantry, started the company off in the right direction, but left shortly after its formation, and has advanced, through merit, to the grade of captaincy. Sergeant George Tilford was appointed First Sergeant, but his untimely death left the company without a competent, experienced "non-com" to take his place.

About this time, a detachment of non-commissioned officers arrived from the Philippines, and among them Company "K" found exactly what she wanted in the person of Sergeant William E. Field, from the 8th Infantry. From that date to this there need be no hesitation in saying that "K" Company has

had the best working non-commissioned staff of any company in the regiment. It was a wonderful asset to the company commander, and in a few months after its formation, that company equaled its mother from which it sprang, and the present record speaks for itself. The company commander had been more or less accustomed to seeing companies with only one officer with them, so there was no trouble in running along, but the different phases of company duties received better and more personal supervision upon the advent of officers from the various training camps. The company roster shows these officers with the time of their arrival, and they entered into their duties with a zeal that was refreshing to observe, caught the spirit of company pride and competition, and kept themselves and the men under them in a mood to keep "our" company where it belonged.

From a period of living in the "cow-sheds," we soon went over to the cantonment, built on the flats along San Francisco Bay, formerly occupied by the Panama-Pacific Exposition; *i.e.*, the flats, not the buildings. Here the regiment was taken over by Colonel R. C. Croxton, and under a schedule of intensive training, good progress could be noticed. For a period the men stepped out of their element and tried to learn French in two months, and many amusing snatches of conversation could be heard in the barracks. Grenade fighters, bayonet-fighters, and best of all, good fighting dough-boys were produced from those days on the flats, and even when we were "promoted" up into the brick barracks, and had a roof over our heads that didn't leak, we were not discouraged, thinking all the while that a regiment in such a state of preparedness would certainly get across; that when it did, the 3rd Battalion would be the first to the front line, and of that battalion, Company "K" would be the first up in the advanced trenches. And so it would have been.

We thought we saw our hopes realized when we took the

long jaunt across the continent to Camp Meade, Maryland. There we literally sweat blood and were brought to a high state of efficiency. Members of this company were in the "model company" under Captain Paul, and later under our present company commander, Captain Witcher, which received such praise from the French instructors and officials of the camp. Always the "non-coms" were leaders in their specialties, whether it was bayonet, rifle, grenade or handling a platoon. The company had passed through three hands—Captain L. S. Hobbs, Captain (then Lieutenant) Stanley A. Thomson, and Captain William V. Witcher. Each tried to keep the company where it belonged, and Captain Witcher "swore by it," and only waited for the opportunity to prove its worth.

Then suddenly the bottom fell out of everything on November 11, 1918. Good for the world and mankind was the armistice, but how it did hit us between the eyes, we of the regular regiment who had traveled from one coast to the other to get a good wallop at the Huns! And it seemed for days as if "Finis" was written on the pages of our endeavors. But, let us get some gratification in the statement of Colonel Croxton when he said, "They (meaning the men of the regiment) took it like a bunch of men—never a whimper, nothing but silence, and not a lot of jubilation displayed like a lot of damn fools I heard."

The "scrap" over, as the days went by, the eyes of many began to turn toward Western homes, and the hearts of many longed to go back, called by innumerable ties. And then another move. This time to the city of white lights, the "big" city of New York. "I" and "K" Companies moved out first, and each one of us had a chance to know New York, from the ground floor. We believe we helped to make the name of the 63rd Infantry a thing to be respected while we were on provost guard duty in New York City.

Where we shall go from this work, many of us do not know. But whether we go into civilian life, or whether we are sent to another organization, all of us will look back to our days with this good old company as a graduate looks back to his Alma Mater. It was not all pleasure, it was not all sorrow, but we came forward like men, and as such we tried to play our parts. And although there is little satisfaction when outsiders think of it and tell us about it, deep down in our hearts we know how true the old saying is: THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT; and how often it takes as much courage to do that as to go forward to glory with the zest of the battle, and the feeling of security in numbers sustaining us. We are proud of our company, proud of our regiment, and glad that we had the opportunity to be with Company "K," 63rd Infantry.



First Lieutenant
Clinton L. Markley



First Lieutenant
Kenneth B. Gunn



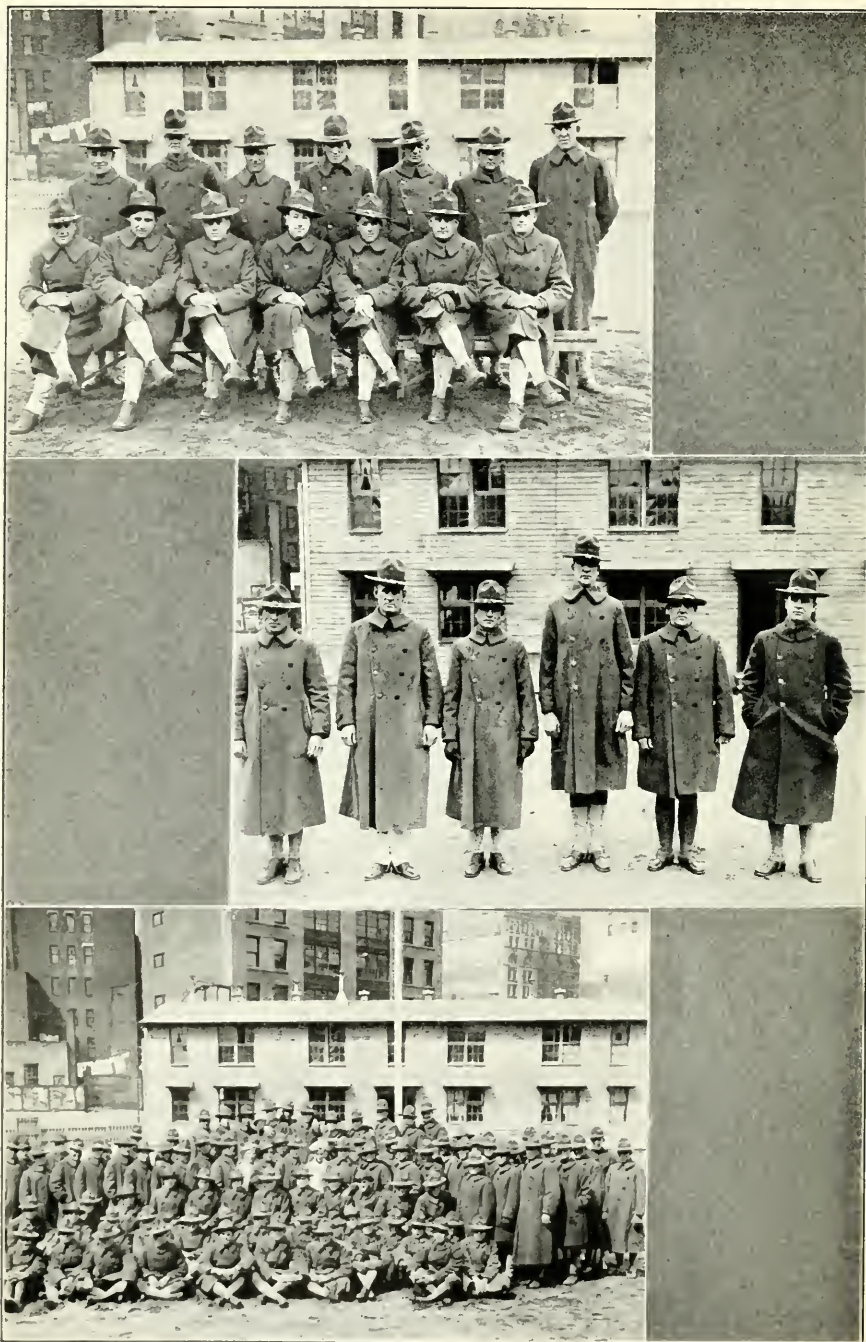
Captain
William V. Witcher, Jr.



First Lieutenant
Laurence E. McDonald



Second Lieutenant
William M. Hutchins



Murphy's Midgets

The Model Company

ON September 9, 1918, at Camp Meade, the following officers were detailed to select suitable material from "K" and "L" Companies with which to form what came to be known as the Model Company: Captain Mallett, from the French Army; Lieutenant Rice, "L" Company; Lieutenant Clark, "L" Company; Lieutenant Clarkston, "M" Company; Lieutenant Boissonnault, "K" Company.

After having selected two hundred men from "K" and "L" Companies, the work began in earnest. Due to the intensity of purpose and the untiring efforts of Captain Mallett and his able lieutenants, plus the eager enthusiasm and spirited determination that has marked the men of the 63rd since its formation, the Model Company reached a degree of perfection and efficiency that was the pride of our regiment and the envy of others.

To our able and worthy Colonel, R. C. Croxton, do we owe much for our success, for he instilled in us the spirit of teamwork and a strong desire to make good. He always showed a keen interest in the Model Company.

For a number of weeks the Model Company confined itself chiefly to intensive training in the French formations—methods of attack and defense that had been weighed in the balance of the Great War and had been found the least wanting.

On September 25, 1918, after having our preliminary instruction, a simulated attack was held for the field and staff officers. The advance was made over a shell-hole area with

live grenades, both hand and rifle, and automatics, under a light and heavy barrage.

At various times the Model Company would demonstrate the method of taking up the different formations and the manner of deployment to the other companies of the regiment.

On October 28, 1918, under Major Dashwood, another problem was held. This was a combination of artillery and infantry weapons, machine guns and trench mortars.

October 30, 1918, the "big show" was staged. During this problem the Model Company was under command of Lieutenants Rice and Plank. Just after the zero hours the advance began. The artillery, machine guns, one pounders, and trench mortars laid down a plain barrage, a box barrage, and a creeping barrage. The infantry advanced with the barrage and finally captured the objective.

This problem was witnessed by officers and men of the division, as well as statesmen, representatives of the press, and other civilians. General Carter, from Divisional Headquarters, sent praise to the participants for the smoothness and effectiveness with which the problem was worked out.

November 6, 1918, the Model Platoon from "K" Company demonstrated a few problems, of which moving pictures were taken for the war college.

We will always look back on our time in the Model Company with pride, satisfaction and benefit—proud to have been in the company, satisfied to know we made good and benefited by the lessons it taught us, lessons that, if heeded, will be of inestimable value in later life—namely, the advantage of determination, training and team-work, of meeting present day obstacles with present day methods, of bringing about a desired effect, or arriving at a desired goal, by applying definite and prearranged methods at the most strategical points, allowing neither time, tide, environment, surroundings, or set-backs sway us from accomplishing our goal.

HEADQUARTERS, 11TH DIVISION,
CAMP MEAD, MARYLAND.
October 31st, 1918.

From: Acting Chief of Staff,
To: Commanding Officer, 63rd Infantry, Camp Meade, Md.
Subject: Commendation of Rifle Company, 63rd Infantry.

1. The Commanding General watched with pleasure the performance of the rifle company of the 63rd Infantry, commanded by Captain Witcher, at the problem of the 30th instant. He desires that this company be informed of his appreciation of the efficient manner in which it carried out the difficult problem of attack. This also was commented on most favorably by Major Dashwood of the British Mission.

H. T. BULL
Colonel, U. S. A.

1ST IND.

Hq., 63rd Inf., Camp Meade, Md., Nov. 1, 1918. To Platoon Commander, 4th Platoon, Model Co., 63rd Inf. (Thru C. O. Co. K). REFERRED.

By order of Colonel Croxton:
W. P. WOODS
Captain & Adjutant, 63rd Inf.

BITS FROM BROADWAY—AND ELSEWHERE

"Men," spoke up a sergeant to a crowd of rookies at Angel Island, "I want six expert mechanics to do some work." In the twinkling of an eye six men responded, eagerly telling of their ability, each trying to out-do the other, it seemed. "Yes, men," went on the sergeant, "I believe you. You all look like expert mechanics. Over there are your tools," nodding at three wheelbarrows, three picks and three shovels. An for two days they wheeled dirt. Thereafter they were not so "expert."

We must hand it to little Bohn. He doesn't believe in seconds, for he was first "in" in Angel Island, and first "out" in New York.

Shortly after doffing our "civies" and donning our O. D.'s at Angel Island, a sergeant called us together and requested that all college graduates step forward, as he had urgent need of men of this calibre. With eager enthusiasm a score stepped forth, the remainder bewailing their lack of education along the higher lines. These college men, they thought, would get "soft" jobs, possibly nothing but paper work. The sergeant showered them with verbal nosegays for their above-the-average ability. "Now, men," he concluded, "report at once to the kitchen officer; he wants you to clean sinks and empty slop cans."

We're here to make the boys behave who'd like to be so tough,
For when they bump the 63rd they find the road is rough.

Jones re-enlisted, saying that that was the only way he knew of getting home for some time yet.

Speaking of names, I wonder if it wouldn't be a passing proposition, after they are discharged, for Ham and Lam to start a Butcher shop? Likewise, Shipp should form a partnership with Skon and sail the briny deep. As a fruit merchant Lemons should Dodge the Winter, and look Sharp or he'll come to a Short stop. The five Jones' consider Rust-ing in their Houses for a Long time.

A certain corporal in "K" Company, while taking a bath, found a very pretty necktie neatly wrapped around his neck, and exclaimed, "Ha! the mystery is solved. I lost that while at Angel Island."

The other day Private Jones was smoking a cigarette while on duty, which prompted the sergeant to ask him what he was doing, to which Jones replied: "Four years, and I've only got two of them in."

If his gun should "Rust," would Hugh Boyle, and if he didn't, do you suppose old "Esil Wood?"

(Time: Supper. Place: Provost Guard Kitchen.)

Prisoner: Is that all you got for supper? (indicating Hamburgers).

Cook: Well, you wait a minute and I'll fry you some eggs.

Prisoner: How long will I have to wait?

Cook: Say, where are you from?

Prisoner (rather hard-boiled): I belong to the Regular Army.

Cook: You're eating regular army chow now.

Prisoner: Regular Army Hell! They're P. G.'s!

First P. G. "You'd better stay out of that saloon. Didn't you see the notice on the bulletin board?"

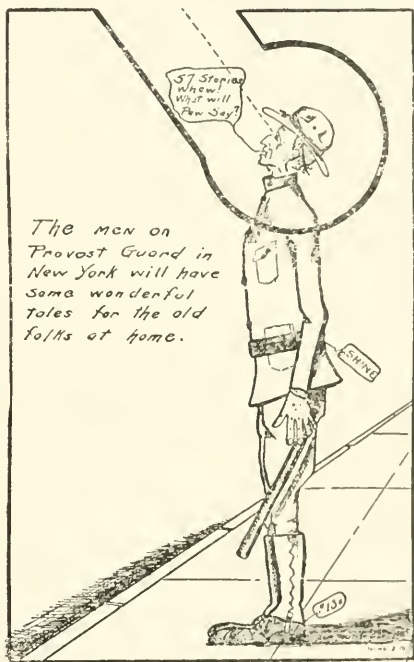
Second P. G.: "Oh, that's all right. I can't read."

Corporal Ham says he can't tell as yet whether it's better to love one little girl a lot or a lot of little girls a little.

It has been said that no one in the Army can get anything without influence. Don't believe it. I haven't one iota of influence, and I've gotten "K. P.," sore feet, extra duty, fatigue, and one call down after another.

A buck private doing Provost Guard duty in New York City returned one evening from a certain Italian district, and before retiring, he thusly did lament:

"Would that some bright inventive man
Would patent, make, and sell
A garlic with a garlic taste,
But with a violet smell!"



“AS YOU WERE AND SNAP INTO IT”

During a recent convention of officers of the American Army, in which Captain Witcher was in attendance, one of the captain's superior officers ordered him to make the necessary arrangement for a display of pyrotechnics in connection with the firing of some of “Fritzie's Nightmare” of the American Artillery at Victory Camp. The captain's mind was somewhere in Brooklyn at the time the order was being voiced, and catching only the drift of it he replied, “Yes, sir, I'll have the prophylactic stations all ready, sir.”

“Lieutenant Gunn isn't here just now, but we expect him most any moment; won't you leave your number?” is one of the most frequent outbursts of the switchboard operators at Headquarters.

Sergeant to recruit, handing him a new rifle: “Now, Sonny, that is your own rifle. Take good care of it and clean it often. It's your best friend.”

“Wall,” says the rookie, “I don't much like the idea of cleaning my very best friends.”

A non-com's ode to his rifle—a poem in four words:

Dust
Rust
Cussed
Bust

“Picking 'em out, Son?” asked the general of a Yank, busily engaged in picking cooties from the seams of his shirt.

“No, sir, General, I'm taking 'em as they come.”

What do you do? I do army paper work; I roll twenty a day, keep the business end hot, and am lit up most all of the time.

Private House says her silence was thunderous!

New York wouldn't be so bad if they would move it out in Oregon. Whatja say, Webfoots?

Love is but a fleeting passion, oft the fact but not the fashion.

An officer, crossing the parade ground, called back a recruit who had failed to salute him. Pointing to his leggings, he said, “Don't you see

those?" The recruit looked at the leather leggings and then at his own canvas ones, and said, "Gee, you're a lucky guy. Look what they handed me!"

(At Bronx Park Zoo).

Informative Old Gentleman: "You see, that bird with the long bill? That is a stork."

A bored P. G.: "You don't say so! An' me thinkin' all the time it was a canary!"

Corporal McArthur can carry a good jag a long way, but no wonder. (Six foot three.)

A few days after the company arrived in New York, Private Kun was seen walking around the quarters with his mouth all bandaged up. Some of the fellows, becoming curious, asked the doctor what was the matter with him. The doctor informed them that the roof of Private Kun's mouth had been sunburned from gazing at high buildings.

Won't someone kindly donate a large, heavy night-stick to Sergeant McGraw? He can't seem to find one large enough to knock 'em dead with.

Now that the "flu" has flew, and the battle is battled, we would like to have our discharges.

Since having to drill, the company barber has lost his line, so the gentleman cow lies quietly in the shade.

A soldier's notion of Hades is a place where every man but himself is a second lieutenant (he knows *they* all go there), where he has to go out on saluting details every day, and where he is either drilling, doing guard, or K. P., or getting ready for inspection all the rest of the time. It would be a heluva place, wouldn't it?

Schnupp and Booze went up the hill to fetch a pail of beer,
Schnupp came down and wore a frown, and Booze was angry too;
They both were sore because no more good Lager could they buy,
So down the hill came Schnupp and Booze, because the town was dry.

First P. G.: "My wife objects because it's such a long trip from the barracks and that I get there so late. What would you do, get a new barracks?"

Second P. G.: "Naw, get a new wife."

If you want your face measured for a shave, see Evans, "K" Company barber. He guarantees that you will have a "fit" before he is done with you.

A colonel, while walking down the street, passed a colored recruit who failed to salute him. He called him back and said, "Don't you salute your superior officers when you see them?" The recruit replied, "I didn't know you-all was a officer." The colonel said, "Look at these ornaments on my shoulder straps, and the next time you see an officer I want you to salute him." The recruit walked a little farther down the street and passed a second lieutenant without saluting. The lieutenant called him back and said, "Don't you salute your superior officers when you see them?" The recruit looked at his straps and replied, "You ain't no officer, you ain't got no chicken on your shoulders."

Our human bean pole, Lefty Loo, has issued a statement to all the world to the effect that he doesn't mind his legs being used as ramrods, but damned if he's going to wash socks for any fool to use as gun rags.

The argument still waxes hot between the two parties as to whether the company barber outranks the company, or vice versa.

Pickings: A poem which becomes quite popular just a short time before pay-day.

Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O sea!

You may break for a thousand ages, but you will never be broke like me.

Did you ever drop into the Oregon Club during one of their vaudeville entertainments? If you haven't, try and do that sometime. Hear Private Dustler of our company featuring "Till We Eat Again." It's splendid.

Private N. E. Lee says his ancestor, Robert E. Lee, was in the army to fight, but he is in just for the rest. I wonder where he gets that word?

Miracle of miracles! Shades of the mess sergeant! We had ham and eggs for breakfast this morning!

Corporal Tucker's luck with the "bones" stands out very prominently in "K" Battery. One would think his color is all wrong to hear him talk to 'em.

Corporal Ferguson's pool playing is just like playing with the cat; it's all scratches.

As an oasis in the desert is to the weary traveler, so is the Oregon Club, 425 Seventh Avenue, New York City, to most men of this organization. Here we can read the papers from home, meet people from home, find entertainment, write letters, often procure tickets to the best theaters in the city, and are always welcome to real "eats"—all without charge, which is an innovation for clubs of this kind. The club has come to be known as "home," for the western spirit permeates the atmosphere at all times. The spirit that prompted the opening of the club and the untiring efforts of those who keep things running smoothly, however, are even more appreciated by the boys than the material things of which we are the recipients.

JULY FIRST

"What are the bugles blowing for?" said soldier on parade.

"Sure, they're hanging Johnny Barley in the morning."

"What are they hanging Johnny for?" said soldier on parade.

"Why, a G. M. C. convened and they've forsworn him.

Oh, he laid for the captain and put him to sleep,

And the sergeant went down when he quaffed him too deep,

And the corporals, alas! have their stripes still to keep—

And he didn't give 'em no warning!"

Tho' it ain't what he done to the orf'cers,

Nor half of the non-coms he led,

But he's always been friends with the private,

So they're hanging him up till he's dead.

"Why do the men all bow their heads?" said soldier on parade,

"Sure, it breaks their hearts to see his spirit(s) leaving."

"What makes the dim light the sad sun sheds?" said soldier on parade.

"Sure, it blurs it's eyes to see so much of grieving,

Sure, it ain't what he didn't that lost him the race,

For it stands on the records he won a first place,

But the orf'cers and non-coms were tough ones to face—

And he hadn't a chance of retrieving."

Tho' it ain't what he done to the orf'cers,

Nor half of the non-coms he led,

But he's always been friends with the private,

So they're hanging him up till he's dead!"



Company "L"

COMPANY "L," 63rd Infantry, was organized June 1, 1917, at the Presidio of San Francisco, California, by transferring one-third of the strength of Company "L" of the 12th Infantry as a nucleus. These men were selected by choosing every third man as they stood on the roster. The result of this selection was that forty-nine men one foggy morning, on the old Exposition Grounds below the Presidio, were informed that they now constituted Company "L" of the 63rd Infantry. Little did they dream of the growth and development which was to follow that simple announcement. Second Lieutenant I. C. Avery, late of the Machine Gun Company of the 12th was designated as the first company commander. The orderly room consisting of a condemned pyramidal tent, was organized in the court yard of the old "cow-sheds." Sergeant George Mendel was appointed



first sergeant, the order promoting him was the first company order issued in the new organization.

On June 15, 1917, Captain George C. Lewis took over the company, Lieutenant Avery returning to the Machine Gun Company of the regiment.

Drill and the usual garrison duties obtained until July 21st, when the first increase occurred, forty-two recruits being

assigned, and the company from this time on was kept busy assimilating the new material. This was a more or less discouraging period through which not only Company "L" but the entire regiment passed, caused by a lack of officers and the serious losses incurred from the non-commissioned officers being transferred to National Army units. A great many of these men were also commissioned. However, by November 2, 1917, when Captain W. S. Paul took over the company, it showed the effects of the tireless efforts expended on it by Captain Lewis.

From this time on intensive training was practised and more recruits were absorbed, forty-one joining us on the 24th of March and 146 on June 8th. The latter recruits were the first of the inducted men coming mostly from California and the Northwest, and were of the type which formed the bulk of our regiment throughout the emergency.

On the 12th of August came the great day when we started, with high hopes, for Camp Meade, Maryland, and as we thought, for France. After a most interesting and enjoyable trip of six days the company arrived and was assigned quarters in one of the largest mobilization camps in the country. The regiment was assigned to the 22nd Brigade, 11th (La Fayette) Division.

Lieutenant J. W. Edwards took command of the company when Captain Paul was sent overseas with our advance party, where we hoped soon to follow. November 11, 1918, that fateful day, shattered all hopes of active service, but great praise must be granted the organization for the manner in which it upheld its high ideals of discipline and morale. There was very slight, if any, evidence of the discouragement which was so generally felt.

On November 27th Captain Alan Pendleton took over the company, and was succeeded by Captain I. C. Avery on January 13, 1919.



First Lieutenant
Jonathan W. Edwards



Captain
Irving C. Avery



First Lieutenant
Elijah G. Arnold



First Lieutenant
Roy T. Rouse



Second Lieutenant
Harold L. Green



First Lieutenant
Oliver R. Clark



Who Won the War?

The last chapter in the history of the organization occurred on January 20th, when we left for New York to do provost guard work at that important demobilization center, having been selected from all the available regiments in the East for this more or less unpleasant duty. However, the company has been accomplishing all the tasks set before it with the same energy which typified it when it was the "Model Company" at Camp Meade, Maryland.



"RANGE-ING"

At the present time a great many of the emergency men have left us, with the others soon to follow. Their spirit and manliness will always remain in the memories of the old and new "regs," who will keep up the tradition of the old company in the years of service to come.



FOR OUR WEAKER BROTHER.



AN AFFIDAVIT SUBMITTED FOR DISCHARGE, CLAIMING DEPENDENTS

Haymow County }
Affidavit City } ss

We the undersigned depose and say that we is acquainted to Pvt. Buggs, of Affidavitt City, Oregon, son of Mr. Josua Buggs, of the same place. Pvt. Buggs is now a member of Co. "L" 63rd Infantry and we is all proud of the part that he has taken to help lick the Huns. Now that the War is over his poor father is in big need of his presents at home. We have knowed Pvt. Buggs for the past 13 months and know that he is badley needed at home; that the above Mr. Buggs, father of his son, Pvt. Buggs, is only worth about 70 or \$80,000.00, and that the above mentioned Mr. Buggs' wife, Mrs. Eliza Buggs, mother of Pvt. Buggs died some twelve years ago; making it necessary for the above mentioned, Mr. Buggs to do his own kooking and house work. Also that the aforementioned Mr. Joss Buggs, father of Pvt. Buggs, has a large ranch, consistin of 30 acres of land, 4 acres in wheat, 6 acres in sagebrush and the rest in rocks and stump land. That the above Mr. Buggs has a large heard of stock on said ranch, consisting of 1 bronco, 1 jackass, 3 goats, a pig and a dog. That it is of the greatest importance for the above said Pvt. Buggs be realeased from the service, in order that he may be able to come to the assistance of his poor father, Mr. Buggs, and give him the necessary help in keeping up the ranch as the entire neyborhood is dependent on the aforesaid stock for their supply of fresh milk. If the said Pvt. Buggs is immedeately released from the Army he will be able to help his poor father and bring releef to the community of Affidavitt

city. We, the whole neyborhood are praying and have been praying that the Honorable Sir, Pvt. Buggs' Company Commander will grant us this blessing, and send our hero home to us.

Signed BILL PERKINS

Signed HANK BROWN

Lecture forget.



Swored to me and under my hand is
stamped my seal

Signed JIM BLANKHEAD

*Noterry Public for Haymow County,
State of Oregon.*

THE BULL'S EYE

Shooting one day at zoo

From a pose that would break
your back.

My gun was wabbling madly,
As I took up the trigger's slack.
I hardly knew where I was shoot-
ing,

Or what I was shooting at;

But I banged away with "Old Betsy"

And the bullet struck with a spat.

It kicked up the sand and the pebbles,

And the target dropped from sight,

And I nearly fell off the rampart

When the disc that they showed was white.

I have sought and still seek vainly,

And will while I am yet alive

To find where I aimed on that target,

When I got that count of five.

It may be some time in the future.

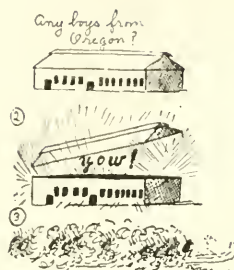
When I've had more time to train

And I've gotten more used to "Old Betsy"

That I'll hit that bull's eye again.



DE BUGLE CALLS



De bugle bane calling a purpose for, an' dots ve,
 Materials should bane collecting for a Saxty-tree.
 Ve ha' soom fine startings froom da 12th infantry,
 Da east, nort' und sout', bane calling dar best,
 Und ve skall rig oop soomting froom de vest.
 Doo lumber-yack, humstader, und vild buckaroo,
 De bugle now bane calling for yoo.

Coom oot froom de teamber und dawn froom de slope,
 Trow away yoor axe, und lay dawn yoor rope.
 Und vould et pe asking to motch of faremers now,
 To unheech yoor horses, und hang oop yoor plow?
 Ve need moor mechanics und plenta cooks in our
 crew,
 Soom foighting pugs, und prune-peekers too.

Gather yoo all und coom lak de storem,
 Trad' yoor auld rags for de bright uniform,
 Doo skall ha' a strat barrel raffle, I told no fake.
 Get a pair of No. 14 shoes und de pargain is
 make.
 Yaw, I tank already de colors bane unfurled,
 Beckening de model regiment oof de world.



Charlie Morrow wants to know the first symptoms of love. He says he has something breaking out on his back now.

Private Stratton does not like New York City, because every time you went into the "Sub" you came up at a different place.

The regimental supply sergeant had to put in a requisition for mattresses and sheets, because the Oregon boys could not stand the smell of the old straw ticks; it made them homesick.

The regimental yell: "Did my 'Affies' come yet?"

Vincent DePasquale, the well-known barber of Company "L," is sporting white collars these days and great havoc is being wrought amongst the damsels of Long Island City.

Conversation between Mechanic Berg and Private Border while on pass and trying to get a room in a Baltimore Hotel.

Mechanic Berg to Clerk: "What price rooms have you?"

Clerk: "Nine (\$9.00) per."

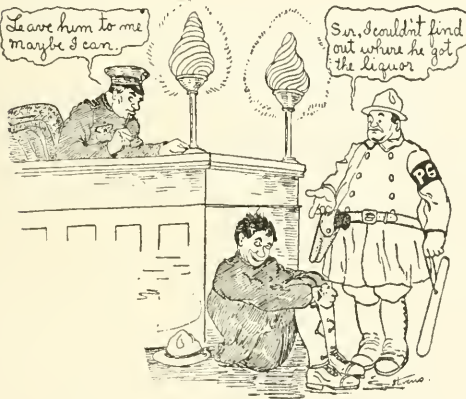
Border whispers to Berg: "Too d—— much."

Berg: "H—I, \$9.00 is nothing for a soldier. Give us the key."

It is rumored that Berg is still working to pay for the room.



No more sobbing. Beales is discharged. This means rest for the Orderly Room.



1964 A. D. "What did you do after the great war, Grandpa Hughes?"

(With a growl): "I spent the rest of my life trying to get my discharge."

Private White does not think that the tepees of New York resemble those of the Nez Percé in anyway whatsoever.

"How yuh gona keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen New York." That is the question.

The eternal question, "How do you spell AFFIDAVIT?"

Longfellow could take a worthless piece of paper and write a poem on it and make it worth \$65,000.00.

THAT'S GENIUS.

There are some men that can write a few words on a piece of paper and make it worth a million dollars.

THAT'S CAPITAL.

The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and make it worth twenty dollars.

THAT'S MONEY.



History of the 63rd U. S. Infantry

A mechanic can take material worth \$5.00 and make it into watch springs worth one thousand dollars.

THAT'S SKILL.

There is a man in Paris that can take a .50c. piece of canvas, paint a picture on it, and make it worth \$1,000,000.

THAT'S ART.

A woman can purchase a hat for \$3.00 but prefers paying \$27.00 for it.

THAT'S FOOLISHNESS.

A ditch digger handles several tons of earth for \$2.50 a day.

THAT'S LABOR.

You can get a sack of tobacco for 10c.

THAT'S BULL.

The author of this could write a check for \$9,000,000.00, but it wouldn't be worth a d—m cent.

THAT'S TOUGH.

There are some people who will tell you there are better outfits than the 63rd Infantry.

THAT'S NERVE.

THE UNIFORM

We are not ashamed of the uniform,
And if you are a friend
You will never say against it
Any word that will offend.
It has covered honored bodies
And by heroes has been worn
Since the days of the old Republic,
When the Stars and Stripes were born.

Uniforms have many patterns,
Some are khaki, some are blue,
And the men who chose to wear them
Are of many patterns too.
Some are sons of wealthy parents,
Some are college graduates,
Some have many manly virtues,
Some are simply reprobates,

Men of all kinds when drinking
Misbehave, act rough and swear,
Drunken soldiers or civilians
Are disgusting anywhere.
So grant us your forbearance,
We'll appreciate it more
Than a lot of noise and cheering
When we are leaving for a war.

We have sat with you in public,
We have smelt your whiskey breath,
Heard remarks insane and silly,
Nearly boring us to death.
Still we offered no objections
When in theaters we met,
And you think you should exclude us
When attended by your set.

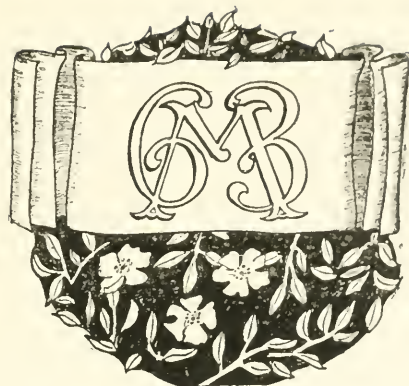
When we meet you out in public,
On the streets or anywhere,
We don't merit sneering glances
Nor a patronizing stare.

History of the 63rd U. S. Infantry

For we are of an honored calling,
Which our garments plainly show.
You may be thief or parson,
How on earth are we to know?

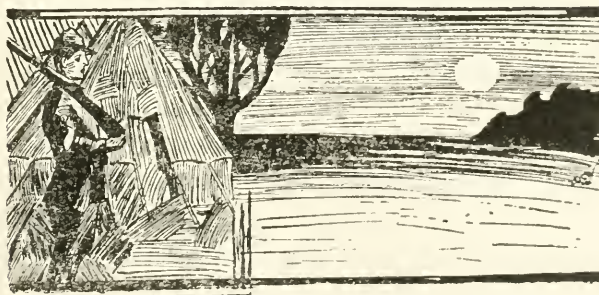
So drop your proud and haughty bearing
And your egotistic pride,
Get acquainted with a soldier
And the heart and soul inside.
Test and try to analyze him,
Criticize him thru and thru,
And you will very likely find him
Just as good a man as you.





A FOREWORD (NOT OF THE MARCH VARIETY)

TO the officers and enlisted men of Company "M" who have proven by their loyalty, by their adherence to respect and courtesy, by their eagerness to comply with suggestions and orders, by their devotion to discipline, and by their ever-present keenness to do their best under all circumstances, that they are worthy of the reputation they have gained, the company commander desires in these few words to express his appreciation of their efforts in his behalf.



Company "M"

FROM God's Country to Hell (Gate).

"Well, I'll be d—d, if it isn't my old Buddie. Where have you been all this time? I thought that you were in the 12th Infantry."

"Hello, yourself, you big stiff, it sure is a devil of a time since I last saw you."

"I *was* with the 12th until June, 1917, when forty-nine of us were transferred to 'M' Company of the 63rd."

"I'll bet that you hated to leave the 12th."

"We sure did, and such a mess we got into you cannot imagine. Lieutenant Stevens was our first company commander, and he sure did have his trouble in getting things to running smoothly. D—d discouraging at first, for he was the only officer present until Lieutenant Clarkston was assigned. Do you remember him, Jake?"

"Remember who?"

"Lieutenant Clarkston. He is an old timer. Was a sergeant for quite a spell until commissioned. He is a regular fellow and easy to get along with. He and the C. O. had to work like the devil to get started, and just about the time that things were running somewhat smoothly the company commander was relieved and Lieutenant Odhner took command. Then things sure went from bad to worse for a while. During this time we picked up a couple of more officers from the Training Camp—Lieutenants Gunn and Owens. If you are as well known as you say you are in 'Frisco, you must

remember Lieutenant Gunn. One of those sort of fellows, when he gets a-going, that he has nothing on his mind but his cap and a few light ones. To show you. One day during the session of the Special Court of which he was a member, and the accused a member of 'M' Company, Lieutenant Gunn was challenged on the ground that he was prejudiced to a drinking man. 'Absolutely absurd,' said Lieutenant Gunn. And anyone knowing him knows that it is the truth."

"I should say I do remember him by reputation. Go on with your story; perhaps I know some more of your outfit."

"Our second company commander stayed with us until about Thanksgiving, when he was relieved by Lieutenant Stromeyer. There is a man for you all right. Easy going, but, man, look out for him when he gets a raving fit. In one of these fits he would lock everyone in the mess hall and appear in person armed with a baseball bat and give a little talk, ending up by saying, 'Anyone of you blankety blank birds who thinks he can pull anything off on me let him come outside and I'll show him who is going to run the country.' He only stayed until Christmas, when the real old soldiering began. About this time the Second Training Camp closed and we got a bunch of officers. Captain Oberlander and Lieutenants George, Plank, Connely, and a few shave-tails—Lieutenant Matson, Lymans, Van Tuyl, Leitch. The last wasn't the sticking kind, however, for he didn't remain long in the company with the new C. O. And believe me, man, under the new company commander we began to step around."

"What did you say his name was?"

"Captain Oberlander, formerly of Fort McDowell. Do you know him?"

"Know him? Damned well. Go on with your story."

"From that time on, as I said before, the work began in earnest, but it was d—d discouraging with so few men and our being so far from the scene of action in France. However,

these days we were kept busy learning to sing the *Star Spangled Banner* and a few of the old masterpieces like *Over There*, etc. Review every morning after the singing fête. In June we had the first good hunch of business, when the regiment received two thousand recruits, all big brutes, six feet two, more or less, and our company filled up to full strength. Then the instruction began in earnest, for our company commander had learned by experience how to handle recruits, and from that time on 'M' Company became first in everything except in appearing on the roster. Busy, that was me all over, but it was worth it, for in July orders came to move us to Camp Meade, the camp where our division was to be formed; and there we went in all our glory. Ever been to Camp Meade? No, you say. Well, keep away, for there is nothing there but heat and an occasional train on the W. B. & A. Railroad. We had hardly struck this camp until we were shoved out on to a swamp, what is called a range, in polite society. Speaking of smells, well, your old town of Chicago isn't in it. Hot as the devil and with most of them sick, it sure was a mess. But it took more than this to kill the spirit of those Western birds. We were so d—d good that forty men were taken from each company to form the 72nd Infantry which was just being formed. It was hard to see the boys separated, but what the devil did we care when they were in the adjoining regiment; and, better still, word had come that we were to be sent overseas very shortly. Some time I'll tell you."

"Any more new officers picked up?"

"Yes, a day or two after we left the range, Captain Oberlander was relieved and Captain Thomson was assigned, and he has remained to date. Back to the old line again. Things were swimming along and everyone rejoicing at the arrival of our junior officer, Lieutenant Brack, the hero of the ladies of Baltimore. You know him of course. One of the 'Why-girls-leave-home' sort of fellows. But the good thing didn't last



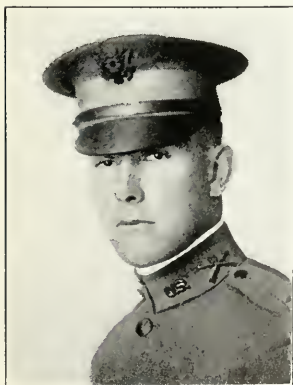
**First Lieutenant
Alexander Clarkston**



**First Lieutenant
Evan C. Dresser**



**Captain
Stanley A. Thomson**



**Second Lieutenant
Lawrence J. Brack**



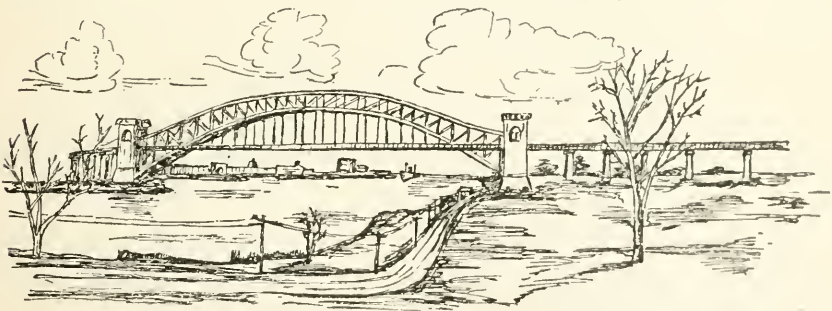
**First Lieutenant
Clyde H. Plank**



No Offense, "Gobs"!

long, for the epidemic broke out in camp and we were quarantined, but we didn't lose a man in the company, although it spoiled our chances of getting over, for we stuck under quarantine for six or seven weeks. You should have seen the bunch rave. We were just getting our pep, and hopes raised again when the d—d armistice was signed, and then our chance went up in smoke. One felt like going over the hill in not getting over, but we heard some good rumors to the effect that we were to do provost guard duty in the big city, and finally we got to New York. Provost duty isn't what a soldier like you and me likes, but the side issues are all to the mustard. And have you seen the abundance of wild women? Oh, boy. The saddest part of it all is that these days we are beginning to lose most of our old buddies, and the organization is beginning to look like it did in the old cow-shed days.

"What do I think of 'M' Company, you say? Well, let me tell you. Everyone that knows anything will tell you that the 63rd is the best regiment in the service, and everyone in the regiment will tell you that the 3rd Battalion is the best in the regiment, and everyone in the 3rd Battalion will tell you that 'M' Company is the best company in the battalion, so being the best company of the best battalion of the best regiment, it must be the best company in the service."





WHAT ABOUT THIS, "SARGE?"

Remember, "Top," the tough week-end in Baltimore, when the motherly old lady said, "My poor hero, where were you wounded?"

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Upon leaving Camp Meade, our company commander was heard sadly humming that old refrain, *Where is My Wandering Boy To-Night?*

THE THRIFTY "LOOT"

One rainy day our company "Vet" dropped into a shoe-shining parlor. In a jocular manner, he addressed the bootblack, saying, "Buddy, I'll bet a dime you can't put a shine on these shoes." The boy took the bet and won, but not until he had consumed thirty-five cents worth of shoe polish. Clever? That's you all over, Alex.

AND STILL THEY "RE-UP"

During a game of football, in which Captain Thomson was participating, Private Lee sounded off, "You big stiff, I'll get you yet." "Boy, page Shorty Lee. You'll probably find him in the kitchen."

WHAT'S THE RANGE?

Many complaints were heard on the rifle range because the sanitary engineer had constructed the latrines too close to the kitchens and sleeping quarters. After a few days' shooting, many "kicks" were made that the latrines had not been placed in every tent.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN SIGNS?

A Y. M. C. A. announcement: "To-night will be shown Mary Pickford in three parts. (Poor Mary.)"

NEXT

Definition of "M" Company's barber: A brilliant conversationalist, who occasionally cuts hair.

CAUSE FOR ALARM

Private Craven, while on patrol duty in town, chanced to meet a charming maiden.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Craven, ma'am," he shyly answered.

"Cravin' for what?" was her reply.

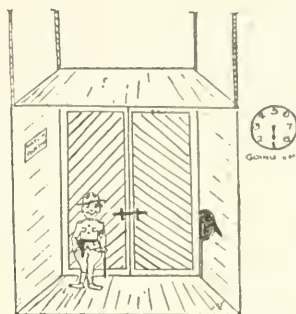
COME AND GET IT

There's something in the kitchen that the cat refused to eat;

There's something in the kitchen that's a mystery hard to beat.

We'll eat again to-morrow, boys, so come—come—come.

What do we love, but seldom get? Slum! Slum! SLUM!!!



The quickest way
to rise from the ranks:—
Take an elevator

A P. G.'S LAMENT

Once I was happy and contented. I loved my chow and army beans, but—when it comes to doing P. G. in front of CHILD'S, and you've got to watch the cook throwing those hot cakes; and you dig in your pocket and feel your wealth—one dime; and pay-day is twenty-eight days off; and when, after doing about five hours' duty, some kind soul comes along and says, "Here's 'four bits.' Run in and get a 'hot dog.'” Oh-h-h-h, boy, ain't it a gr-r-r-rand and glor-r-r-rious feeling???? Yes, Buddy, it must be, but you can't prove it by me.

A FEW OF THE PASSING SHOWS

Tiger Tiger
Somebody's Sweetheart
Oh! My Dear
The Grand Old Man
Up in Mable's Room
Please Get Married
Lightning
Friendly Enemies
Daddies
Good Morning, Judge

Sgt. Bill
Stewart
Royal Nelson
Sgt. Keezer
Bugler Goodman
Rhinehardt
Ostrom
Sgts. Richmond & Welch
Sgt. Lawson
Rutherford

OUTSIDE

Sergeant Cronin stepped into the Post Exchange Barber Shop, saying, "I want to get fixed up so my girl won't know me."

"Try Barber Mullen of 'E' Company," replied the tonsorial artist addressed, "and he'll fix you so that no one will know you."

SOME SOLDIER

For the benefit of those men whose memory fails them occasionally we make mention of the little fellow we once had in the company named Johnson, alias "Shorty." He was a good little fellow and a hard worker, but he lacked common sense and brains.

Shorty graduated from the recruit class, and was drilling with the company for the first time. Lieutenant Plank was in command, and Shorty, being the smallest man, was placed at the extreme left of the company. The lieutenant gave the command, "Take interval—to the left—March." Shorty, of course, was the first man to step off, and away he went. After the company returned to quarters, a report of squads was taken, and Shorty was found missing.

Days passed into weeks, Shorty was reported as a deserter, and then the mystery was solved. A letter was received from "somewhere in Virginia," reading as follows:

"Deer Captun

"I rite thees few lines to tell yew that my only sun George passt threw here this mornin but he woodnt even stop for his own muther. I askt him wy and he sed that his ofcer told him to take inturvul as he hadnt hurd no order to halt an so hes still goin. So plees Captun tell him tu halt an showt it so so lowd he can heer it in Virginia an then hell be neer hoam

"fathefully

"MARIA JOHNSON"

HIS PROBABLE ACTION

"I notice a good deal in the papers about our soldiers taking up farming when they return from overseas," musingly said honest farmer Hornbeak. "So, probably, by this time next year I'll be deferentially saying, "Pardon me, Colonel, but the dinner horn has just blown," or a trifle more briskly, "Captain, them hogs is out again," or yelling in no uncertain tones, "Lieutenant, dad-durn your ornery picture, do you want to lay abed all day?"

We are boys of the 63rd, and came here from the West,
We joined the army to fight the Huns, and be honored like the rest,
We wanted to show our Uncle Sam that we were made of his best,
But still we're drilling on.

63rd got disappointed, 63rd got disappointed,
63rd got disappointed, but still we're drilling on.

Now they issue us white chevrons to wear upon our coat,
To show the boys who went across, that we never saw a boat,
And all that we can say is, "Yes, the flu made us the goat,"
But still we're drilling on.

We tried so hard to go across, and pull our little stunt,
But now we've been deprived of a good old German hunt;
We done our bit by a marking time here on the Maryland front,
But still we're drilling on.

We drilled in sand, we drilled in mud, we drilled in rain and snow,
We drilled in all the roughest weather, down to twenty-two below,
But when the armistice was signed they said we could not go.
But still we're drilling on.

So now we're going to New York to do some provost guard;
We've got to keep the burglars out of some rich man's back yard.
If we ever get a crack at him we're going to hit him hard,
And then go drilling on.

Well-known Army Call—Mess Call.

What has always puzzled me is why they don't play Mess Call to the tune of *Hearts and Flowers* (Livers). Can you taste it?

Who in the hell wants a yearly review, just to see the faces of some guys you know you'd like to be (just once), and you look up their address and find they live in Oregon and you're in New York?

They tell me Sergeant Welch is going into the laundry business when he gets into "civies." Atta boy, Sarg, you ought to know how to "welch 'em" by this time, for we've changed laundries as often as we've changed clothes.

Voice on Times Square: "Chinatown and the Bowery, \$1 the round trip. Six stops in Chinatown. Visit the slums for a dollar, boy."

Voice from the 63rd: "Wha' do you mean, pay a dollar to see the slums? Why, we got it all over you. We not only see the slums, but we eat 'em three times a day and get a dollar for doing it."

On Saturday morning inspection Sergeant Lawson noticed one of the men, Private Cooley, without his belt. Knowing that Cooley ought to have known better, he "bawled" him out and told him to report to the Supply Sergeant, draw a new belt and have it charged up to him, finishing up with this remark, addressing the whole company, "In future you men are going to be more careful with your equipment, and anyone losing their equipment will be made an example of and severely dealt with." Turning to Private Cooley he said, "Where is your belt," and Private Cooley replied, "I loaned it to you at the last inspection." Whereupon Sergeant Lawson thought silence the better part of valor, kept quiet and took it "cooley."

Small child to Mother: "Mother, what does the red band mean with P. G. on the soldiers' arms?"

Mother: "Why, dear, they're advertising Procter and Gamble's Soap."

Child: "And why do they walk in pairs?"

Mother: "They are out to Protect Girls and act as a Peoples' Guide."

Child: "But they don't need a club, do they?"

Mother: "Oh, yes, they need those to Produce Graft."

Child: "P. G. means a lot of things, doesn't it, mother?"

Mother: "Yes, dear, but you are too young to know what P. G. really means."

I suppose most people have heard of the play or read about *Brewster's Millions*. Brewster the plumber is in no way related to the millionaire, but we have a sergeant in the outfit who acted the part of a millionaire the other night, but he had no intention of doing so. Sergeant Kuehl was down town the other evening "blowing in" a couple of friends. After receiving their hats and coats from the hat-girl, he gave her a dollar and hung around for his change. She wasn't that kind of a girl, and no change was forthcoming. Next time you go downtown to eat, Sergeant, don't forget the small change.

I hope none of the boys who used to sign up every two hours on the post will forget its new name. I believe "overseas Williams" christened it the "Snorting Pole" because he grunted every time his nose went near it.

While writing all these jokes about the different boys, don't let us forget to mention our worthy Y. M. C. A. secretary. We all appreciate your good work, Brother Lyon, and the way you have tried to make life in the cantonment at least bearable. It is always a good feeling to know that we have a secretary whom we can "re-Lyon." Good Luck, Yumka.

Out from 'Frisco's golden west
Amidst a cheering throng,
Came the pride of California's best
To keep the East from going wrong.

From 'Frisco they were jumped to Meade
And trained like soldiers bold,
But Kaiser Bill pulled in his steed,
And now that story's old.

Bound for France, hearts filled with glee,
They little knew their fate,
For they are doing duty as P. G.'s
And help to keep the soldiers straight.

And then we thought we'd soon be home
And rumors were flying fast,
But when we got our news to roam
We knew our fate at last.

So here we are out in the East,
And we are likely to remain
Until all the boys from overseas
Are back in the old domain.

We only hope it won't be long,
For we, too, want to be home,
And when once we are where we belong
We surely will no longer roam.

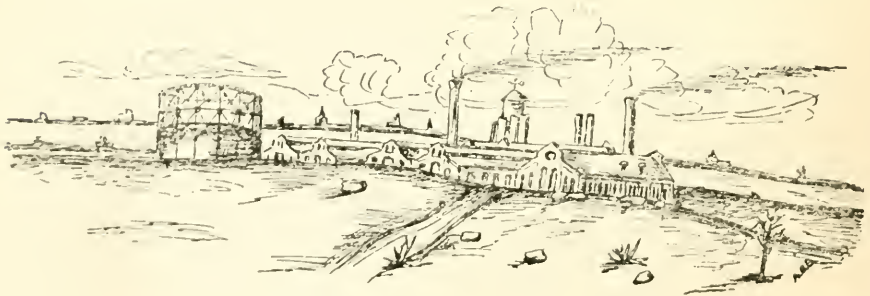
In the year of 1917 news reached the Pacific Coast of the conflict of nations and the precipitation of the United States into the World War. Immediately the sturdy lads of the West rushed to the recruiting officers before the draft could get them, and the 63rd Infantry was formed. Boys from the hills and the logging camps flocked into the army, and the farmer boys heard the call and joined in too. "Good-bye maw; good-bye, paw," that was the wail of Private Brokaw, who was broke all of the time, but he was a Goodman. He used to Musa-way his time in the Brass-field, but it was too Tinney for him, so he packed his Box and joined the 63rd. There he found lots of reading matter; Collins' weekly and Leslie's magazine, along with Wagner's dictionary and Smith's encyclopedia; but like a cunning old Fox he began to Hatch out a plan for getting discharged, and the Craven was so strong that he soon had a Volley of friends, and with the aid of a Carpenter he filed his affi-Davies. Four months have gone since the Armistice was signed, and Brokaw is still Private Brokaw in the 63rd. Now they are in New York City and mustaches have become popular. "Overseas" Williams, alias Homer C., got jealous of Billson's misplaced eyebrow, and he was ordered to Schaff-er off, but he still maintained a stiff upper lip and replied: "According to Lawson, nothing doing; that's a new Brand-in-burg Astoria."

Private Yutz: "There's only one thing that I dislike about this army job."

Private Hutz: "What's that?"

Private Yutz: "No matter how many times I go A. W. O. L. or pester the captain for a discharge, I can't get him mad enough to fire me."

You don't have to go down to New York City to be "patted" on the head and made sick by a Black Jack. Just go on sick report in Astoria, that's all.







"I" Company



"K" Company



"L" Company



"M" Company



In Memoriam

Busser Edwin J., 2d Lt.

Chew, George B., 2d Lt.

Aadland, Thomas M.

Adams, John A.

Boggiano, John

Brunson, Willie M.

Dent, Charley W.

Dorsey, Walter J.

Ferris, Frank H.

Frozer, Archibald W.

Garbedian, Ben

Hohe, Richard

Kelly, Walter L.

Kerns, Eugene J.

Lambert, James E.

McCall, Harley G.

McCard, Vernon

Mischke, August B.

Nielsen, Peter L.

Ott, Carl F.

Pratt, John W.

Provensal, John A.

Reichel, George

Romero, Albert

Sartwell, Ansel

Snyder, John W.

Toohey, Daniel P.

Wood, Charles E.

Rosters

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CROXTON, RICHARD C.,
Lambs Club, N. Y. City.

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U. S. A.

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BISSELL, HARRY H., U. S. A.

CAPTAINS

WOODS, WILLIAM P.,
U. S. A.

PAUL, W. STEWART

OBERLANDER, THEODORE A.,
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KERNAN, FRANCIS W.

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CAPTAIN

HORTON, ROBERT D.

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PIERSON, ARTHUR F.

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CONLEY, WILLIAM

WALTERS, JOHN

MACIEJEWSKI, WALLACE A.

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 MCKENZIE, WILLIAM M.,
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 MARCHETTI, VICTOR J.,
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SPAGNOLETTI, COSIMO, Bessmer, Mich.	WEISSBERGER, HERBERT P., 188 St. Nichols Ave, New York City, N. Y.
SPINNER, SYLVESTER.	WHITMAN, FLOYD E.
SMITH, JAY E., 1221 McCadden Place, Hollywood, Cal.	WRIGHT, GEORGE F.
STENSON, ALEXANDER D.,	ZEMA, HENRY, Fresno, Cal.

PRIVATES

ALTHEIMER, JEROME E.	DONAHEY, JAMES.
BARBIS, ANDREW.	DONAHUE, ANDREW.
BARKER, GLENN A.	DELLAROCCHA, JOSEPH.
BARRY, HARRY J.	EBERHARD, WALTER C.
BARRY, JOHN.	EICHEL, FLOYD L.
BELLINI, GIANVANI.	FARRON, PAUL.
BERTOLLOTTI, ATTILIO.	FAUSTINO, RAZZI D.
BIGGI, STEVE.	FERNANDEZ, GEORGE L., 140 Fair Oak St., San Francisco, Cal.
BOYLE, JOSEPH R.	FEUM, CHEUNG.
BRADFORD, ALBERT E., Orosi, Cal.	FEY, IRVIN T.
BURNS, RAYMOND L.	FITZPATRICK, DAN.
CAPEN, EDWARD A.	FONTANO, MICHELE.
CARPIGNANO, CIROLAMO.	FOOK, JUNG.
CASSAT, CHARLES P.	GAMBETTI, VICTOR.
CAVE, HARRY A., Eureka, Cal.	GARRISON, HOLLIE.
CERVETTO, ANDREW.	GIAVARRAS, GUST.
CETKOVICH, NICKOLO.	GIBSON, CLARENCE L.
CHIAMENTO, EUGENIO.	GROSSMAN, PAUL.
COHEN, SOLOMAN.	GWEE, GEE Y.
CORAL, ABRAHAM.	HALL, GORDON.
COX, CHARLES E.	HAMILL, CHARLES H.
DAHL, ANDREW.	HAND, FRANK L.
DARLING, DAVID.	HARRIS, WILLIAM E.
DENNISON, HERBERT.	HARTJE, RICHARD J.
	HASKELL, FRED G.

PRIVATES—(*Continued*)

HAUGHTON, LEWIS F.
 HEAGNEY, MICHAEL.
 HEIM, LOWELL M.
 HENSHALL, HENRY.
 HOMOLKA, FRANK.
 KAYMEYER, CONRAD L.
 LAMB, PARKE B.
 LANGFORD, ALFRED.
 LEONARD, EDWARD.
 LINSKEY, HARRY H.
 LORD, BRUCE C.,
 Edon, Ohio.
 McCARTY, NORRIS.
 McLAUGHLIN, FRANK P.
 MAHU, JAMES.
 MALONEY, BERTRAM.
 MANGOS, HARRIS.
 MARTENS, HANS.
 MEWS, KURT.
 MINAMONTO, KIICHI.
 MITCHELL, TAYLOR.
 MOROSCO, SAMUEL V.
 MURPHY, JOHN J.
 MURPHY, WILLIAM W.
 NAMA, SINJH.
 ORTH, JOSEPH.
 PELOQUIN, ROLAND.

PAPASOTERIOU, JOHN S.
 PAULOS, GUST.
 POMA, ANSELMO.
 PYLAND, VADIE.
 RESCH, STEPHEN.
 RINEHOLD, WALTER D.
 RIVERS, FRANK A.
 ROBLES, ANDREW.
 ROBSON, HOMER.
 ROSSOTTI, STEPHANO.
 RUDINICA, MIHO P.
 SEVERT, THERON C.
 SHELTON, ALBERT.
 THURSTON, MEREDITH.
 TOMOVICH, SAM R.
 TRIANTAFELLOW, MIKE.
 TRIETMAN, DAVID.
 WALLING, ROY.
 WALSH, WALTER.
 WEED, NELSON D.
 WESTGATE, HARRY C.
 WETTLESON, OLEY.
 WILMOT, CHARLES.
 WILSMAN, CARL J.
 WOLFE, ALBERT A.
 WONG, FAY.
 ZAGORC, FRANK.

Company "D"

CAPTAINS

LATHROP, LESLIE T.,
Hugo, Minn.

STEVENS, CHARLES N.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS

PECK, CLARENCE R.,
Seattle, Wash.

MORTON, WILLIAM,
Frederick, Md.

O'NEIL, CLARENCE,
Baltimore, Md.

CLARK, EDWARD H.,
San Francisco, Calif.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS

KEHOE, JAMES A.,
Maysville, Ky.

FARLEY, JOHN H.,
Lowell, Mass.

SHRIVER, ZANY.

FIRST SERGEANT

SCHARTAU, HERMAN H., Junction City, Kan.

MESS SERGEANT

FUHRKEN, EDWARD J., Washington, Kan.

SUPPLY SERGEANT

ABARRATEGUI, DOMINGO, Vale, Ore.

SERGEANTS

MORGAN, PATRICK J.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

DONAHUE, JAMES M.,
Coal Dale, Pa.

HANNER, HARRY L.,
Cross Forks, Pa.

CAMPBELL, ALEXANDER C.,
Amatilla, Oregon.

STONIS, STANLEY,
Chicago, Illinois.

ANDERSON, GEORGE E.,
Westfield, New Jersey.

HOWARD, JOHN,
U. S. Army.

MINNEY, ROY T.,
McGregor, Iowa.

POYTHRESS, HARRY A.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

WADSWORTH, JOSEPH,
Kalispell, Montana.

BARNETT, JAMES A., Fresno, Calif.

CORPORALS

LOCKRIDGE, CLARENCE C.,
Loveland, Colo.
BENT, CRAWFORD H.,
Los Angeles, Calif.
KOVACAVICH, TONNE,
Bessemer, Michigan.
SCOVEL, EUGENE,
New York City, N. Y.
CUNNINGHAM, FELIX A.,
Morgan Hill, Calif.
FOXEN, ALEX. G.,
Los Angeles, Calif.
HALL, WILLIAM,
Avoca, Kentucky.
HEADLEY, JAMES C.,
Kingman, Ariz.
MARTIN, ADOLPH,
Banning, Calif.
PARSON, JAMES,
Olive Hall, Kentucky,
WILDER, HENRY,
Palo Alto, Calif.
DALE, ALEXANDER,
U. S. Army.
WILLIAMS, LESLIE M.,
Bell, Calif.
LANGDON, JAMES I.,
Grass Valley, Calif.

SANDGREN, DAVE A.,
Hoquiam, Washington.
ELMORE, ROY C.,
Detroit, Michigan.
CHUTNICUT, MARIANO,
Escondido, Calif.
GARLAND, WILLIAM D.,
Spokane, Washington.
SIERASKI, JOHN,
Hurley, Wisconsin.
PITNER, HENRY,
Chicago, Illinois.
ALEXAKIS, GUST G.,
Santa Paula, Calif.
DOWNING, ALVA,
Dinuba, Calif.
GORDON, ABRAHAM,
Los Angeles, Calif.
POHLE, ELMER B.,
Los Angeles, Calif.
BUCKLEY, JERIMIAH F.,
Pittsburg, Calif.
JENSEN, CHRISTEN,
Meridan, Idaho.
JOHNSON, ALEX. S.,
Long Beach, Calif.
BROWN, ASA L.,
Wendel, Calif.

COOKS

PILGRIM, WILLIAM B.,
San Francisco, Calif.
PRICHARD, WILLIAM,
Sacramento, Calif.

WEBBER, JOSEPH,
Sacramento, California.
TAKENOUCHI, SIN CHI,
Yuma, Arizona.

MECHANICS

HALL, HARRY,
Glasgow, Montana.
HERMAN, ULYSSES S.,
Walla Walla, Washington.

LINNAMAN, LEO R.,
San Francisco, Calif.
RIORDAN, HARRY P.,
Chicago, Illinois.

BUGLERS

ECHEVERRIA, JOSE,
Ybay, Florida.

WARRICK, ROY C.,
El Paso, Illinois.

PRIVATES—FIRST CLASS

ANDERSON, CHESTER H.,
Gerome, Arizona.
BARTEL, STANLEY,
Chicago, Illinois.

BUCHANAN LORENZO,
Bakersville, North Carolina.
CLARKE, CLYDE L.,
Wilton Junction, Iowa.

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COLLET, W.,	PICKA, FRANK,
COLLET, WILLIAM C.,	Chicago, Ill.
Eureka, California.	PILE, CHESTER D.,
CORNETTE, WILLIAM P.,	Globe, Ariz.
Greenville, Ky.	POGUE, JOHN J.,
FIALA, JOHN,	Bulah, Ore.
Chicago, Illinois.	PRICE, FRANK G.,
GLADIS, JOHN G.,	Moscow, Idaho.
Bakersfield, Calif.	RASSMUSSEN, HARRY J.,
HOCKING, ROBERT G.,	Clontif, Minn.
Ironwood, Mich.	RODRIGUEZ, ZACARIAS,
HOLLENTHANER, JOSEPH,	Ignacio, Colo.
Chicago, Ill.	RYAN, EARL,
JENSEN, LESLIE R.,	Livingston, Montana.
Beaver, Ore.	SCHLUCKEBIER, GEORGE M.,
JONES, EDGAR C.,	Sacramento, Calif.
Sacramento, Calif.	SPENHOFF, FREDERICK,
JORGENSEN, INVALID,	Fresno, Calif.
San Francisco, Calif.	STENERSON, EUGENE,
LUCE, REXFORD N.,	San Francisco, Calif.
Clarksdale, Ariz.	TAYLOR, JOHN H.,
McGOVERN, CHARLES J.,	Washington, D. C.
San Francisco, Calif.	TUTON, NELSON D.,
MOBERG, GEORGE,	Tulare, Calif.
Twin Fall, Idaho.	VERGULAK, ELIAS,
MOODY, WALTER A.,	Chicago, Ill.
Sheridan, Wyoming.	VUKOVICH, GEORGE,
MOORE, ALLAN,	Midas, Nevada.
Los Angeles, Calif.	WALLACE, JOSEPH T.,
OLSON, NELS J.,	Flagstaff, Ariz.
Weed, Calif.	WALTERS, GEORGE,
	Fullerton, Calif.

PRIVATES

ALLEN, JASPER C.,	BIDOU, JOSEPH,
Richfield, Calif.	San José, Calif.
ANDERSON, ROBERT M.,	BOND, GEORGE,
Bennett, Idaho.	Colusa, Calif.
ANDERSON, ROGER W.,	BORLA, CHARLES,
Filer, Idaho.	Guadalupe, Calif.
ASKREN, ROY T.,	BOSWELL, ALBERT,
Minneapolis, Minn.	Little Shasta, Calif.
BASSETT, FRANCIS M.,	BREWSAUGH, OMER T.,
Wasco, Calif.	Newport, Ky.
BEERS, CARL W.,	BROWN, MARION C.,
Spokane, Wash.	San Francisco, Calif.
BEN, POON,	CALAPRICE, ROCCO,
San Francisco, Calif.	Los Angeles, Calif.
BENEDETTI, TULLIO,	CHRISTENSEN, ANTONE P.,
Los Angeles, Calif.	San Francisco, Calif.
BERGERO, GIOBATTÀ,	CIZEK, CHARLES,
San Francisco, Calif.	Manitewac, Wis.

PRIVATES—(Continued)

- CORTAZZI, HERMAN F.,
San José, Calif.
CUBBON, WILLIAM,
Seattle, Wash.
DAHLEN, FREDERICK W.,
Walla Walla, Wash.
DANZER, ERNEST,
Jordan Valley, Ore.
DINGLE, JAMES,
Cusson, Minn.
DREW, ALBERT B. C.,
Gillette, Wyo.
ELLIS, RICHARD D.,
Turlot, Calif.
FACKLER, ORVILLE F.,
Pamena, Calif.
FRAI, STANISLAW,
Chicago, Ill.
GARCIA, EUSEBIO,
Miaama, Ariz.
GIANFRANCESCO, PETRO,
New Castle, Wash.
GRABOWY, JOSEPH,
Chicago, Ill.
GRAY, RICHARD,
Rogerson, Idaho.
GREENBURG, BENJAMIN,
San Francisco, Calif.
GROSZ, GEORGE,
Los Angeles, Calif.
HACKSELL, JOHN,
Ramsay, Mich.
HENDRICHSEN, IVER,
Seattle, Wash.
HENSLEE, LEO R.,
Portland, Ore.
HINER, FRANK,
Lemon Cove, Calif.
HOFFMAN, PAUL,
Emmett, Idaho.
HUGHES, ARCHIE,
Teyone, Okla.
HUSHNER, JACK,
Los Angeles, Calif.
HYDE, HARRY,
Prescott, Ariz.
INNIS, EMMETT F.,
Cresswell, Ore.
IRBY, CLAUD E.,
Las Vegas, Nevada.
IVERSEN, IVER,
Hoquiam, Wash.
JOHANSEN, JOHN,
Seattle, Wash.
LANDUYT, ADOLPH,
Alpine, Wash.
LEONG, GONG F.,
Oakland, Calif.
LOHR, GEORGE,
Los Angeles, Calif.
LUDWIG, ALLAN,
Dola, Ohio.
MACAIRE, GEORGE,
Delta, Utah.
MANTHEY, EDWARD A.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
MAXWELL, FRANK,
Eureka, Calif.
MAYO, CLAYTON,
Chelan, Wash.
McCARTHY, JOHN A.,
Hawthorne, Nev.
McCONNELL, HUBERT E.,
New Cornerston, Ohio.
McDERMOTT, CHARLES, JR.,
San Francisco, Calif.
McDONALD, ROBERT E.,
Cadisonville, Ohio.
McGEE, MANLY L.,
Columbus, Ohio.
McKENNA, WILLIAM,
Yreka, Calif.
McNICOL, PHILIP,
Salem, Ohio.
MILLER, GLEN,
San Francisco, Calif.
MILLS, WILLIAM,
Chico, Calif.
MISSIRIS, NICHOLAS,
San Francisco, Calif.
MORGAN, JIM,
Tuscaloosa, Alaska.
NEILSEN, PETER L.,
Tolleson, Ariz.
O'NEIL, JOHN, JR.,
Coachella, Calif.
OSTERGARD, HARRY,
Hoquiam, Wash.
PADDEN, WILLIAM,
St. Paul, Minn.
PANTEI, JESS,
Los Angeles, Calif.
PIRAINO, JOSEPH,
Baltimore, Md.

PRIVATES—(*Continued*)

PRETTI, LARRY, Oakland, Calif.	SREBNIK, BORUCH, Baltimore, Md.
PRINCE, DELL, Austin, Nev.	TERRELL, ERNEST, Los Angeles, Calif.
PUCKETT, ROY, Antelope, Ore.	THAMAKAS, WILLIAM, Salt Lake City, Utah.
RIDER, JESS, Walker, Calif.	ULBERG, CHRISTOPHER, Olinda, Calif.
ROLSING, JOHN, Newark, New Jersey.	VANDOROS, STEFANOS, San Francisco, Calif.
ROSSI, GUSTAVE, San Francisco, Calif.	VARALLO, ATTALIO, Walnut Creek, Calif.
ROUNDTREE, JOSEPH, Paulina, Ore.	WARDLAW, ROBERT, San Francisco, Calif.
SACKERMAN, WALTER, Baltimore, Md.	WASSMAN, CHARLES F., San Francisco, Cal.
SAUL, SIMON, Atlantic City, N. J.	WENEZKY, BENNE, Los Angeles, Cal.
SCAHILL, PATRICK, Old Forge, Pa.	WHITE, JOHN, Los Angeles, Calif.
SCALETTI, JOSEPH, Tracy, Calif.	WILLOX, ALEXANDER C., San Francisco, Calif.
SETH, ELDRED, Kalispell, Mont.	WING, LAW, San Francisco, Calif.
SILVA, J., Berkley, Calif.	WINKLER, CHARLES, San Francisco, Cal.
SINGH, SHER, Orville, Calif.	WON, WONG S., San Francisco, Calif.
	ZAHAROPULOS, SAM, Phoenix, Ariz.

MEN TRANSFERRED OUT OF REGIMENT. ADDRESSES UNKNOWN

SERGEANTS

MILESTONE, LEROY.	BRACK, LAWRENCE.
HANLEY, DANIEL.	SMALL, HARRY.

CORPORALS

BECK, GEORGE.	RAGLAN, GEORGE.
MAUR, JOHN.	BRADFORD, EUGENE.
RYCROFT, JOHN.	LAYMON, FREDERICK.
CASTO, JONATHAN.	O'NEIL, JOHN.
	HOOD, HAROLD D.

COOK

ROSS, CHARLES E.

BUGLER

SADLER, CLYDE N.

PRIVATES

ALCEZIOUS JAMES.
 ALEXAKIS, STEALANOS.
 ARNEST, ROY.
 ATTALIO, VISCINSO.
 BAKER, HARRY J.
 BEHONIK, JOHN.
 BLAIR, JOSEPH.
 BONDE, J. C.
 BRAY, ROY.
 BUREN, AGUSTA W. T.
 CASTLE, MICHAEL.
 COCKERAL, CHARLES.
 CRAMER, JOSEPH.
 DUNLAP, WILFORD.
 DURAN, WILLIAM.
 FLICKENGER, GEORGE.
 FLINT, CHARLES.
 FITSGERALD, JAMES B.
 GALLOWAY, WILLIAM.
 GOME, RICHARD.
 GRABOWSKY, P.
 GREYSIK, EDWARD.
 GRIM, EMERY.
 HAINES, FRANK.
 HILL, WILLIAM.
 HINES, JOHN.
 HOLLSINGER, HENRY.
 INGRAM, GRANT.

JONES, PERRY.
 KING, CHARLES.
 KINZE, RUDOLPH.
 LEAIRD, BLAKE.
 LINNEHAN, WILLIAM E.
 LITTMAN, PHILIP.
 MAJORS, JAMES L.
 MARRIAFIELD, RALPH E.
 McDERMOTT, CHARLES, JR.
 McFARLAND, CLARENCE.
 MOREHEAD, OTHO.
 NAGEN, LEE F.
 O'BRIEN, WILLIAM.
 OPAPSKY, FRANK.
 OVERTON, DOLLIVER N.
 PADGET, GEORGE.
 PEWITT, TALMA L.
 RUIZ, MANUAL.
 RUMMELSBURG, LEE A.
 SABO, JOHN.
 SCHON, WILLIAM.
 SHERIDAN, LESTER E.
 SMURR, FLOYD.
 SANDERS, EUGENE T.
 SCHOLL, JOHN W.
 SPIKRE, JESS C.
 STOFFERS, CARL R.
 WILLIAMS, CARLTON W.

ZARES, JOHN.

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MAJOR
WALKER, H. H.

Company "E"

CAPTAIN

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TYSON, F. H.,
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LEITCH, W. H. BUDD,
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FIRST SERGEANT

LEPSKI, WILLIAM, 375 E. Kinney St., Newark, New Jersey.

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SHANKS, CHARLES. 430 East Catherine St., Louisville, Kentucky.

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SHANKS, CHARLES, 430 East Catherine St., Louisville, Kentucky.	BARNES, ERNEST J., Cor. Franklin & Whiting Sts., El Segundo, California.
NYMAN, JOHN, 100 W. 12th Place, Chicago, Ill.	FARROW, ROBERT S., San Francisco, California.
HALLBERG, EDWARD L., Hallock, Minnesota.	CUMMINGS, CLEVELAND, Korbel, California.
HENDLEY, THEO T., St. Louis, Missouri.	JOHNSON, GUY R., Arcade Hotel, San Francisco, California.
CHAPMAN, THOMAS J., United States Army.	TELFORD, EDWARD T., 428 5th Ave., Santa Barbara, California.
SCULLY, EDWARD L., Chicago, Ill.	

CORPORALS

- | | |
|--|---|
| COREY, BEN F.,
156 Yukon St., San Francisco, Calif. | TOLKE, CHRIS P.,
Yamhill, Oregon. |
| FAHY, WILLIAM G.,
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| FRANKLIN, JAMES,
Boston, Massachusetts. | HUBBARD, MILES F.,
Williamsburg, Virginia. |
| HALL, HENRY F.,
San Francisco, California. | BERTRAM, OTTO L.,
Dayton, Oregon. |
| HARRINGTON, GEORGE A.,
Crane California. | BOYD, LESLIE K.,
Fresno, Calif. |
| MAHAR, ROBERT I.,
Rockland, Idaho. | DEVENNIA, EDGAR A.,
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| HALAKIN, CONSTANTINE,
Chicago, Ill. | FORETTE, EDWIN,
Almsville, Oregon. |
| OFUKANY, ANDREW,
Chicago, Ill. | GRUBB, MERLE,
Sherwood Oregon. |
| CORRIERI, JOHN,
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| MEWHITTER, MAX,
Otis, Oregon. | SHWARTS, PETER,
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| SCHOLES, CHARLES E.
Ione, Oregon. | WACHOTA, JOHN,
Chicago, Ill. |
| SKOG, JULIUS C.,
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| TECKER, RAYMOND W.
Roland Hotel, Portland, Oregon. | BILEK, EDWARD. |
| | CAVAGNARO, CHARLES P. |
| | CONNELLY, JOSEPH L. |

COOKS

- | | |
|---|--|
| BROOKS, LOUIS,
McLeinsboro, Ill. | GARIS, WILLIAM M.,
Newton, North Carolina. |
| FABER, JOHN P.,
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422 Morrison St., Portland, Oregon. |

MECHANICS

- | | |
|---|---|
| ALBERTINI, JOSEPH,
287 Market St., Portland, Oregon. | HOLSCHUH, HERMAN,
1242 Roosevelt Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah. |
| HAUKE, JOHN O.,
323 Lyon St., Albany, Oregon. | STEPANEK, FRANK,
Sacramento, California. |

BUGLERS—FIRST CLASS

- | | |
|--|---|
| DELOSE, CLEM J.,
R. F. D. No. 5, San José, Calif. | MASON, TROY F.,
2212 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif. |
|--|---|

PRIVATE—FIRST CLASS

- ANDERSON, NELS G.,
Hillsdale, Oregon.
- BANTA, SOLOMAN A.,
Marcola, Oregon.
- BECKMAN, EDWARD P.,
R. F. D. No. 2 Milwaukee, Oregon.
- BERGMAN, JOHN H.,
146 North 14th St., Portland, Oregon.
- BOYCE, MILTON,
Winlock, Oregon.
- BROWN, EDWARD O.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Independence, Oregon.
- BROWN, JAMES,
44 North 1st St., Portland, Oregon.
- CARANIS, PETER G.,
Firth, Idaho.
- CHLADEK, FRANK, JR.,
Lebanon, Oregon.
- CHRISTENSEN, RUPERT,
R. F. D. No. 3, McMinnville, Oregon.
- COLE, HERBERT W.,
1625 Haven St., Portland, Oregon.
- COURTNEY, CHARLES M.,
139 North Hair, Baltimore, Maryland.
- CUMMINGS, JAMES J.,
63 6th St., Portland, Oregon.
- DUGWYLER, LEE,
10 E. 7th St., N., Portland, Oregon.
- DUTTON, JOSEPH M.,
Salem, Oregon.
- EBERLE, CHARLES J.,
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- ENNIS, WORDEN,
228 E. 20th St., Portland, Oregon.
- EVINGTON, GEORGE W.,
1520 Sanchez St., San Francisco,
California.
- FELSHER, JOHN F.,
449 10th St., Portland, Oregon.
- FOLMSBEE, VIVIAN,
Salado, Oregon.
- GANSLE, ROBERT W.,
Halsey, Oregon.
- GILBERT, EDWARD J.,
Yamhill, Oregon.
- GRANO, PETER,
784 Kelly St., Portland, Oregon.
- GRAY, FRANK,
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- HARRIS, HARRY H.,
Drain, Oregon.
- HELMAN, NATHAN,
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- HILBERG, ANDREW,
1706 North Main St., Los Angeles,
California.
- HILL, MAX O.,
Sublimity, Oregon.
- KELLEY, JOHN J.,
Lone Rock, Oregon.
- KOSEN, HENRY W.,
Portland, Oregon.
- LATIMER, ANDREW C.,
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- LEIS, ANTHONY B.,
Beaverton, Oregon.
- MERLAND, JOHN T.,
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- MILLER, OTTO J.,
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- MITCHELL, WARREN B.,
1615 5th St., Portland, Oregon.
- MORRISSY, EDWARD S.,
Alder Street Dock, Portland, Oregon.
- MUESSIG, PAUL J.,
859 Milwaukee St., Portland, Oregon.
- MURPHY, HENRY R.,
Mesaba, Minnesota.
- O'CONNELL, THOMAS A.,
414 S. Leavitt St., Portland, Oregon.
- PICKRELL, LEE K.,
914 Chenevert St., Hughston, Texas.
- PITTS, LAWRENCE B.,
588 Rural St., Portland, Oregon.
- RODRIGUES, JOSÉ C.,
Oswego, Oregon.
- SLAUGHTER, LEROY T.,
Ono, California.
- SMITH, FRANK E.,
Park Place, Oregon.
- SPITZER, JOSEPH J.,
Eagle Point, Oregon.
- ULLRICH, EARL L.,
Silverton, Oregon.
- WARE, AUGUST,
Licking, Missouri.
- WEBER, JOHN A.,
Bend, Oregon.

PRIVATES

- AMES, HENRY C.,
Lebanon, Oregon.
- BAGGENSTOSS, ALBERT,
Bynum, Montana.
- BARBEE, SIM W.
- BARREIO, JOHN,
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- BAXTER, EARL E.
5231 68th S. E., Portland, Oregon.
- BEAUREGARD, ALVIN E.,
541 Washington, St., Keene, New
Hampshire.
- BECKER, EVERETT L.,
R. F. D., Salt Point, New York.
- BECKER, JOSEPH,
Loma Vista, Oregon.
- BELLISON, NORMAN L.,
Route 2, Monrovia, Maryland.
- BIBLE, ALSTON D.,
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- BIBLE, GRANT J.,
Flintstone, Maryland.
- BIBLE, OTIS S.,
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Oregon.
- BROOKS, GLENN W.,
Jordon Valley, Oregon.
- BROWN, WILFRED,
R. F. D. No. 2, Box 11, Schuylerville,
New York.
- BURKE, JOHN W.,
409 West 56th St., Los Angeles, Cali-
fornia.
- BURT, GEORGE E.,
552 4th St., Troy, New York.
- BUTLER, WILLIAM W.,
Canary, Oregon.
- CAMPBELL, LAWRENCE W.,
Gilmore, Maryland.
- CASTER, JOHN D.,
Eagle Point, Oregon.
- CHANEY, RUSSELL P.,
Little Orleans, Maryland.
- CHEN, ADAM J.,
Blue Ridge Summit, Pennsylvania.
- COMERFORD, EDWARD F.,
327 10th Ave., New York, New York.
- CRISP, GEORGE E.,
R. F. D. No. 1 McMinnville, Oregon.
- DAVIS, WALTER L.,
R. 3, Sherwood, Oregon.
- DILLION, JOHN,
Portland, Oregon.
- DIXON, FOREST L.,
511 North 21st St., Portland, Oregon.
- DONNELLY, JAMES F.,
23 Reservoir St., Cohoes, New York.
- DU BOIS, ARTHUR J.,
29 West St., Green Island, New York.
- EDWARDS, GEORGE L.,
R. D. No. 1, Northville, New York.
- ERICKSON, AFFO,
625 Washington St., Portland, Oregon.
- ERICKSON, RUBEN,
St. Helens, Oregon.
- ESMOND, JOHN E.,
222 Oak St., Palmer Falls, New York.
- FAZZONE, ANTHONY,
P. O. Box 675, Schenectady, New York.
- FINDLATER, JOHN G.,
Hillsboro, Washington.
- FRANK, CHARLES A.,
Stayton, Oregon.
- FULLER, ERNEST B.,
124 Delaware St., Bend, Oregon.
- GALLAGHER, MARTIN,
452 Bergen St., Brooklyn, New York.
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London, Oregon.
- GORMAN, EDWARD G.,
41 Cutter St., Waltham, Mass.
- GOSSARD, GEORGE E.,
Dickerson, Maryland.
- GRAY, ROBERT W.,
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land.
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Eckhart Mines, Maryland.
- HENCKEL, WILLIAM H.,
Zhilman, Maryland.
- HOUSE, HOWARD A.,
Parker, Oregon.
- HUNGER, ALVIN,
Manning, Oregon.
- JACKSON, VARNUM,
1202 McCrum Ave., Portland, Oregon.
- JENSEN, LAURITS,
88 West Prescott St., Portland, Ore-
gon.
- JOHNSON, OTTO,
Kerry, Oregon.

PRIVATES—(Continued)

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- KEITH, FRANCIS M.,
Reedsport, Oregon.
- KELLER, FRANK A.,
15 Cory Block, Great Falls, Montana.
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Ballston Lake, New York.
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Eureka, California.
- KNAPP, DUDLEY G.,
Forest Grove, Oregon.
- KOWITZ, WILLIE H.,
Crabtree, Oregon.
- KUMP, CHARLES W.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Emmitsburg, Maryland.
- LANMAN, PERRY E.,
Summerville, Oregon.
- LARDON, NOAH R.,
R. 7, Salem, Oregon.
- LEE, GLENN E.,
R. F. D. No. 3, Silverton, Oregon.
- LETTENMAIER, WALTER H. A.,
Route, 1 Hubbard, Oregon.
- LEWIS, GUY C.,
R. F. D. No. 5, Smithsville, Maryland.
- LOCKETT, DEE,
250 E. 1st St., Los Angeles, Calif.
- LUY, FREDERICK L.,
Wellan, Oregon.
- MACNEILL, JOHN,
Glascoe, Montana.
- MALSAM, JOHN J.,
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- MARTIN, CLARENCE M.,
Box 234, R. 3, Salem, Oregon.
- McQUINN, ELMER,
Winlock, Oregon.
- MINK, HERMAN,
163 Hedges Ave., Mansfield, Ohio.
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- MONTE CRISTO, OLIVER U.,
Wheeler, Oregon.
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Warrenton, Oregon.
- MULLIN, ROY L.,
Hillsboro, Oregon.
- O'BRIEN, WILLIAM J.,
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- PEARSON, OSCAR J.,
512 Alder St., Portland, Oregon.
- PUTERBAUGH, GEORGE C.,
Box 305, McMinnville, Oregon.
- RASMUSSEN, NORRIS,
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Corralitos, California.
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Monterey, California.
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Bader Hotel, Portland, Oregon.
- STEPHENSON, MILTON T.,
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- TEELING, GUY E.,
219 West Tyler Street, Portland, Oregon.
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- WALTON, MAURICE H.,
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- WATSON, FRANK L.,
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LORENZEN, LAMICK S.,
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WATKINS, FOUNT F.,
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Wallowa, Oregon.

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675 Brooklyn St., Portland, Oregon.

DUHAIME, JOSEPH J.,
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EINEN, MAGNUS,
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FREDENBERG, JAMES L.,
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GRIFFITH, CLYDE R.,
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HENDERSON, WALTER,
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SELLERS WILLIAM D.,
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HASSON, BEN.,
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HUBL, GUSTAF.,
Toledo, Oregon.

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Heppner, Oregon.

JOHNSON, THORG A.,
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KAHL, SOLOMON A.,
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Lebanon, Oregon.

KINYON, IRA,
Anderson, Calif.

KUMPULA, ELI,
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LESLIE, RICHARD F.,
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LIVENGOOD, GROVER C.,
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Route No. 1, Box 338 Santa Rosa,
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MASTERS, JOHN L.,
Route No. 1, Kirby, Oregon.

MILLER, FOSTER C.,
492 S. 7th St., Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

OSARD, PETER R.,
Jacksonville, Oregon.

PASINI, ARTHUR,
Troutdale, Oregon.

RAPPE, HERBERT,
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RYDBERG, AXEL W.,
2720 Hamilton St., Omaha, Nebr.

SCHMIEDEBERG, WILLIAM F.,
Rex Hotel, Santa Barbara, Calif.

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SEREDUK, KUSMA, 229 Hooker St., Portland, Oregon.	SULLIVAN, JOHN, 433 Larabee St., Portland, Oregon.
STRIEFF, ALBRACHT, R. 1, Box 47, Hillsdale, Oregon.	TORRES, SARAFIN B., Belen, New Mexico.
WAH, JUNG M., De Moy Hotel, Portland, Oregon.	

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GUSTAFSON, ALBERT, Hotel Orrington, Manchester, New Hampshire.	KETTLEBERG, EDWARD H., 367 Sacramento St., Portland, Oregon.
SULT, MICHAEL C., 744½ E. Ankeny St., Portland, Oregon.	

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BENNETT, WILLIAM M., Burns, Oregon.	HAYDEN, KENNETH H., Toledo, Oregon.
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CASE, CHESTER H., Y. M. C. A., Oakland, Calif.	WILSON, ROBERT A., 34 East 16th St., N., Portland, Ore- gon.

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SAUNDERS, MANUEL T., 450 Linden Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

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BURNS, ROBERT H., 92 Thompson St., New Haven, Conn.	SCHWARTZ, ADAM, Jr., 49 Morris St., Portland, Oregon.
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NISSIRIOS, NICK, 410 Hawthorne Ave, Portland, Oregon.

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BURRUS, RUSSELL M., Banks, Oregon.	MOESTA, WALTER C., 455 Considine Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
DOWNS, HUGHSTON E., R. D. No. 2, Germantown, Seneca, Maryland.	MORIN, JEAN, 32 Hart St., Cohoes, New York.
DRAPER, JOHN A., Smithsburg, Maryland.	NICHOLSON, ALEX., Chapman, Oregon.
GETSON, HENRY J., Carginsville, Maryland.	RICHMOND, ALLEN E., 265½ 5th St., Portland, Oregon.
KARAM, JOE N., Aroyo Blvd., Nogales, Ariz.	SINGLEMAN, EDWARD J., 1199 Detroit St., Portland, Oregon.

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DUFFY, JOSEPH S., U. S. Army.

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CROWLEY, ALVA M., Rockland, Idaho.

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MUSK, FLOYD,
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SIMONS, LEWIS,
Truckee, Cal.

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ROSS, HECTOR, San Francisco, Cal.	LANGON, OMAHA A., San Francisco, Cal.
ROMERO, JOHN M., San Francisco, Cal.	HARRIS, CHARLES B., San Francisco, Cal.
SWEENEY, PETE, Sacramento, Cal.	HOLLRICH, BUDD, 302 12th St., Caldwell, Idaho.
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HEGEMAN, JOE H., Pasadena, Cal.	TUCKER, ELMER W., Klamath Falls, Ore.
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COOKS

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MINO, GIACOMO, Rockaway Beach, N. Y.	

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651 8th Ave., Eugene, Ore.
- CARTER, RANSOM B.,
Rogue River, Ore.
- EVANS, CLAUDE L.,
Long Beach, Cal.
- FANNING, JOSEPH B.,
Stockton, Cal.
- FOWLES, BRADFORD,
Banks, Ore.
- GENTRY, ALBERT L.,
Lebanon, Ore.
- HAM, WILEY C.,
341 High St., Eugene Ore.
- HAMMOND, DAWSON V.,
R. F. D. No. 1, New Market, Md.
- HAYNES, FRANK W.,
R. R. No. 6, Box 134, Salem, Ore.
- HORTON, RAE G.,
Klamath Falls, Ore.
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Eureka, Cal.
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163 West Dakota St., Denver, Col.
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Chicago, Ill.
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14 Wilson St., Mechanicsville, N. Y.
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- BETTES, ROBERT,
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- BIAGGINI, NAZZARENOTI,
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- CHASE, MARVIN L.,
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- MESIANO, DOMENICO,
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1033 W. Freeman St., Pocatello, Idaho.
- MOORE, JAMES R.,
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Zanesville, Ohio.
- MOYNIHAN, JOHN H.,
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- MURPHY, FRANCIS D.,
Corinth, N. Y.
- MURPHY, JOHN T.,
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- MUSHKAT, SIMON,
801 4½ St. S. W., Washington, D. C.
- NELSON, FRED,
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- NEMEE, JOHN,
1445 E. Lafayette St., Stockton, Cal.
- NOFFSINGER, THOMAS M.,
Mapleton, Ore.
- ODEN, NELSON,
Rogue River, Ore.
- OLIVERIO, CARMINE,
459 E. 32d St., Portland, Ore.
- PASTTRIONO, TOMASCO,
184 Mill St., Portland, Ore.
- PENROD, EARL,
313 Grant St., Pequa, Ohio.
- POWELL, CHARLIE,
Berlin, Ore.
- QUIRING, DAVID,
Dallas, Ore.
- RAKIS, NICK,
Poplar, Mont.
- REED, ROBERT V.,
Spray, Ore.
- REPPAS, CHRIST J.,
Umatilla, Ore.
- RIDOLIFI, CHARLES,
Stratford, Cal.
- RIPPAS, PETE,
Neverstil, Ore.
- RITZDORF, EDWARD A.,
San Francisco, Cal.
- SANDELL, CARL F.,
Klamath Falls, Ore.
- SANDROSKY, SIMON
Portland, Ore.
- SAX, JOHN F.,
Rose Lodge, Ore.
- SCOVELL, HERSCHEL,
Nehalem, Ore.
- SELLER, EDWIN G.,
Mabton, Wash.
- SICOTTE, LEON,
Minneapolis, Minn.
- SPARKS, DAVID A.,
Woodburn, Ore.
- SPENCER, CHARLES.
- SYVERSON, HERBERT S.
Beaverton, Ore.
- TAYLOR, HARRY,
Coburg, Ore.
- TRUMMER ABRAHAM,
Hillsboro, Ore.
- VANDERDONCKT, RAMEY A.,
Taft, Cal.
- VIAU, MOSES,
Bend, Ore
- WALLER, EVERETT C.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Albany, Ore.
- WALTERS, CLYDE,
610 No. Riverside Ave., Medford, Ore.
- WANNER, KARL,
Gervais, Ore.
- WEST, WILLIE R.,
Terrebonne, Ore.
- WOLOSUK, ROMAN,
Schenectady, N. Y.

FORMER ENLISTED MEN OF CO. "F," 63d INFANTRY

(Address Unknown.)

FIRST SERGEANTS

KELLY, MARK.

CHAPEL, CLIFFORD L.

MESS SERGEANT

JOHNSON, CHARLES D.

SUPPLY SERGEANTS

WAZNIAK, STANLEY.

FRANCIS, FRANK.

SERGEANTS

SHEEHY, JOHN.

BURNS, EDWARD.

FINNEY, RUSSELL.

HICKS, WILLIAM F.

CORPORALS

DAVIS, EDGAR J.

CANTRILL, RUBE.

HOLDREN, JOHN H.

WILSON, WILLIAM S.

LOWTHER, JOHN H.

PERKINS, JAMES H.

KENDALL, JAMES M.

FARRIS, HOMER D.

WEBER, ANTON.

STUMPF, ANDREW A.

STEVENSON, ROBERT.

HUNTER.

CASH, ALVIN B.

BUGLER

PRICHARD, GUY J.

PRIVATEES

ADAMS, GEORGE C.

FARRELL, DENNIS E.

ALAXANIAN, A.

FINDLATER, JOHN D.

ANDERSON, NELS G.

FORRETTE, OLIVER A.

ARATA, LOUIS L.

FRANK, HOWARD R.

ARCHER, FRANK B.

GALLAWAY, THOMAS F.

BASYE, JOHN R.

RGAMAN, JOHN H.

BLACK, ROBERT.

GETSON, HENRY J.

BRIGNOLO, G.

GOKEY, FRED.

BRIGNOLO, GERMANO.

GORDON, JAMES E.

BROOKS, LEWIS.

GRINDSTEAD, ROY E.

BURRUS, RUSSELL M.

GUZZETA, SAM.

BUTLER, WILLIAM W.

HALEY, VERNON H.

CAIN, FREDERICK B.

HAMMOND, CHARLES D.

CARANIS, PETER G.

HARBOUGH, CHARLES.

CARMAK, CARL.

HARDEN, WILBER J.

CASTER, JOHN D.

HARDISTY, HUEY A.

CHAMTNESS, GEORGE.

HAWK, WILSON V.

CLARK, THOMAS P.

HENCKEL, WILLIAM H.

COOK, HARRISON.

HENERIXSON, ROY.

CRAFORD, WILLARD E.

HIGGINS, THOMAS W.

CURRY, THOMAS R.

HILL, MAX O.

DARBY, MARION B.

HILTABIDEL, CHARLES F.

DAVIS, WALTER L.

HIOURES, PETER S.

DeGEORGE, PETER N.

HOUSE, HOWARD A.

DOLAN, A.

HUMPHREYS, HARRY.

EDWARDS, JAMES T.

HUNGER, ALVIN.

ELLER, H. H.

JAMES, WALTER.

PRIVATES (*Continued*)

JEHAN, FRANCIS.	PALMER, THORNTON E.
JOHNS, ARTHUR B.	PARKER, HARRY J.
JOHNSON, GEORGE.	PAYTON, GUTY W.
JOHNSON, GUY R.	PELOQUIN, ROLLAND P.
KARN, GEORGE C.	PILLIAN, GARLAND L.
KERNS, EUGENE J.	PLYMPTON, PERCY P.
KERWOOD, EARL J.	RAPPE, HERBERT.
KIRKPATRICK, DARRELL.	REGALIA, PHILIP.
KLINGER, OLIVER H.	REISNAN, FRED.
KNAPP, DUDLEY C.	RENNIE, CHARLES.
KNOTT, HARRY.	RICH, LEWIS H.
KOKINOS, K.	RICHS, LELAND W.
KOWITZ, WILLIE H.	RISHL, DAVID B.
KUMP, CHARLES W.	ROBERTS, FRANK.
KVINGE, THEODORE G.	RODNESS, HAROLD A.
LAPIER, EARL H.	ROGERS, MANUEL.
LARDEN, NOAH.	SANDERS, FRANK W.
LETTENMAIER, WALTER H. A.	SEPULVEDA, JOSEPH.
LEVIN, JACOB.	SERA, NAZZARENO.
LEWIS, GUY C.	SHANKLIN, CLERANCE T.
LEWIS, JOHN E.	SHINN, KENNETH.
LOCKABEY, CHARLES.	SLOAN, LESTER B.
LONG, JAMES R.	SMITH, FRANK B.
LOPEZ, FRANK.	STAFFORD, CHESTER W.
LOTTA, JOHN.	STANTON, SIDNEY L.
MacDONALD, ROBERT R.	STASZAK, FRANK.
MAHAR, ROBERT I.	STILLMAKER, OTTO.
MANDENI, MIKE.	TERRELL, ERNEST.
MANGONE, JOE F.	TILLETT, JAMES.
MANNIX, JAMES P.	TOLOSANO, GIUSEPPE.
MARKOE, THURBE A.	TOW, CLINTON S.
MILLER, CHRISTEN M.	TWOOMEY, JOHN M.
MILLER, MARVIN M.	VAN BIBBER, GILBERT H.
MONTE CRISTO, OLIVER U.	VAN WIE, FRANCIS H.
MOREHOUSE, DANIEL H.	VASSILOPULOS, ANTONIO.
MOORE, CHARLES H.	WACHOTA, JOHN.
MORIN, JEAN.	WAGER, JOHN T.
MORSE, EARL H.	WASH, STEPHEN.
MURPHY, HENRY R.	WHITE, LEE W.
McCAULEY, IRA L.	WHITE, MUNSEY.
McINTYRE, JOSEPH E.	WHITEMAN, WILLIAM M.
McNEIL, JOHN.	WILSON, SAMUEL R.
OARD, PETER R.	WILSON, WILLIAM S.
OLSEN, NILS N.	WIRFS, WILLIAM M.
OTT, CARL R.	WOODRUFF, ROY S.
PAGE, LEO G.	WOOD, WILLIE E.
	WRIGHT, RAY E.

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CAPTAINS

FAULKNER, W. S.,
U. S. Army.

GEHMAN, LESTER,
U. S. Army.

McGILL, ROBERT E., 1058 So. Hope St., Los Angeles, Cal.

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BAIRD, ARTHUR R.

JENNESS, CHESLEY F.,
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KEYSER, PAUL F.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

GARNER, TULLY C.,
Stoneleigh Court, Washington, D. C.

WARNER, JOSEPH,
Alcatraz, Cal.

HOWARD, GRAEME K., 62d Infantry.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS

BLOEDORN, ALVIN O.,
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HARTIGAN, LEONARD W.,
P. S. and T. Division, U. S. Army,
Washington, D. C.

BOYCE, JAMES A.,
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KNIGHT, BENJAMIN,
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SMITH, HOWARD L.,
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ENLISTED MEN

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BESS, HENRY,
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 BUCKLEY, JOHN A.,
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 CHANCEY, JOE L.,
 Gold Butte, Mont.
 CHENEY, EVERETT W.
 CHIMIENTI, FRANK,
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 CONNOLLY, NED,
 Burns, Harney Co., Ore.
 CORNUTT, EDDIE L.
 COZAKOS, PANAGIOTAS,
 129 Russell St., Portland, Ore.
 CRADIC, FRED,
 R. F. D. No. 1, Piedmont, Mo.
 CRASE, FRANK E.
 CUNNINGHAM, JOHN W.,
 c/o William Boyce, Baker, Ore.
 CURTISS, WILLIAM.
 CUSHING, INDOSTIN B.,
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 DAMRON, HOWARD L.,
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- D'ANGELES, UMBERTO,
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 DANIELS, HILBERT.
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 DAVIS, STEWART D.,
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 DAVIS, WALTER L.
 DALY, JOHN A.
 DENOVAN, EARL E.
 DINSDALE, ALDICE O.
 DIXON, LAWRENCE,
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 Mo.
 DOBBINS, THOMAS.
 DOUGHERTY, WALTER.
 DOWENS, WALTER N.,
 Cottage Grove, Ore.
 DRURY, WALTER E.,
 Coburg, Ore.
 DUNBAR, LAWRENCE.
 DUNHAM, FRANK,
 Panama City, Rep. of Panama.
 DUKE, CHARLES A.,
 Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa.
 DYSERT, FRAZIER L.,
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 ELLIS, HAROLD S.,
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 FAWVER, HENRY F.,
 Portland, Ore.
 FAZZALORI, SALVATORO,
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 FEARING, EDWARD A.,
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 FESCHNER, JOHN.
 FINLEY, GUY B.,
 Coquille, Ore.
 FLINT, HERBERT E.,
 Portland, Ore.
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 FOLEY, DONALD,
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 FREDEN, CHARLES E.,
 218 E. Ashley Place, San Antonio, Tex.
 FREDERICK, HARRY,
 West Pullman, Ill.

ENLISTED MEN (*Continued*)

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 San Francisco, Cal.
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 GEIRY, THOMAS C.,
 GIBSON, ROBERT L.,
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 GILBERT, ARTHUR.
 GILLESPIE, LEE R.,
 Aira Long, Santa Rosa, Cal.
 GLOVER, RALPH,
 Mexico, Mo.
 GORDNER, FRANK,
 Hawthorne Ave., Portland, Ore. .
 GRAY, LOUIS B.,
 543 Waterloo Street, Detroit, Mich.
 GREENSTRAND, WILLIAM.
 GRIFFIN, TROY E.,
 GRIFFITH, LESLIE A.,
 63d U. S. Infantry.
 GRONDAHL, SIGURD,
 E. 65th and Division Sts., Portland, Ore.
 GRUBAUGH, WILLIAM P.
 HANNA, SAMUEL,
 6360 Foster Road, Portland, Ore.
 HANSON, FREEMAN H.
 HALL, HENRY F.
 HARRINGTON, GEORGE A.
 HARRIS, WILLIAM L.,
 Nipinnawasee, Cal.
 HARRYMAN, JOHN W.
 HASSINGER, HARRY C.,
 18 N. Grant Street, Lewistown, Pa.
 HAWES, DURLAND M.
 HAWTHORN, JAMES F.
 HELMS, AUTHIA W.
 HENKE, DANIEL M.,
 Kenwood, Sonoma Co., Cal.
 HICKS, WILLIAM P.,
 Jordan Valley, Ore.
 HILDRETH, CHARLES F.,
 McFarland, Kern Co., Cal.
 HOOKER, JESS C.
 HOWARD, CLAUDE H.
 HUNTSMAN, ANSEL,
 P. O. Box 5, Fillmore, Utah.
 HURLBURT, EMMETT,
 149 Ashland Ave., Ocean Park, Cal.
 HUTCHISON, BALLARD,
 Norden, Neb.
 HYAMS, MAX.
 ILOG, AL B.,
 61 Capp St., San Francisco, Cal.
 INMAN, HUGH.
 IVERSON, OLAF M.,
 882 1st Street, Portland, Ore.
 JAMES, RALPH L.,
 R. F. D. No. 6, Pendleton, Ore.
 JERMAN, HARLAN W.,
 Salem, Ore.
 JOHNSON, JABEZ L.,
 Portland, Ore.
 JOHNSON, JOHN A.
 JONES, MARNEY,
 Mattoon, Ill.
 JORDAN, HERBERT,
 575 Main Street, Portland, Ore.
 KACKER, GEORGE E.,
 Oakland, Cal.
 KALMBACH, JESSE N.,
 Palmer Junction, Ore.
 KELLER, HOWARD S.,
 Ontario, Ore.
 KELLEY, EARL S.,
 Henderson, Kansas.
 KIDD, WILLIAM H.
 KILBRIDGE, WILLIAM I.,
 378 Liberty St., Newburgh, N. Y.
 KNAPP, CHARLEY J.,
 Marion, Iowa.
 KNOWLES, HAROLD B.
 KOSHOSHEK, TONY,
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 Cal.
 KRIZ, JAMES H.
 KROPP, ALFRED W.,
 Hurley, New Mexico.
 KUISMANEN, MATTI,
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 KUKASHUK, MIKE.
 KYLO, AXEL,
 Wilsonville, Ore.
 LACURE, DAVID O.
 LANSING, JAMES H.
 LARSEN, SOFUS,
 Portland, Oregon.
 LAUDERBACK, LEONARD R.,
 R. R. "A," Gresham, Ore.
 LAVINE, WILLIAM E.
 LERNO, EMIL.
 LEHMAN, CLARENCE A.

ENLISTED MEN (*Continued*)

- LEWIS, AARON,
Fort Mason, Cal.
- LEWIS, ALVIN,
Crow, Ore.
- LEWIS, WILLIAM H.,
Bellflower, Cal.
- LEONARDI, JACK.
- LICHTENSTEIN, DAVID.
- LOPEZ, ANTONIO.
- LURIE, OSCAR.
- LUDVIKSEN, JOHN,
Silverton, Ore.
- LUSBY, WILLIAM.
- LYNCH, JOHN P.,
34 Casiet St., Waterbury, Conn.
- MACINNES, JOHN L.,
217 Cherry St., Portland, Ore.
- MAKAR, JOHN F.,
514 Lenn Ave., Johnstown, Pa.
- MAINERI, BARTOLOMEO,
San Francisco, Cal.
- MANKIN, JOSEPH E.,
324 Sill St., Chrisman, Ill.
- MARLAND, WILLIAM,
c/o California Golf Club, San Francisco,
Cal.
- MARRIOTT, LOREN C.,
Soda Springs, Idaho.
- MASSER, ASCHILLE.
- MATTES, JOSEPH.
- MAXEY, ROBERT,
Ono, Shasta Co., Cal.
- MAZIORKA, ALBERT.
- MAZZA, ANTONICO,
2015 Morris Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- MCCARTY, WILLIE,
Baterburg, S. C.
- MCCONE, JAMES,
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- MCDONALD, ROBERT E.,
Rodondo Beach, Cal.
- MCINTYRE, PATRICK J.
- McKENNA, ARTHUR K.,
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- MEI, ANTONIO,
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- MEIER, ALBIN,
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- MERZ, EMIL.
- MEYER, ERNEST.
- MIGLINO, NICOLA D.,
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- MILEK, ADAM,
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- MILLER, ARTHUR A.,
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- MILLER, CLARENCE A.,
Portland, Ore.
- MILLER, FRANK H.
- MILLER HENRY C.,
Blooming Grove, Pa.
- MILLER, MARVIN M.,
Montoya, New Mexico
- MILES, ROBERT E.
Portland, Ore.
- MINTZER, WILLIAM.
- MOEHLE, CHARLES F.,
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- MOLINAS, JOSEPH.
- MOLINARO, GIUSEPPE,
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Ore.
- MONACO, ANTONIO,
Harlowton, Mont.
- MONKIEVICZ, CHARLES,
330 Popular St. Shenandoah, Pa.
- MONOHAN, JOHN P.,
63 Far Oak Street, San Francisco, Cal.
- MONTI, LUIGI,
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- MONTAGUE, ROBERT C.,
Baltimore, Md.
- MOORE, FRITZ G.,
Portland, Maine.
- MORGAN, MILTON P.,
1809 West St., Oakland, Cal.
- MORROW, VITOR.
- MUNRO, JAMES F.
- MURPHY, HARLEY M.,
Burley Springs, W. Va.
- MURPHY, FRANCIS G.,
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- MURREY, ROY W.
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- MURTAUGH, HARRY,
434 Mercer Ave., Decatur, Ind.
- MUSSO, FEDEL S.,
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- MOOMAW, CLEVE V.,
Cumberland, Md.

ENLISTED MEN (*Continued*)

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- NAKAYA, HISTUNE,
86 N. 10th St., Portland, Ore.
- NATHAN, LOUIS,
2088 Bond St. Baltimore,, Md.
- NELKE, JOHN F.,
2532 Foster Road, Baltimore, Md.
- NEPSTAD, LARS.
- NEWCOMB, ROMIE J.
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- NEWMAN, WILLIAM P.
- NICHOLSON, ALPHONSO D.
- NICOLARDI, GIUSEPPE,
133 Romyln St., Schenectady, N. Y.
- OBLANDER, EDWARD C.,
c/o Lyric Theater, Portland, Ore.
- O'DONNELL, HUGH A.,
East Mauch Chunk, Pa.
- O'DOWD, PAUL,
150 E. 97th St., New York City, N. Y.
- OGDEN, CLIFFORD S.,
58 Central Ave., Waterbury, Conn.
- O'KEEFFE, EDWIN H.,
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- OLDHAM, JOHN H.
Beaumont, Tex.
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- OSFIELD, WILLIAM W.,
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- OSTLUND, WERNER O.,
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- OSTROM, ALFRED,
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- OSTROM, CARL G.,
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- OTTAVIANO, SETAFINO,
236 7th Ave., Waterbilt, N. Y.
- OTTO, SAMUEL,
286 Sherman St., Passaic, N. J.
- OWEN, HARRY.
- PAINTER, LEE,
Heppner, Ore.
- PANTALEONI, VITTORIO.
- PARKS, ELFONZO.
- PARKS, FLOYD B.,
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- PARKS, FRANK.
- PARKS, ROY E.
- PARSONS, LEROY.
- PATTERSON, ESTEL,
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- PATTERSON, HERBERT J.,
Martha, W. Va.
- PAUL, JOSEPH,
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- PEARSON, THEODORE,
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- PEDERSEN, PEDER R.,
Gresham, Ore.
- PERRY, SPENCER.
- PETRAK, STEVE,
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- PETRLAK, OLDRICH R.,
Carlton Ave. and Watson St., East
Islip, L. I., N. Y.
- PETRELLI, ADAMO,
Redding, Shasta Co., Cal.
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- PEYTON, MCKINLEY,
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- PIPER, CLARENCE E.
- POILES, DOSS.
- POLO, FRANK,
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- PONTON, NELSON B.,
Frederick, Md.
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- PULLEY, ORA M.,
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- REDDING, CHARLES A.,
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- REED, ANTWINE L.,
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R. F. D. 1, Homer City, Pa.
- REEVES, RAYMOND,
Manassas, Va.
- REYNOLDS, ARCHIE,
Grant's Pass, Ore.
- RHINEVAULT, ASA A.,
Eugene, Ore.
- RHOADES, EDWARD W.,
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- RICE, ASHBY L.,
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Durkee, Ore.
- ROBERTS, JOSEPH R.,
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- ROCHE, TERRY,
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- ROGERS, WILLIAM L.,
Milton, W. Va.
- ROSE, ROLLA.
- ROSENBAUM, JAMES J.
- ROSSER, ROBERT,
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- ROTONDO, FRANCESCO,
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- RULEY, WILLIAM B.,
Barboursville, W. Va.
- RUSH, MELVIN,
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- RUSCHENBERG, ALEXANDER,
Alcatraz, Cal.
- RUSSELL, LLOYD L.,
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- RUSSELL, RAY,
Trowbridge, Ill.
- RYAN, JOHN J.,
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- SAFTENBERG, MAX.
- SANTANGELO, FRANK,
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- SARTORI, HARRY,
San Luis Obispo, Cal.
- SATER, PAUL,
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- SAYRE, RONALD E.,
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- SAYSSET, ACHILLES,
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- SCHELLER, GEORGE W.,
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- SCHIER, WILLIAM A.,
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- SCHMALGEMEYER, FREDERICK,
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- SCHMITT, FRED J.,
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- SCHNEIDER, ALBERT A.,
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Va.
- SCHOBER, FRANK.
- SCHOETTLE, HUGO P.,
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- SCHOICHT, ELIAS,
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- SCHUBERT, EMIL.
- SCHULTZ, CHARLES R.,
17th U. S. Infantry.
- SCHULZE, EDWIN P.,
566 Market Street, Portland, Ore.
- SCHWARTZ, JULIUS,
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York City, N. Y.
- SCHWECHTEN, WILLIAM,
Sgt., 63d Infantry.
- SCONYERS, WALTER H.
- SCOTT, HARRY A.
- SCOTT, JOHN A.

ENLISTED MEN (*Continued*)

- SCOTT, JOHN A.,
La Grande, Ore.
- SEGHES, JOSEPH P.
- SENDEBACK, ALOYSIUS J.,
17th U. S. Infantry. (915 Isabella St.,
Newport, Ky.)
- SEPULVEDA, WILLIAM M.,
- SHANE, FRED F.,
254 E. 63d Street N., Portland, Ore.
- SHAW, EVERETT H.
- SHERWOOD, NORMAN.
- SHOFF, GEORGE E.
- SHUTTS, RALPH,
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- SIGMAN, CHARLES,
645 Washington Street, Eugene, Ore.
- SKILES, SIMON P.,
17th U. S. Infantry.
- SLETT, HENRY,
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- SMITH, BERNARD,
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- SMITH, DUDLEY E.,
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- SMITH, FRANK,
Box 18, Crockett, Cal.
- SMITH, HAROLD.
- SMITH, HIKO,
R. F. D. 1, Parkersburg, Iowa.
- SOLUM, OLAI,
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- SPIVEY, FURMAN.
- SNYDER, FRANCIS M.,
Lowe 11, Lane Co., Ore.
- STEINHAEUER, HAROLD,
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- STELZER, PAUL,
Stockton, Cal.
- STOMER, BENJAMIN W.,
Aurora, Ore.
- STOUT, CAREY C.,
- STRAIT, ELBERT W.
- STURDEVANT, HERBERT H.,
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- SULLENS, ROBERT D.,
- SWANSON, AXEL N.,
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- THIBODEAU, ARTHUR J.
- THOMSON, DAVID G.,
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- THOMSON, STANLEY A.,
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- TIMSON, JOSEPH E.
- TOMME, GUSTAAF,
Lompoc, Cal.
- TOPEL, FRANK,
Riverside, Cal.
- TRAIL, RUFUS R.,
Oakville, Wash.
- ULLRICH, FRED J.,
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- VAN HOAREN, JEROME A.,
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- VEAYO, JOSEPH F.,
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- VOLGAMORE, THOMAS O.,
Silverton, Ore.
- WALKER, JOHN,
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- WALLACE, GEORGE J.,
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- WALTERS, AUGUSTUS N.
- WALTERS, FREEMAN W.,
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- WALSH, JAMES M.,
Valley Center, San Diego Co., Cal.
- WALSH, JOSEPH C. B.,
242 Fourth Ave., San Francisco, Cal.
- WARRICK, ROY C.
- WATERS, FRANK R.,
165 Mills Ave., Memphis, Tenn.
- WATKINS, ROY E.
- WATSON, JOHN,
R. R. 3, Eugene, Ore.
- WEBER, CHRIS R.
- WEIGANDT, GEORGE.
- WEIMERT, ROSCOE E.,
San Francisco, Cal.
- WEINSHENK, CHARLES, JR.,
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ENLISTED MEN (*Continued*)

WENZEL, WILLIAM, 331 E. 36th Street, New York City, N. Y.	WILSON, JOSEPH D., Rufus, Ore.
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WEST, OSCAR, Alexander, Maine.	WRIGHT, MARTIN W., 112 E. 75th St. N., Portland, Ore.
WHEELER, ALFRED F., Presidio of S. F., Cal.	WYMAN, RALPH W., Gen. Del., Aberdeen, Wash.
WHEELER, BYRL.	YORK, ROY.
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WILLIAMS, HUBBARD, Blackstone, Va.	ZAJEBAL, ADOLF, 3257 West 26th St., Chicago, Ill.
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Company "H"

CAPTAIN

JOHNSON, NEAL C., Los Angeles, Cal.

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San Francisco Cal.

HADDOCK, GARTH B.,
San Francisco, Cal.

WHITE, HARRY A., Tacoma, Wash.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS

MUELLER, ERWIN J.
Chicago, Ill.

HOWELL, WILLIAM K.,
Lumberton, N. C.

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RUSH, BENJAMIN, Bakersfield, Cal.

SUPPLY SERGEANT

CHANEY, OLLIE R., Dogwood, Mo.

MESS SERGEANT

ELDRIDGE, JOHN, San Francisco, Cal.

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U. S. Army.

ALLYN, ROYAL B.,
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HAWRALA, JOSEPH,
Cleveland, Ohio.

SOMERSON, MORRIS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

MEEKER, ROBERT,
Fisher, Ark.

MASON, PATRICK J.,
Seattle, Wash.

GOSLINE, ROBERT,
Richview, Ill.

PACKER, MALCOM,
Payette, Idaho.

FEELEY, FRED,
Prairie du Chien, Wis.

BESS, HENRY,
Vallejo, Cal.

NARRAMORE, GILLIS, Harriman, Tenn.

CORPORALS

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AYLESWORTH, GEORGE O., Sacramento, Cal.	KILDA, APOLINAROS, Chicago, Ill.
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O'MEARA, THOMAS F., Junction City, Kan.	STEFFAN, LOUIS, Canton, O.
BLUMHAGEN, HENRY, Hoboken, N. J.	CHAPMAN, ALFRED L., Condon, Ore.
EBERHARDT, JOHN, Monessen, Pa.	EPPERSON, JACK, Moody, Tex.
BARTHELSON, HAROLD C., Los Angeles, Cal.	BURKHALTER, JOHN E., Dallas, Ore.
FISHER, GUY H., San Francisco, Cal.	CONKLIN, HAROLD R., San Diego, Cal.
RUSH, HIRAM S., Suisun, Cal.	FITZGERALD, MAURICE W., San Luis, Obispo, Cal.
SMALLEY, HAROLD A., Mt. Auburn, Iowa.	FLEMING, GEORGE R., Oklahoma City, Okla.
SCHAFER, HARRY W., San Francisco, Cal.	GARNER, GLENN C., Homer, N. Y.
SMITH, PEARL R., U. S. Army.	KENNEDY, RALPH C., Martel, O.
VASCIK, GEORGE, Ford City, Pa.	KELLY, EDWARD J., Sugar Pine, Cal.
KREVITZ, STEPHEN, Benicia, Cal.	

COOKS

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JOHNSON, CHRISTIAN W., San Francisco, Cal.	WEST, JAMES D., Coquille, Ore.

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BUGLER

FATA, STEVE, Filbert, Pa.

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BROWN, HAROLD M., Portland Ore.	MILLER, JOE, Pittsburgh, Pa.
BUSCHMANN, ELLIS U., Chico, Cal.	MILLER, LORY, Leland, Ore.
CASAL, JAMES, Oakland, Cal.	MURPHY, PATRICK T., Legrande, Ore.
CATCHING, CLARENCE M., Pendleton, Ore.	NASH, MONIE, San Francisco, Cal.
CHAPMAN, JOSEPH B., Gate City, Ill.	NELSON, GEHN S., Fairview, Ore.
COFFEY, HENRY H., Hammond, Ore.	NILSEN, MARTIN L., Astoria, Ore.
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ELLIS, FLOYD I., Octave, Ariz.	SAYRE, STANLEY G., Trimble, O.
FISHER, CHARLES F., Bend, Ore.	SAYRE, VERN H., Trimble, O.
FRY, CLARENCE, Phoenix, Ore.	SCHNEIDER, ARTHUR J., Los Angeles, Cal.
GETMAN, CHARLES S., Bly, Ore.	SCHWING, RUDOLPH, Cincinnati, O.
GONZALES, ANTONIO C., Los Angeles, Cal.	SILVERIA, JOE, San Juan, Cal.
HERMAN, WILLIAM F., Selma, Ore.	STREAMER, MELVIN E., Saskatchewan, Can.
HOLMES, ROBERT H., Central Point, Ore.	SULLIVAN, HAROLD N., Carlisle, Iowa.
JENSEN, JENS C., Whiteson, Ore.	TANGEN, BENJAMIN, Reno, Wash.
JOHNSON, CHRISTIAN, Point Terrace, Ore.	THOMAS, LLOYD H., Stanfield, Ore.
KOCH, WILLIAM C. H., Ferryville, Wis.	TREBELL, HARRY J., San Francisco, Cal.
LAMB, ASA C., Roseburg, Ore.	TRENGOVE, WILLIAM J., San Andreas, Cal.
LANG, JOSEPH L., Sublimity, Ore.	USTICK, JOY A., Modesto, Cal.
LEHRBERGER, SAMUEL J., Mountain View, Cal.	UTZINGER, HENRY, JR., Denver, Col.
LUCAS, ROY E., Kokomo, Ind.	WILLIAMS, LOUIS, Schurz, Nev.

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WLAHOVICH, RADUN M.,
Portland, Ore.

WOOD, LUTHER D., Berne, N. Y.

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ANERES, STEVAN,
Los Angeles, Cal.

BARKLEY, WATSON C.,
Klamath Falls, Ore.

BECKNELL, ROY H.,
Hanford, Cal.

BOLAND, PETER,
Ely, Nev.

BOWIE, PHILIP R.,
San Francisco, Cal.

CARBONE, CUSTER,
New York, N. Y.

CARLOS, WALTER,
San Francisco, Cal.

CAVAGNARO, ANGELO A.,
Mariposa, Cal.

CHAMBERLAIN, LOUIS M.,
Oakland, Cal.

CHARLTON, JOHN,
San Francisco, Cal.

CONRAD, SHERMAN R.,
Springfield, Ore.

COTTON, CHARLES J.,
Grants Pass, Ore.

CUMMINGS, LUKE V.,
Elk Garden, W. Va.

DAMRON, BIRD,
Breeding, W. Va.

DAVIS, WILLIAM M.,
Carrysville, O.

DOVE, WILLIAM T.
Danville, Va.

DUGAN, MATTHEW E.,
San Francisco, Cal.

FAZIOLA, NICK,
Irwin, Pa.

FINFROCK, ROBERT W.,
Mountain View, Cal.

FISHER, FRANK,
U. S. Army.

FREEMAN, ROBERT B.,
Seattle, Wash.

GATTUSO, ANDREA,
Paulsboro, N. J.

GERSTENBERGER, CHARLES,
Lincoln, Neb.

GLENNAN, FRANCIS P.,
Woodbine, Md.

GOMES, JOHN,
San Francisco, Cal.

GRIGSBY, WILLIAM,
Central Point, Ore.

GUNNING, THOMAS W.,
San Francisco, Cal.

HELPER, DAVID I.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

HILL, PHILIP,
Anacorte, Wash.

HUNT, LESTER O.,
Ashwood, Ore.

KEIL, WILLIAM F.,
Aurora, Ore.

KLEMMICK, JOHN,
Baltimore, Md.

LANDREBE, ELMER G.,
Richmond, Cal.

LENSTROM, EDWARD,
Dallas, Ore.

LOVE, LENARD,
San Luis, Obispo, Cal.

LUCHETTE, FRANCESCO,
San Francisco, Cal.

MANGIANTINI, SILVIO,
Portland, Ore.

MARTINEZ, ANGELO B.,
Pleasanton, Cal.

McCOY, JOHN W.,
Oakland, Cal.

McMILLIN, LEWIS E.,
Crabtree, Ore.

METTIE, JOSEPH L.,
Ukiah, Ore.

MICHAEL, EMIL O.,
Willits, Cal.

MIKKELSON, CARL,
Gervais, Ore.

MILLSPAUGH, VOLNEY S.,
Carleton, Ore.

MINTHORN, WILBUR,
Pendleton, Ore.

OLSON, ALFRED E.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

PRIVATEES (*Continued*)

- O'NEIL, MIKE J.,
Los Angeles, Cal.
- OSBORNE LLOYD,
Portland, Ore.
- PACHECO, JOHN J.,
Oakland, Cal.
- PAOLA, TONEY,
Gaston, Ore.
- PAPAYIANOPOULOS, VLASIOS,
Flagstaff, Ariz.
- PARSICK, JULIUS P.,
Newark, N. J.
- PEACOCK, JESSE C.,
Seymour, Ind.
- PENNINGTON, PARIS A.,
Sacramento, Cal.
- PETERSEN, RICHARD H.,
Ash, Ore.
- PETERSON, ELMER J.,
Fresno, Cal.
- PHILLIPS, BERRY,
Arcata, Cal.
- PIENOVI, FEDERICO,
Milwaukee, Ore.
- PLANT, CALVIN,
Salem, Ore.
- PORTER, ALBERT,
Fresno, Cal.
- REDDICK, WILLIAM J.,
Downs, Kan.
- REISER, GEORGE,
Sherwood, Ore.
- RILEY, EUGENE,
Waterbury, Conn.
- RUNNER, KENNETH,
Salem, Ore.
- SCHMITT, EDWARD,
Columbus, O.
- SCHWABEL, CHARLES E.,
Upper Sandusky, O.
- SHEFFER, RAYMOND A.,
Washington, D. C.
- SHEPPARD, ROBERT O.,
Hoods Mill, Md.
- SIEGEL, HARRY,
New York, N. Y.
- SIMMONS, ERNIE I.,
Sugar Grove, W. Va.
- SINGER, ARTHUR E.,
Cincinnati, O.
- SKINNER, JOHN F.,
Indian Head, Md.
- SKYTEN, GUSTAV,
Miami, Ariz.
- SMITH, CARL,
Kentland, Ind.
- SMITH, RALPH J.,
Vaneta, Ore.
- STAMATELOPOULOS, ALKIBIADES,
Klamath Falls, Ore.
- SWEARS, JAY,
West Day, N. Y.
- TANNAZONE, JOSEPH,
Watervliet, N. Y.
- TEACHMAN, WILLIAM N.,
Florida, N. Y.
- TILTON, ELMER,
Gallipolis, O.
- TORMOLLAN, HARRY J.,
Baltimore, Md.
- TRENHAM, DEWEY H.,
Talcottville, N. Y.
- TURSHIANO, GIUSEPPE,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
- VAN BUSKIRK, HOWARD J.,
Troy, N. Y.
- VAN DAM, GEORGE E.,
Los Angeles, Cal.
- VAN DEUSEN, WILLIAM,
Maryland, N. Y.
- VAN SICKLE, JOHN J.,
Valley Cottage, N. Y.
- VAN VORST, GEORGE H.,
Ballston Lake, N. Y.
- VARGO, JOSEPH,
Rillton, Pa.
- WALKER, JOHN D.,
Carlson, Ore.
- WALTON, ALFRED J.,
Oakland, Cal.
- WARNER, CHARLIE A.,
Circleville, W. Va.
- WATKINS, ROBERT L.,
Taiban, N. M.
- WATKINS, ROY B.,
Comstock, Ore.
- WEISSENFELS, ANTON J.,
Harney, Ore.
- WHITLOW, CLARENCE C.,
Pomona, Cal.
- WILLIAMS, HARRISON,
Crescent City, Cal.
- WILSON, CLAUDE,
Jones Springs, W. Va.

PRIVATES (*Continued*)

WILSON, JOHN J.,
New York, N. Y.

WILSON, LEVI S.,
Sicklerville, N. Y.

WINDHAM, PERCY,
Florence, S. C.

WOLLENWEBER, ARTHUR,
Baltimore, Md.

YOUNGBLOOD, HARVEY E.,
Berkeley Springs, W. Va.

ZAMERZLA, OTTO,
Chicago, Ill.

ZICCARDI, TONY C.,
Portland, Ore.

ZIMMERMAN, JACOB,
San Jacinto, Cal.

Third Battalion Staff

MAJOR

HOBBS, LELAND S.

FIRST LIEUTENANT

CLARK, OLIVER R.

SECOND LIEUTENANT

FIELD, WILLIAM E.

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CAPTAIN

MACK, WALTER A., 27 Underwood St., Springfield, Mass.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS

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COUGHLAN, EDWARD D. J.,
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FIRST SERGEANT

SHEEHY, JOHN, United States Army.

MESS SERGEANT

CHAMBERS, JAMES, Red Line, Ohio.

SUPPLY SERGEANT

COOK, CHESTER H., Pioche, Nev.

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ECKARD, HOMER W.,
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SHORT, CHARLEY M.,
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NEEL, REEDES L.,
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PENALUNA, EDWARD,
San Francisco, Cal.

HARLAN, JACKSON O., Fresno, California.

CORPORALS

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LYNCH, CHARLEY A.,
Neosho Rapids, Kan.

CORPORALS (*Continued*)

LASALLE, JACK,
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McCOY, PERCY,
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SILAGIE, GUSTAV,
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McQUARRIE, GEO. G.,
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ASPLUND, JONAS A. S.
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MUIR, HARRY H.,
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SHELDON, CHARLES C.,
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AXON, MILBURN E.,
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TORBIC, SAVA,
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COLLINS, JOHN F.,
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Forest City, Mo.
SILVERIA, JOSEPH D.,
Modesto, Cal.
VANTASSEL, GRANVILLE A.,
Ontario, Ore.
WONACOTT, ELEY V.,
Willits, Cal.
ALLEN, JACK,
Fresno, Cal.
RUIZ, RAYMOND J.,
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SCOTT, WITFIELD S.,
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Gervais, Ore.
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WEBER, EDWARD G. H.,
Baker, Ore.
STILES, JESSE E.,
Rutland, Ohio.

COOKS

BONDELIER, PAUL,
Lima Grove, Ind.
BROWN, VICTOR A.,
Wilmington Park, Cal.

HOWARD, CHARLES,
Covington, Ky.
POQUETTE, RAY A.,
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BUGLERS

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Sunnyvale, Cal.

HOLLAND, HARRY F.,
Dutch Flat, Cal.

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ALBAN, STEFANO,
San Francisco, Cal.
BUENAVENTURA, ELISIO,
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CLAIR, CHARLES L.,
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COLETTA, TONY,
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DAVIS, JOHN R.,
Greely, Mich.
DOOLY, JOHN L.,
Parlier, Cal.
EDWARDS, JOSEPH,
Arcola, Ill.

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FARLEY, BURDETTE, R. F. D. No. 3, Portland, Ore.	RUDD, WALTER W., Halfway, Ore.
HAAS, WILLIAM, 1726 Woodall St., Baltimore, Md.	SCHLICHTING, FRED, Brush Prairie, Wash.
HANDROOS, AXEL A., San Francisco, Cal.	SCHULTZ, JAY R., Battle Ground, Wash.
INCIONG, PACIANO N., San Francisco, Cal.	SCOGGIN, SHIRLEY S., Fossil, Ore.
JOHNSON, FRANK O., 732 Trent Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.	SHAFFER, DAVID, Elk, Cal.
JOHNSON, WILLIAM, Hedgesville, Montana.	SHEEHAN, DANIEL J., 1560 Seventh Avenue, Watervliet, N. Y.
KEARNEY, WILLIAM, 322 Connecticut St., San Francisco, Cal.	SHELTON, MARVEL J., Walhier City, Ore.
KELIHER, JOHN T., Memphis, Tenn.	SMITH, ELIAS, North Powder, Ore.
LANG, EDWARD, 79 Putnam Street, San Francisco.	SMITH, JOHN, Redwood Street, Fort Bragg, Cal.
LARKIN, FRANK, 3445 Market Street, Oakland, Cal.	SMITH, LEROY, Vernonia, Ore.
LYMAN, EARNEST W., Sparta, Ore.	SMITH, WILBUR, Jenera, Ohio.
MARTIN, WISEMAN E., Maples, Mo.	STEVENSON, J., 2640 North Third Street, Baker, Ore.
MAYHEW, WALTER E., Westwood, Cal.	STROHM, ALBERT F., Joseph, Ore.
MOLLE, LOUIS V., 718 East 16th St., Los Angeles, Cal.	SULLIVAN, VIRGIL L., Green River, Wyo.
MORLEY, ELBERT R., Butler, Tenn.	SVENSON, PER H., Point Richmond, Cal.
NEWMAN, RALPH E., Sierraville, Cal.	TROUTWINE, FRED W., McDermitt, Ore.
NICHOLSON, GEO., Nevada City, Cal.	UNDERWOOD, HERBERT, 2501 Seneca Street, St. Joseph, Mo.
PANAGIOTAKIS, MEGAS, 39 North Hunter Street, Stockton, Cal.	WARD, FRANK H., 22 Lelac Street, New Haven, Ct.
PROWSE, JOHN L., Idaho Springs, Colorado.	WEINBERG, NATT., 371 Spencer Ave., San José, Cal.
PYLE, ROBERT, Baylea, Cal.	WOLFE, PAUL, Harvey, North Dakota.
RAGLAND, BENJAMIN A., Girard, Ariz.	WOOD, GEORGE, Lakeview, Ore.
RIPLEY, LEO H., John Day, Ore.	WOOD, GEORGE H., Emmons, Pa.
ROBERTSON, RALPH, Parma, Idaho.	WORSLEY, CLARENCE T., Modesto, Cal.

PRIVATES

ADELMAN, RAYMOND J., Taft, Cal.	ARMATAS, FRANK, Aryos, Greece.
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Glenshaw, Pa.
- BASIM, VER,
Marysville, Cal.
- BRENDEL, GEORGE,
4 Rosekarns Ave., Laurelville, Md.
- BRESSEM, JOHN V.,
1271 California Street, Frisco, Cal.
- BROWN, A. L.,
Hemlock, Ore.
- BROWN, W. A.,
Chicago, Ill.
- BUSTARD, JOHN,
Moline, Ill.
- CLEVELAND, CLARENCE,
Chico, Cal.
- COSTAIN, FRED F.,
Grants Pass, Ore.
- DOWNEY, JERRY J.,
Eureka, Utah.
- EAGEN, JOHN F.,
57 Second Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.
- ERB, JAKE,
Albany, Ore.
- ERICKSON, THURSTON H.,
65 East 16th Street, Portland, Ore.
- FINLEY, WILLIAM J.,
Julesburg, Col.
- GRAYBEAL, CARL B.,
West Jefferson, N. C.
- HALL, FRANK B.,
2260 Santa Clara Ave., Alameda, Cal.
- HARRY, ALVA,
Sitkum, Ore.
- HAUSKEN, MANDIUS,
1647 Harrison Street, Astoria, Ore.
- HESLIN, PATRICK,
Golconda, Nev.
- HOLMAN, JOHN A.,
Lacomb, Ore.
- HUDSON, HOWARD J.,
205 Wadsworth Street, Lynchburg, Va.
- HUNTER FRANCIS J.,
Crockett, Cal.
- JONES, ARTHUR,
Klamath Falls, Ore.
- JAMES, WALTER L.,
Brownsville, Ore.
- MABRY, LOUIE B.,
Sylvatus, Va.
- MARCH, MILO B.,
5044 West Huron Street, Chicago, Ill.
- MEYER, HARRY T.,
2345 Grove Street, Baker, Ore.
- MILLER, GAIL C.,
Blitzen, Ore.
- MORROW, JOHN,
Butte, Montana.
- MULLER, ADOLPH,
Crockett, Cal.
- MUNDELL, ROY I.,
107½ North Warren Ave., East Saginaw, Mich.
- NELSON, GUY,
Galena, Ore.
- NELSON, ROBERT,
Ontario, Ore.
- NICHOLSON, ORE.,
Mendocino, Cal.
- NISBET, HENRY W.,
409 Laguna Street, San Francisco, Cal.
- O'BRIEN, PATRICK,
Crockett, Cal.
- PFEFFERKORN, GUSTAL F.,
Woodland, Idaho.
- PHILLIPS, RICHARD C.,
Baker, Ore.
- REDICK, VERNER R.,
White Pine, Ore.
- REHM, ARTHUR H.,
Ontario, Ore.
- RICHARDSON, FLOYD C.,
Ontario, Ore.
- ROSS, WILBUR D.,
Bovina, Texas.
- RUNNING, HANS,
Elgin, Ore.
- SHADE, MICHAEL,
150 West Main Street, Norristown, Pa.
- SHAFFSTALL, CHARLES,
559 Main Street, Marion, Ohio.
- SHAW, ROY A.,
221½ Mutual Street, Toronto, Ont.
- SHELBY, JAMES E.,
1720 Hopkins Street, Oakland, Cal.
- SHELTON, RAYMOND M.,
1617 East 14th Street, Denver, Col.
- SIPE, WALTER J.,
528 North Spring Street, Middletown, Pa.
- SIVON, CHARLES A.,
Ravenna, Ohio.
- STORK, HENRY P.,
1831 "C" Street, Butte, Montana.

PRIVATES (*Continued*)TALIFERRO, WILLIAM,
Leon, Kan.TAYLOR, JOHN D.,
Malin, Ore.THROE, RAYMOND W.,
Joseph, Ore.TIGHE, ENOS F.,
Eureka, Cal.TUCKER, WILLIAM B.,
Prairie City, Ore.WALKER, HALL,
Norristown, Pa.WELCH, BENNIE F.,
Proedsten, Wash.WHITELEY, ALBERT,
3235 North "A" Street, Philadelphia,
Pa.WICKHAM, DUDLEIGH R.,
324 Veeder Ave., Schenectady, N. Y.WITTE, FREDERICK,
Central Point, Ore.WOOD, ISAAC,
207 North 18th St., Portland, Ore.WYANT, RAYMOND,
Bandon, Ore.ZOLLINGER, CHARLES,
921 Ramona Street, Palo Alto, Cal.

SERGEANTS TRANSFERRED

TETON, FRANK.

UNDERWOOD, FLOYD.

CIACURA, HENRY.

FLENKE, ALBERT.

WINTOR, MICHAEL G.,

WEBB, FRED L.,

TEMPLETON, LEE.

HICKS, EDWARD R.

MEYERS, JOHN.

TROMBLY, FRED.

CORPORALS

KINNEAR, JOSEPH D.

MURPHY, GEORGE.

DARTER, WALTER W.,

BISHOP, OSCAR.

HEDRICK, LUTHER E.

SWARTZ, HOWARD.

DELLINGER, ROY.

COLEMAN, WILLIAM.

JAMES, WILLIAM L.

TRAIN, FREDERICK L.

VAN KENLEN, JOHN J.

PRIVATES—FIRST CLASS

BABECKI, JOE W.

DENNY, EARL T.

DONLON, PATRICK R.

FEROUT, JOSEPHUS.

HAMBLIN, ALBERT C.

JENSON, FRANK F.

REYNOLDS, OSCAR F.

SHAFER, PAUL C.

SIJDOR, JAMES L.,

THOMPSON, NOAH B.

PRIVATES

BOUSE, LUTHER J.

BRADISH, LEE E.

COOL, HAROLD.

FOSTER, WILY S.

FONTECCHIO, JAMES.

HAYDEN, EDWARD F.

LARUE, EDWIN W.

LEACH, FRANK W.

McALONE, JAMES A.

MAY, CLYDE E.

MAZZONI, DANIELL.

MORRIS, JESSE M.

MYERS, JOHN T.

OLIVA, ALBERT.

PECK, TRACY O.

POTTER, MONROE.

RAPCZYNSKI, WILLIAM.

SUSSMAN, ARTIE.

PRIVATES (*Continued*)

WESTENSKOW, WILFRED.
SNYDER, CHARLES J.
HORNUNG, ALBERT T.
LAFAYETTE, WILLIAM E.
MILLER, ANDREW L.
MISSAKIAN, HAGOP.
PARMELEE, HORATIO M.
RAGALDO, BERNARDINO.
ROSSI, SAM.

WONG, WAY.
WORLEY, JAMES F.
COOK, CON.
DICKIE, RAY.
HYMAN, IRWIN.
TOLLE, ALVRY P.
WADE, LEWIS L.
WATSON, ARTHUR.
WICKERT, LOUIE.

DISCHARGED

COLE, JAMES F.,
Seattle, Wash.
EASTON, MILTON H.,
521 C Street, Oxnard, Cal.
FRALEY, WILLIAM H.,
Davenport, Nebr.
HORTON, JAMES B.,
196 Valley Street, San Francisco, Cal.
ISOM, JAMES E.,
c/o F. C. Barnes Lake Bay, Alaska.
JONES, PHILLIP R.,
Box 48, Albuquerque, New Mexico.
MASTERSON, FRED F.,
Richland, Ore.
MIDDLEBUSHER, FRANK L.,
Centralia, Wash.
MOLLER, WILLIAM P.,
836 Bath Street, Santa Barbara, Cal.
PLATT, DON E.,
c/o Mrs. Don E. Platt, Ontario, Ore.
ROSS, WILLIAM,
Plevna, Mo.
RUIZ, WILLIAM J.,
206 Winham St., Salinas, Cal.
SCHAEFFER, EARL A.,
Wallowa, Ore.
SCROGGINS, THOMAS B.,
Long Creek, Ore.
SENSEL, CLARENCE H.,
1390 East Taylor St., Portland, Ore.
ZIEGLER, WILLIAM, 1201 "D" Avenue, La Grande, Ore.

SHERWOOD, CLARENCE E.,
Little Town, Col.
SILLS, GUY E.
Cove, Ore.
SMITH, CARL C.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Latty, Ohio.
SNYDER, GREELY,
R. R. No. 6, Bryan, Ohio.
STANTON, CLARENCE O.,
337 Franklin Street, San Francisco, Cal.
TANCREDI, NICK,
1025 North 1st St., Albuquerque, N. M.
TANLER, JULIUS A.,
Long Creek, Ore.
THOMPSON, JOHN C.,
La Grande, Ore.
TURNER, JOHN A.,
R. F. D. No. 3, Weiser, Idaho.
WARD, FERRIS E.,
Halsey, Ore.
WILLIAMS, FORREST G.,
807 East Jackson St., Medford, Ore.
WILLIAMS, TRUMAN L.,
Barnes Corners, New York.
WYNKOOP, DERWOOD C.,
711 State Street, Erie, Pa.
YANTIS, JOHN T.,
Ontario, Ore.
ZERBA, FORREST L.,
Athena, Ore.

FURLOUGHED

COOK, FRED R. HATHAWAY,
Crystal City, Mo.
SERGEANT DEWITT E. WARNER.

SERGEANT ARTHUR SMITH,
3312 "M" Street, N. W., Washington,
D. C.

Company "K"

CAPTAIN

WITCHER, W. V., Jr., Commanding.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS

McDONALD, LAURENCE E. GUNN, KENNETH B.
MARKLEY, C. L.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS

SWALLEN, JAMES W. FLEMING, JOSEPH C.

FIRST SERGEANT

MURPHY, BERT L., Clovis, Calif.

MESS SERGEANT

HOUSTON, ARNOLD, Kiowa, Kansas.

SUPPLY SERGEANT

NICOLDS, RICHARD W., San Francisco, Calif.

SERGEANTS

MATTHEWS, THOMAS G., Nashville, Tenn.	LIKOZWSKI, JOSEPH, Cleveland, Ohio.
McINTOSH, CLINTON, Calla, Kentucky.	WINTER, FRANK J., Prairie City, Ill.
WHALEN, MARTIN M., Brattleboro, Vermont.	McCARTY, JOHN, Marshall, Ill.
MOORE, HOWARD, Fairview, W. Va.	MARTENSEN, ARTHUR W., Chicago, Ill.
MONTGOMERY, JAMES D., Owensboro, Ky.	McGRAW, JOSEPH M., Youngstown, Ohio.
HENDRICKS, EARL, Dallas, Texas.	OSTERMAN, GEORGE, Dayton, Ohio.

CORPORALS

SWAREN, OLIVER C., San Francisco, Calif.	BRADLEY, JOHN N., Maysville, Ky.
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CORPORALS (*Continued*)

WOZNIAK, LEO, Milwaukee, Wis.	HALL, FRANK E., Laytonville, Calif.
WOODS, CHARLES, San Francisco, Calif.	MIGNOLA, SILVIA, Alameda, Calif.
McCAULLEY, GALEN G., Sacramento, Calif.	JONES, RALPH O., La Grande, Oregon.
DALLAHITE, JAMES D., Fresno, Calif.	ANDERSON, HOMER A., Cherry Valley, Ark.
PETERSON, PALMER, Ironwood, Mich.	ADAMS, JAMES L., Ranier, Oregon.
COOK, WALTER G., Terarkana, Ark.	ZOLLNER, PAUL P., Mount Angel, Oregon.
RUTHERFORD, CLYDE A., Santa Cruz, Calif.	McCARTY, ROSCOE, West Fall, Oregon.
CALERGHIS, AUGUST, Skyros, Greece	DOMM, VICTOR C., Eagle Creek, Oregon.
HARKINS, JOHN, Des Moines, Iowa.	FURGESON, JOHN R., Willows, Calif.
DONOVAN, AUGUSTIN, Marysville, Calif.	RUST, VIRGIL R., Dillard, Oregon.
COURNOYER, EXILIOUS N., Providence, Rhode Island.	HAM, ERNEST R., Portland, Oregon.
DAVIS, ISADORE E., San Francisco, Calif.	MACY, JAMES A., Sparta, Oregon.
FISHER, GEORGE W., Oakland, Calif.	TUCKER, WILLIAM T., Orland, Calif.
McARTHUR, LAURENCE W., Hayward, Calif.	WAGNER, CHARLES M., Corvallis, Oregon.
TWADDLE, JAMES C., San Francisco, Calif.	MOWRY, WILLIAM S., Portland, Oregon.
PIERCE, GEORGE W., Pendleton, Oregon.	JONES, ADELBERT L., San Francisco, Calif.
DAHLGREEN, CARL A., New York, N. Y.	

COOKS

BROWN, ALFRED L., New York, N. Y.	LALANTONIS, JAMES J., Oakland, Calif.
BARRICK, MALDEN F., Corvallis, Oregon.	RAO, WILLIAM G., Oakland, Calif.

MECHANICS

BAILEY, ROBERT B., San Francisco, Calif.	ST. CLAIR, GURDON B., Hobart, Oklahoma.
BORMAN, NOEL, Owensboro, Kentucky.	WALTER, CHARLES, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BUGLERS

EVANS, LEWIS E.	GIBSON, CHARLES S., Spokane, Washington.
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PRIVATES—FIRST CLASS

- BERRY, LUKE A.,
Bayonne, New Jersey.
- BOENTGEN, CARL,
Astoria, Oregon.
- BOHN, CHARLES L.,
The Dalles, Oregon.
- BONNEY, ARCHIE E.,
Colton, Oregon.
- BOYLE, HUGH,
Astoria, Oregon.
- BRANDON, EDWARD L.,
Willington, Nevada.
- BRENNON, PATRICK,
Woodburn, Oregon.
- BUDILOVSKY, CHARLES,
Chicago, Illinois.
- DAVIS, CHARLES E.,
New York, N. Y.
- DAVIS, EMERALD A.,
Doeville, Tenn.
- DAY, LACY W.,
Oregon City, Oregon.
- DODGE, IRVING,
Portland, Oregon.
- DUNN, OLONZO A.,
Prairie City, Oregon.
- ELGIN, CLARENCE B.,
Oakland, Calif.
- FEDORIGA, FELIX,
Chicago, Ill.
- FEGER, ALVIN R.,
Snohomish, Washington.
- FISHER, THEO. M.,
La Grande, Oregon.
- FITZGERALD, JAMES D.,
La Grande, Oregon.
- FOSTER, FREDDIE E.,
Joseph, Oregon.
- FOSTER, ROSCOE K.,
Neverstill, Oregon.
- FOX, JOHN,
San Francisco, Calif.
- GABIOLA, YGNAICIO,
San Francisco, Calif.
- GARDINER, CLAUDE W.,
Echo, Oregon.
- GARDNER, H. M.,
Rockford, Wash.
- GATES, SPERRY L.,
Gadley, Texas.
- GRAY, JOHN,
La Grande, Oregon.
- HARRIS, GUY L.,
Oil Fields, Calif.
- HARTZMAN, VICTOR V.,
Ethel, Wash.
- HAYDEN, WALTEN, JR.,
Empira, Oregon.
- HENNING, OTTO H.,
Arpin, Wisconsin.
- HICKERSON, GEORGE C.,
Durkee, Oregon.
- HOFFMAN, SULLIVAN F.,
Copper Field, Oregon.
- HOUSES, WALTER J.,
Upland, Calif.
- HUNSAKER, CECIL H.,
Turner, Oregon.
- HYLTON, LEE,
New Plymouth, Idaho.
- IGNACIO, GERVAIS,
New York, N. Y.
- JENNE, HORACE M.,
Santa Cruz, Calif.
- JOHNSON, WESLY S.,
Pasadena, Calif.
- JONES, CHARLES A.,
Albany, Oregon.
- JONES, LOYAL F.,
Goble, Oregon.
- JONES, LYNN J.,
Albany, Oregon.
- JORGENSEN, CARL A.,
Tucson, Ariz.
- KAPLINSKI, JOHN,
Detroit, Mich.
- KEKONI, JOHN,
Borgo, Finland.
- KING, MARTIN,
San Francisco, Calif.
- KUHN, PETER,
Fresno, Calif.
- LAM, RAYMOND A.,
Quinald, Oklahoma.
- LARSON, NELS E.,
Astoria, Oregon.
- LEW, HUGO L.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.
- LONG, CALVIN A.,
Enterprise, Oregon.
- McCONNELL, RUE J.,
Goshon, California.
- MICKLE, CHARLES H.,
Portland, Oregon.

NEELY, HAROLD,
Oregon City, Oregon.
OLSEN, ARTHUR V.,
Astoria, Oregon.

TINDALL, SAM A., The Dalles, Oregon.

SHIPP, HARRY E.,
Pendelton, Oregon.
SOTO, ANGELO,
Salinas, Calif.

PRIVATES

ANDREWS, WILLIAM E.,
Wasco, Oregon.
BECK, ROY S.,
Enterprise, Oregon.
BRODERICK, MILES,
Midland, Maryland.
BOOS, JOHN,
Banks, Oregon.
CAMPBELL, KENNETH L.,
Bleecheburg, Calif.
COOPER, JESSE R.,
Mallin, W. Va.
DAMKOWSKI, WLADISLAW,
Natrona, Pa.
DAVIDSON, ARTHUR E.,
Molalla, Oregon.
DAVIS, WALTER,
Baltimore, Maryland.
DEGEORGE, PENTER M.,
Tarrytown, N. Y.
DIESTLER, HERBERT,
Oshkosh, Wis.
DUNCAN, ROBERT A.,
San Francisco, Calif.
EDWARDS, BURL,
Long Creek, Oregon.
EICHELBURGER, WILLIAM,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
ELLIOTT, DAVID P.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
ESCH, FREDERICK,
New York, N. Y.
FREYTAG, GERHART A.,
San Francisco, Calif.
GARDNER, LAURENCE L.,
Rickrand, Oregon.
GEKELER, JAMES L.,
Elgin, Oregon.
GIRARDIN, LAWRENCE S.,
Turner, Oregon.
GORDON, ROSCOE A.,
New Bridge, Oregon.
GREER, ALEX B.,
Easley, S. Car.
GRIFFIN, CHARLEY H.,
Milton, Oregon.

GUY, HARRY L.,
Columbus, Wash.
HAEFER, HERMAN F.,
Cove, Oregon.
HALL, LAWRENCE C.,
Silvan, Kansas.
AHZELWANDER, HERMAN H.,
Boring, Oregon.
HAWKINS, JOHN,
Chaplin, Ark.
HAYES, JAMES,
San Francisco, Calif.
HEIDE, HARRIS F.,
Pittsburgh, Penna.
HERDA, THOMAS,
Chicago, Ill.
HEMINGER, JASPER A.,
Junction City, Kansas.
HILL, HARRY V.,
Berkely Springs, W. Va.
HILLIARD, EARL W.,
Dayton, Ohio.
HOLZAPFEL, WALTER,
Tangent, Oregon.
HOOPES, BAYARD A.,
Hockessin, Delaware.
HOUCK, JAMES E.,
Baltimore, Md.
HUTCHINSON, SAMUEL A.,
Garden Grove, Calif.
JARVIS, JOHN,
Evansville, Indiana.
JONES, HOWARD E.,
Pittsburgh, Penna.
KAIFUS, RUDOLPH,
New York, N. Y.
KERN, WILLIAM N.,
Pittsburg, Pa.
KIGGINS, JAMES C.,
Estachaga, Oregon.
KOLIAS, JAMES,
Dendra, Greece.
LAIRD, ROBERT A.,
St. Baker, Oregon.
LARSON, CARL F.,
Molalla, Oregon.

PRIVATES (*Continued*)

LARSON, HENRY, Burns, Oregon.	SCHNUPP, EDWIN C., Pittsburgh, Penna.
LEACH, MATT L., Woodhull, New York.	SCHOTH, WILLIAM A., Oregon City, Oregon.
LEE, WAYNE E., Creston, Montana.	SCOTT, EDDIE P., Glasgow, Kentucky.
LEMONS, ALBERT, Mt. Vernon, Oregon.	SHARP, ARCHIE M., Homestead, Penna.
LERNO, EMILE, Fresno, Calif.	SHORT, ARTHUR W., Pittsburgh, Pa.
LOCKWOOD, GEORGE W., Jennings, Oklahoma.	SIGWALD, ROBERT M., Baltimore, Maryland.
McINERNEY, PATRICK, Chicago, Ill.	SLIPPER, LEONARD R., Pittsburgh, Penna.
MADES, NICOLAS C., Chicago, Ill.	SMITH, RALPH W., Seattle, Washington.
MARTIN, DWIGHT, Highland, Calif.	SPINDLER, CYRIL, Milwaukee, Wis.
MILLS, JOHN E., Gervais, Oregon.	SPITLER, JOSEPH C. R., Corning, Calif.
MOLLESTON, TREVE, Verona, Penna.	STEVENS, HAROLD, Pittsburgh, Penna.
MORRISON, HERBERT K., Roland Park, Maryland.	STOLL, PIUS B., Carnegie, Penna.
NARVAIS, JOHN, Los Angeles, Calif.	STOUGHTON, WILLIAM, Logan, Ohio.
PHILLIPS, THOMAS B., Fall City, Oregon.	TELFER, CLYDE A., Ashwood, Oregon.
RICHARDSON, ARTHUR L., Olean, New York.	VANCE, FLOYD J., Reynoldsburg, Ohio.
ROUSCH, GEORGE T., Avalon, Penna.	VIDT, SYLVESTER E., Glenshaw, Penna.
SAVAGE, JAMES, San Francisco, Calif.	WALTERS, ROY R., Gaston, Oregon.
WELLS, ORVILLE G.,	Independence, Oregon.

MESS SERGEANT

SMITH, HENRY, San Francisco, Calif.

PRIVATES

BENEDETTO, JAMES D., Brooklyn, N. Y.	DEFELICE, NICK, Port Morris, N. J.
BRENNEISON, CLEMENT J., Brooklyn, N. Y.	GRIES, LOUIS A., Glendale, Long Island.
COHEN, NATHAN S., Brooklyn, N. Y.	HEINZ, AUGUST H., Brooklyn, N. Y.
CIRINCIONE, JOSEPH H., East New York, N. Y.	KALTER, SAMUEL, New York City, N. Y.

Company "K"

377

KLEIN, HENRY T.,
Newark, N. J.

LASKY, JOSEPH,
New York City, N. Y.

LOUX, FRANK E.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROTONDO, JOSEPH,
Port Ewen, New York.

SANTE, JOSEPH,
New York City, N. Y.

SILVIA, JOHN,
Fall River, Mass.

Company "L"

CAPTAIN

AVERY, IRVING C.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS

EDWARDS, JONATHAN W.
ROUSE, ROY T.

ARNOLD, ELIJAH G.
CLARK, OLIVER R.

SECOND LIEUTENANT

GREEN, HAROLD L.

FIRST SERGEANT

ROGAN, JOHN, 443 W. 48th St., New York City.

SUPPLY SERGEANT

STANTON, JOHN R., Co. "L," 63d Infantry.

MESS SERGEANT

WEISS, HENRY, 145 Elm St., Long Island City, N. Y.

SERGEANTS

BORK, PAUL,
1920 Wilmot Ave., Chicago, Ill.
TOURIGNY, OSCAR,
St. Tite, P. Q., Canada.
DAVIS, RALPH,
5530 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
WALKER, ARTHUR L.,
Waverly, Washington.

CUTLER, ROBERT E.,
Sheridan, Wyoming.
AMONINO, ANTHONY B.,
535 Park St., Negaumee, Michigan.
PORTER, EDGAR A.,
Wapato, R. F. D. No. 2, Washington.
SCHNEIDAU, GUSTAF,
Plush, Oregon.

CORPORALS

ERICKSON, CHARLES F.,
757 A. Mina St., San Francisco, Calif.
MANES, LESLIE D.,
169 Walnut St., Memphis, Tenn.
WINGARD, WILLIAM H.,
3440 Iowa Ave., Fresno, Calif.

PEARL, LAWRENCE,
Carson City, Nev.
SIMPSON, PRESLEY E.,
Exeter, Calif.
BINGHAM, FRANK T.,
134 W. 5th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

CORPORALS (*Continued*)

DUNKELBERGER, HOWARD, 22 Spruce St., Lockport, N. Y.	HUGHES, ADAM, Vilas, North Carolina.
AGIDIUS, ALBERT P., The Dalles, Oregon.	ADAMS, OSWALD, 3528 19th St., San Francisco, Calif.
ANCLAM, ALFRED B., Bailey Harbor, Wis.	STEVENS, CHARLES P., 227 S. Oliver St., Los Angeles, Calif.
BLISS, FREDERICK R., Rose Hill, Ill.	VOLLE, JOHN R., R. F. D. No. 3, Heppner, Oregon.
DOTY, JASPER, 308 S. 2d St., Yakima, Washington.	HAWORTH, JAMES, Athena, Oregon.
GILBRETH, ROBERT, The Dalles, Oregon.	SMITH, JAMES F.
TREMBLE, RICHARD D., 2111 Pine St., San Francisco, Calif.	O'NEIL, CHARLES.
ACORD, ALFRED N., Boonsville, Texas.	ROBERTS, GEORGE H.
ROGERS, TRUMAN L., 515 Blain St., Pendleton, Oregon.	SCHRIBER, WILLIAM H.
	WELCH, LEO E., 192 W. Thornton St., Akron, Ohio.
	ANTRIM, ROLAND, Wenona, Ill.
	TAYLOR, RAY M., Heppner, Oregon.

COOKS

BAKER, CHARLES H., West Newton, Indiana.	LOWE, HENRY C., Shawneetown, Ill.
JORGENSEN, ANDREW, Shelly, Idaho.	McDEVITT, JOSEPH, Co. "L" 63d Infantry.

MECHANICS

WILLETT, FRED H., 2939 Pine Ave., Berkeley, Calif.	BERG, HILMER, 126 Sixth St., Astoria, Oregon.
COATS, JAMES S., Rufus, Oregon.	LENEVE, RALPH, Bandon, Oregon.

BUGLER—FIRST CLASS

VOHS, HAROLD, Estacada, Oregon.

PRIVATE—FIRST CLASS

ANDERSON, JOHN A., St. Helens, Oregon.	DOWNEY, EDWARD, 137 Missula Ave., Butte, Mont.
BECKNER, FRANK L., 172 8th St., Astoria, Oregon.	GAGLIASSO, JOHN, Cupertino, Calif.
BIGELOW, LLOYD, Molalla, Oregon.	HOFFMAN, ALEXANDER, Fresno, Calif.
BORDER, CORWIN C., North Delta, Colorado.	HOGG, OSCAR, 804 Main St., Oregon City, Oregon.
DEHERTEL, EDWARD J., 2474 San Brum Ave., San Francisco, Calif.	HARKIN, EVERD, Lowden, Washington.
DOUGHERTY, FRANK H., Ashland, Oregon.	KRAEFT, HERBERT E., R. R. No. 2, Oregon City, Oregon.

PRIVATES—FIRST CLASS (*Continued*)

- LAROCHE, WALTER R.,
 641 38th St., Bellaire, Ohio.
 LONGHORN, MILTON L.,
 Hermiston, Oregon.
 MONGONE, JOE F.,
 709 Castelar St., Los Angeles, Calif.
 MONROY, PHILLIP, 1169 S. Main St.,
 Pomona, Calif.
 MORROW, CHARLES W.,
 Acton, Calif.
 PATRICE, JOSEPH G.,
 Azoez Island, Portugal.
 PECHE, EDWARD J.,
 1273 Rhode Island St., San Francisco,
 Calif.
 PROWSE, ALBERT M.,
 2288 Geary St., San Francisco, Calif.
 REID, JOHN,
 Grass Valley, Oregon.
- RUSSELL, ROBERT W.,
 327 Ankeny St., Portland, Oregon.
 RUST, WALTER N.,
 Dillard, Oregon.
 ROSENCRANTZ, EUGENE H.,
 464 Park St., Portland, Oregon.
 SCHNEIDER, OTTO G.,
 Myrtle Point, Oregon.
 SHANER, WESLEY,
 466 Commercial St., Astoria, Oregon.
 SCHULTZ, FRANK J.,
 3125 W. 31st St., Cleveland, Ohio.
 SMITH, JOHN W.,
 Elkton, Kentucky.
 STOKES, GEORGE W.,
 Spokane, Washington.
 SWERENGEN, ROY W.,
 Reeds Port, Oregon.
 VALDEZ, JULIO,
 729 Chapala St., San Barbara, Calif.

PRIVATES

- ADKINS, WALTER R.,
 46 Farren Ave., San Francisco, Calif.
 ALIRE, JUAN J.,
 Petoca, New Mexico.
 AMBROSE, JAMES E.,
 2106 Blair Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
 ANDERSON, PETER,
 R. F. D. No. 2, Centerville, Washington.
 ASTON, ZENO,
 Garces, Arizona.
 BAIRD, VICTOR J.,
 Oakland, Oregon.
 BALDOCK, JAMES,
 Baker City, Oregon.
 BALDWIN, ROY M.,
 348 Valeria St., Fresno, Calif.
 BENTEKAS, ETHYEMIOS,
 13 N. 11th St., Portland, Oregon.
 BAXTER, HARRY C.,
 Sutton, West Virginia.
 BEALES, THOMAS J.,
 Hotel Carlton, Turk St., San Francisco,
 Calif.
 BEER, HAROLD D.,
 225 Harold Ave., San Francisco, Calif.
 BENSON, GEORGE M.,
 Astoria, Oregon.
 BLACK, WILLIAM L.,
 3066 Hull Ave., New York City.
- BLUHM, GOTTFRED,
 Oregon City, Oregon.
 BOBZIN, GORGON H.,
 121 W. 91st St., Los Angeles, Calif.
 BOESE, FRED,
 Boring, Oregon.
 BREWER, GUY M.,
 Coquille, Oregon.
 BREWSAUGH, BERT E.,
 Cotter, Mo.
 BURNS, WILLIAM E.,
 1505 William St., Baltimore, Md.
 CARR, MILFORD A.,
 Rockhall, Maryland.
 CHRISMAN, WILLIAM L.,
 Rufus, Oregon.
 COE, JESSE,
 San Luis, Obispo, Calif.
 CRAWFORD, CLARENCE,
 Colton, Calif.
 CZECHOWSKI, JOHN M.,
 12 Sherman St., Passaic, New Jersey.
 DePASQUALE, VINCENT,
 936 Asquith St., Baltimore, Md.
 DODGE, HARRY,
 Sycamore St., Santa Cruz, Calif.
 DOERING, ORA,
 Tillamook, Oregon.

PRIVATEES (Continued)

- DORSEY, WILLIAM C.,
3376 22d St., San Francisco, Calif.
- EDWARDS, JOHN H.,
Phoenix, Oregon.
- ELLISON, HENRY,
609 E. 30th St., Tacoma, Washington.
- FETTY, FREDERICK E.,
Bend, Oregon.
- FINCK, HENRY,
Delmar, Iowa.
- FLANDERS, ELMER,
Bandon, Oregon.
- FALKAR, CRIS,
3010 Webster St., San Francisco, Calif.
- FROST, ROBERT H.,
132 N. Thurman St., Sheridan, Wyo.
- GIBSON, GROVER C.,
Post, Oregon.
- GILBRETH, HAROLD H.,
Southerlin, Oregon.
- GRISEL, ELBERT T.,
Lakeview, Oregon.
- HANCOCK, EMERY T.,
Spencer, Indiana.
- HOLSHUE, CLARENCE A.,
Helena, Mont.
- HORN, CLARENCE W.,
Pilot Rock, Oregon.
- JIANOCOPULOS, CHRIS,
7 S. Eldorado St., Stockton, Calif.
- JOHNSON, RAY E.,
Rainier, Oregon.
- KARJALA, JOHN,
Centerville, Washington.
- KILROY, JAMES F.,
58 Fremont St., Lowell, Mass.
- KING, NORRIS L.,
Pocomoke City, Md.
- KLAUS, ALFRED,
Oregon City, Oregon.
- KROHN, FRANK,
330 15th St., Toledo, Ohio.
- LAMPHIEAR, HILTON B.,
610 James St., Seattle, Washington.
- LEWIS, CHARLES J.,
17 Winfield Ave., San Francisco, Calif.
- LINS, WILLIE H.,
George, Oregon.
- LOOS, RAY J.,
664 Vine St., Coshocton, Ohio.
- MCLEAN, DUNCAN,
Lakeview, Oregon.
- McMULLIN, WALTER R.,
1661 Octavia St., San Francisco, Calif.
- MICHELS, HENRY C.,
Mt. Angel, Oregon.
- MYERS, CLAUDE S.,
460 Casteo St., San Francisco, Calif.
- NOAKES, CLAUDE,
2021 Minor N. St., Seattle, Washington.
- OADES, ALPHA E.,
Boyd, Oregon.
- OLESON, MIKE A.,
12th and Marshall Apts., Portland,
Oregon.
- PARKER, HARRISON L.,
Fernhill, Oregon.
- PATTERSON, GEORGE E.,
239 W. King St., Tulare, Calif.
- PEEK, ERNEST H.,
Boles, Idaho.
- PHILLIPS, EUGENE,
Falls City, Oregon.
- REHBERG, RAY C.,
Albee, Oregon.
- REID, EDWIN W.,
265 E. 3d St., N. Portland, Oregon.
- RAMBERG, ALBERT,
Mt. Angel, Oregon.
- RICE, HOWARD E.,
Condon, Oregon.
- RICHARDSON, CRIS C.,
127 S. Grape St., Medford, Oregon.
- ROWEN, YUDA,
406 30th St., San Francisco, Calif.
- SCHLEITER, HILBERT,
3211 W. 44th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
- SCHNEE, GUS J.,
Mt. Angel, Oregon.
- SPRAGUE, GUSSIE S.,
Freewater, Oregon.
- STOCKWELL, LESTER G.,
4602 10th Ave., S. Seattle, Washington.
- STARR, PETER M.,
R. No. 2, Corvallis, Oregon.
- STRACK, WALTER,
Cranberry Ave., Hazleton, Penn.
- SYLVESTER, RALPH C.,
Pendleton, Oregon.
- TALBERT, JOHN W.,
Independence, Kansas.
- TIMMERMAN, WILLIAM H.,
Helix, Oregon.

PRIVATES (Continued)

TRACY, GEORGE H., R. No. 3, Estacada, Oregon.	WATKINS, JAMES H., Hereford, Oregon.
THOMPSON, EARL L., Newport, Minn.	WAUGH, WORTHY, Bladen, Ohio.
THOMPSON, JOSEPH, 124 Fernhill Ave., Detroit, Michigan.	WESTRUP, JOHN, 4191 26th St., San Francisco, Calif.
VON REIGEN, MARTIN, Hotel Rhein, Seattle, Washington.	WHITE, CLARENCE L., Pedro, Ohio.
WARD, WILLIAM A., 22 Lilac St., New Haven, Conn.	WHITE, LEWIS L., Leipsic, Ohio.
WARNE, CLARENCE M., 1125 Pine St., Zanesville, Ohio.	WHITE, JAMES, Lapivai, Idaho.
WARREN, NEIL C., 702 W. Vine St., Lima, Ohio.	WILSON, JOHN E., Deal Island, Md.

ROSTER OF FORMER OFFICERS, COMPANY "L," 63d INFANTRY**CAPTAIN**

LEWIS, GEORGE	PAUL, W. STEWART.
PENDLETON, ALAN	

FIRST LIEUTENANTS

McGILL, ROBERT	IMUS, CLINT
CASEY, JOHN.	CLARK, E. J.
LEONARD.	HIRSCH, STEVEN J.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS

RHODES.	LZICAR.
KEECH, DANA E.	BOEHME, HARRY.
PECK.	SHRIVER, Z. J.

FOLLOWING MEN OF CO. "L," 63d INFANTRY, DISCHARGED TO ACCEPT COMMISSION**FIRST SERGEANT**

WATSON, ROBERT, Commissioned Second Lieutenant.

SERGEANT

HOWELL, WILLIAM K., Commissioned Second Lieutenant.

FOLLOWING MEN OF CO. "L" TRANSFERRED TO OFFICERS' TRAINING CAMPS**SERGEANTS**

FEE, THOMAS DENT, Kammerer, Wyoming.	HANNA, FORREST A.
JAMES, EDWARD	HARRIS, CHARLEY E., Barstowe, Calif.
	STARR, WHITNEY

CORPORALS

BAKER, CHESTER O.,
820 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
COLLINS, HAROLD L.,
Los Angeles, Calif.
GRIFFITHS, CLARENCE

LORD, FRANCIS D.,
Los Angeles, Calif.
REHBERG, FRANK,
Pendleton, Oregon.
ROBINSON, GUY H.,
Roseburg, Oregon.

PRIVATES—FIRST CLASS

GILBERT, REXFORD L.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

LETTENMAIER, WILLIAM F.,
Oregon City, Oregon.

WESTERGREN, RICHARD A., Seattle, Washington.

ROSTER OF MEN TRANSFERRED FROM CO. "L," 63d INFANTRY, TO CO. "L," 72D INFANTRY, CAMP MEADE, MD.

FIRST SERGEANT

HOWELL, WILLIAM K.,

SUPPLY SERGEANT

WILLIAMSON, OLLIE F.

SERGEANT

SPRAGGINS, VICTOR M.

CORPORALS

LEA, CHARLES A.
PHILLIPS, EDWARD C.
WESTOFF, CLARENCE C.

WINN, RICHARD J., Jr.
BEVINS, RILEY
KUBAT, LOUIS.

HARRIS, TRUMAN T.

COOK

SIMPSON, PAUL

PRIVATES—FIRST CLASS

BRADLEY, EDWIN L.
FRASER, EDWARD J.
FRITTER, RALPH L.
GORMAN, MICHAEL,
Glenwood Springs, Colorado.
MALLO, FRANK R.

MILLIEN, FRANCIS D.,
N. Yakima, Washington.
OLIVERA, EPHIFINIO,
OWENS, WALTER E.,
Pendleton, Oregon.
WINDELL, OLE G.

PRIVATES

ANDERSON, ANDROS,
Yerington, Nevada.
BEAL, JOHN H.

BENITEZ, ANTONIO,
Los Angeles, Calif.
BOEHMER, AUGUST.

PRIVATES (Continued)

BOHANNON, DELBERT, Riverside, Calif.	JACOBSON, MARTIN, Seattle, Wash.
BRANDEL, EDWIN, Albany, Oregon.	LUCHT, FRED W., JR., Oregon City, Oregon.
CENTERS, ALFRED, Coquille, Oregon.	MARTIN, ERNEST, Oregon City, Oregon.
CRAWFORD, ARTHUR W., Los Angeles., Calif.	RICE, CHESTER O., The Dalles, Oregon.
DALTON, JOHN,	STALEY, CHAS. E., Roseburg, Oregon.
DAVIS, WILLIAM W., Coquille, Oregon.	VOLPP, EMIL A., Oregon City, Oregon.
DEXTER, JACOB, Heppner, Oregon.	WALSH, CLEO M., Prineville, Oregon.
GAUNT, ERVIE H., The Dalles, Oregon.	WINSLOW, CLYDE, Susanville, Oregon.

**FORMER MEMBERS OF CO. "L," 63d INFANTRY, DISCHARGED OR TRANS-
FERRED TO OTHER ORGANIZATIONS**

FIRST SERGEANT

CODY, ROY W., 1661 Octavia St., San Francisco, Calif.

MESS SERGEANT

MANHEIM, HERMAN.

SERGEANTS

BERSHIR, WILLIAM.	KOHLER, LOUIS R., Rochester, New York.
GOFFRIER, WILLIAM C.	MARINER, GEORGE W.
HOMEN, WILLIAM, Oakland, Calif.	SEYMOUR, GEORGE E., San Francisco Calif.
STONE, MARION.	

CORPORALS

ANDERSON, ARTHUR A., 214 Duane St., Astoria, Oregon.	GARN, ARTHUR A., Douglas, Alaska.
CARLSON, ROBERT L., Raymond, Washington.	JOHNSTON, WILFORD.
EDWARDS, STANLEY E., Ashley, Pa.	KEEGAN, THOMAS E.
GALLIER, EDMUND W., Bandon, Oregon.	PETERSON, HUGO, Aurora Lo. Iron Wood, Michigan.
	REDDISH, HUBERT F.
SHICK, JOHN F., Athena, Oregon.	

COOK

FOGLESONG, JESS C.

MECHANIC

COLOVIC, LOZO.

BUGLER

MOORE, JOHN J.,
Gen. Del., St. Louis, Mo.

TRUMAN, DAVID.

PRIVATE—FIRST CLASS

ADAMS, WILLIAM F.
AZUMA, ZENSAKU.
BAZNEK, JOHN.
BEACH, HOMER,
Corvallis, Oregon.
BRIGGS, MAURICE E.,
Milwaukee, Oregon.
COLLINS, CLARENCE.
HERSHEY, HAROLD L.,
Los Angeles, Calif.
HUBBARD, ROLAND H.,
Bethesda, Kentucky.
JEFFRIES, LIGE M.
JONES, OREN T.,
Prineville, Oregon.
LAWRIN, ALBERT R.

LEAKER, ERNIE H.,
1023 West Broadway, Toledo, Ohio.
LEBARSE, JOSEPH,
Oakland, Calif.
MISELMAN, SAM.
MULLER, FRANK,
Monterey, Calif.
PALM, EINAR M.,
San Francisco, Calif.
RUCCIO, FRANK.
SOBAY, JOHN.
STRATTON, CLARENCE A.,
St. Maries, Idaho.
TAUSSIG, HUGO.
WELSCH, GEORGE A.,
64 N. Rebecca St., Youngstown, Ohio.

PRIVATE

ABREGO, RAYMOND S.
ANDREONI, GUIDO,
San Francisco, Calif.
ALVES, WILLIAM M.,
San Francisco, Calif.
APPERSON, ALBERT R.,
Enterprise, Oregon.
BARTUCCA, FRANK.
BURROWS, BENNIE F.,
Yuma, Colorado.
CARLSON, GEORGE F.,
Astoria, Oregon.
CARTER, ARTHUR W.,
Molalla, Oregon.
CASTEEL, JOSEPH F.
CAUDILL, CALVIN C.
CLARK, RUSSELL, A.,
Boise, Idaho.
COBLE, FRANK.
CURRY, THOMAS J.,
Coquille, Oregon.
DANIELS, HENRY G.,
Roseburg, Oregon.
DOYLE, FRED D.
DUNBAR, LAWRENCE.
FRAKI, IVARIA,
Astoria, Oregon.

FROST, ALBERT,
Alaska.
FOSTER, ETHELBERT.
GARIBALDI, PETERO,
San Francisco, Calif.
GIBBS, OREN,
Ukiah, Oregon.
GILROY, JOHN L.
GRANT, JAMES.
GRIFFIS, WALLACE H.,
St. Helens, Oregon.
HARRIS, JAMES L.,
Moody, Texas.
HATFIELD, HENRY A.
HELLER, JOSEPH,
Chicago, Ill.
HINKLE, LLOYD A.
HINKLE, VIRGIL V.,
Roseburg, Oregon.
HOFFMAN, GILBERT,
LaCrosse, Wis.
JACKSON, HENRY,
McAlliance, Calif.
JUNGE, WILLIAM F.,
Fullerton, Calif.
KELLY, GEORGE E.,
Astoria, Oregon.

PRIVATES (*Continued*)

KOSINSKI, NICK.	NEWERKLA, JOSEPH,
LAMPI, WAINO O.,	2437 L. Spauldin Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Astoria, Oregon.	O'NEIL, JAMES.
LARRENCE, WILLIS R.	REGINATTO, ANGELO,
LEONARD, HARRY.	St. Helens, Oregon.
LEUTHOLD, JOHN G.,	REMMERS, WALTER.
Coquille, Oregon.	RICHARDSON, HENRY L.,
LEUDERALBERT, ALBERT J.,	Burns, Oregon.
2234 Gilbert Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.	ROUSINOS, ANTONIO.
LOFTIS, CLARENCE,	Astoria, Oregon.
Lakeview, Oregon.	ROVELES, MASEDONO.
LONG, CHARLES B.	Ogden, Utah.
MARCHETTI, VICTOR J.	SHARP, CURTIS V.,
MARZ, AUGUST B.	3506 E. 1st St., Spokane, Wash.
MASON, EUGENE,	SMITH, LOUIS V.,
Woodlake, Calif.	Los Angeles, Calif.
McCURRY, GETER.	STERNS, RALPH C.,
McKINNEY, DANIEL H.	1641 E. Park St., Portland, Oregon.
McMILLIN, HAYES,	STEPHENS, BUNYON,
Astoria, Oregon.	Visalia, Calif.
MILLER, WILLIAM V.,	STOCK, CLARENCE F.,
49 Astor St., Astoria, Oregon.	Coquille, Oregon.
MILLS, JOHN E.,	STUBBLEFIELD, JESSIE L.
Roseburg, Oregon.	THORNHAVEN, ANDREW A.,
MON, TOM,	Coquille, Oregon.
Portland, Oregon.	TROZELLE, PAUL C.,
MORRIS, FRED,	Roseburg, Oregon.
Milan, Missouri.	WEBER, FREDERICK C.,
MURPHY, ROBERT G.	Youngstown, Ohio.
MURPHY, JAMES.	WEHINGER, ALBERT O.,
	Fremont, Ohio.

Company "M"

CAPTAIN

THOMSON, STANLEY A., Menlo Park, Cal.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS

DRESSER, EVAN C.

PLANK, CLYDE H.,
919 Lewis Ave., Emporia, Kan.

CLARKSTON, ALEXANDER, Burning Springs, Ky.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS

BRACK, LAWRENCE J., 235 Belgrade Ave., Boston, Mass.

FIRST SERGEANT

LAWSON, WILLIAM, Elk Valley, Tenn.

MESS SERGEANT

BROKENSHIRE, SAMUEL, Ironwood, Mich.

SUPPLY SERGEANT

RICHMOND, JOHN C., 4121 South Wall Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

SERGEANTS

ROTH, FRANK A.,
4428 Norfolk Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

KUEHL, ALBERT F.,
R. F. D. No. 3, Box 95, Waupaca, Wis.

WELCH, GEORGE C.,
209 Curry Street, Ironwood, Mich.

LESLIE, LESTER A.,
Santa Barbara, Cal.

RELIPHORD, MARK W.,
Bloomington, Ill.

MORANO, SALVADOR,
3040 Pierce Street, San Francisco, Cal.

MITZNER, ALBERT W.,
Marion, Ore.

DAVIS, CHARLES E.,
Union, Ore.

COLLIER, HERBERT L.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

BECKER, EUGENE H.,
Summerville, Ore.

JONES, GUY C.

CORPORALS

PHIN, HENRY H.,
Norway, South Carolina.

BROWN, CHARLES A.,
Jordan Valley, Ore.

CORPORAL (Continued)

- | | |
|--|--|
| OSORIO, ABELARDO C.,
315 South Philip Street, Hanford, Cal. | WILCOX, WILLIS L.,
263 W. 1st, South, Salt Lake City,
Utah. |
| CROWLEY, ALVAH L.,
908 "C" Street, La Grande, Ore. | McNABB, FAY L.,
Ione, Ore. |
| FUSCO, JOHN,
2020 Taylor Street, San Francisco, Cal. | SHELDON, ARCHIE E.,
297 E. 39th Street, Portland, Ore. |
| WADDELL, JAMES F.,
Shedd, Ore. | BRANDENBURG, JOSIAH H.,
223 E. Third Street, Frederick, Md. |
| MYERS, EARL B.,
Dyerville, Cal. | STAROOK, ELMER. |
| HOFFMAN, BURREL E.,
Riverside, Ore. | SULLIVAN, TIMOTHY. |
| JAMES, WILLIAM H.,
Moro, Ore. | TREUBERT, GEORGE J. |
| BEHNER, HOWARD B.,
Halfway, Ore. | HEBERT, ROLAND L.,
1204 E. Main Street, Portland, Ore. |
| PATCHEN, ROY D.,
Drain, Ore. | SCHAFFER, AUSTIN H.,
586 E. Martin Street, Roxborough,
Phila., Pa. |
| OLIVER, JOSEPH,
2344 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. | GANONG, ALONZO,
Lancaster, Cal. |
| BIDDLE, EMMETT S.,
Crane, Ore. | VODVARKA, JOHN,
2021 West 51st Street, Chicago, Ill. |
| | INGHAM, RICHARD H. |
| | PARKER, HARRY H. |

COOKS

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| HASKELL, MARKS A.,
Niles, Cal. | UTLEY, OWEN S.,
St. Louis, Mo. |
| SPURLIN, JAMES,
Mattoon, Ill. | ZINN, JOHN R.,
St. Louis, Mo. |

MECHANICS

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| BENSON, ALFRED,
Bakersfield, Cal. | BROAN, THOMAS G.,
1007 E. 49th Street, Los Angeles, Cal. |
| GLOVER, FLOYD H., Chico, Cal. | |

BUGLERS

- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| GOODMAN, HARRY A.,
San Luis, Obispo, Cal. | STINSON, ELMER F.,
Jackson, Ga. |
|--|------------------------------------|

PRIVATE—FIRST CLASS

- | | |
|--|--|
| ANDERSON, OSCAR,
500 E. Couch Street, Portland, Ore. | BROWN, HAYDEN H.,
925 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal. |
| BOTOPULOS, GEORGE,
151½ Porter Street, Portland, Ore. | CAMBY, ALBERT,
New York, N. Y. |
| BARBER, WILLIAM H.,
Elgin, Ore. | CARPENTER, LLOYD C.,
Elgin, Ore. |
| BRASSFIELD, HARRY M.,
Dallas, Ore. | CHEVALIER, ELMER,
Issaquah, Wash. |
| BROKAW, WILLIAM B.,
Halfway, Ore. | COCHRAN, REANOUS J.,
Parkersburg, Ore. |

PRIVATES—FIRST CLASS (*Continued*)

- CONNER, OLIVER G.,
 Payette, Idaho.
 COOPER, ISAAC,
 Condon, Ore.
 EBBESEN, JOHN J.,
 Blaine, Ore.
 FOX, HARRY H.,
 1514 Westlake Ave., Seattle, Wash.
 GILICK, JAMES T.,
 Auburn, Cal.
 GROSS, JOHN,
 Yoncalla, Ore.
 HATCH, ERNEST J.,
 Gooseberry, Ore.
 HAYNES, WALTER S.,
 Richmond, Va.
 HOLLAND, RAY,
 Condon, Ore.
 HUNT, BASIL T.,
 1421 W. Grandview Blvd., Detroit,
 Mich.
 HUTZ, HARRY L.,
 884 West Street, Hollister, Cal.
 IOANIDES, SOTORIOS,
 Indianapolis, Ind.
 JONES, ROBERT W.,
 2096 Harvard Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.
 JORGENSEN, MARTIN,
 Blackfoot, Idaho.
 KACHIAI, BEN P.,
 4 E. Weber Street, Stockton, Cal.
 KIPER, PIETR,
 203 S. Ann Street, Baltimore, Md.
 KOBERSTEIN, WACLAW,
 Rainier, Ore.
 McBRIDE, HAROLD R.,
 29th and Grant Streets, Terre Haute,
 Ind.
- MILES, ORRIN W.,
 Uhrichsville, Ohio.
 NAGL, WILLIAM C.,
 R. F. D. No. 5, Oregon City, Orc.
 ORMAN, EARL B.,
 P. O. Box, 1331, Phoenix, Ariz.
 RHINEHART, GEORGE S.,
 Monroe, Wash.
 RIVERA, ERNEST W.,
 San Luis, Obispo, Cal.
 SMITH, JOSEPH E.,
 999 E. 10th Street, Portland, Ore.
 STAMPER, GLENN M.,
 Highland, Cal.
 STEPHEN, HOMER R.,
 Condon, Ore.
 STORRS, WILLIAM,
 Happy Camp, Cal.
 STROBECH, ALFRED L.,
 Rosebud, Mont.
 THOMPSON, KENNETH J.,
 Prineville, Ore.
 VALENTINE, LAURENCE E.,
 Ruth, N. M.
 VALENZUELA, FRANK,
 921 Eureka Street, Bakersfield, Cal.
 VENABLE, NORMAN,
 Springerton, Ill.
 WAGNER, JAY R.,
 Enterprise, Ore.
 WHITE, ALONZO H.,
 Ceres, Wash.
 WILLIAMS, MACK D.,
 Lamb, Mo.
 WILLIAMS, WILKINS,
 Pendleton, Ore.
 WYATT, JAMES R.,
 Vallejo, Cal.

PRIVATES

- ACALEY, ALBERT A.,
 Atolia, Cal.
- ALAMOS, ANTON S.,
 58 Jackson Street, San Francisco, Cal.
- ALLEN, CHARLES W.,
 R. F. D. No. 2, Hood River, Ore.
- ANDERSON, ANDY,
 21 N. 9th Street, Portland, Ore.
- AQUISTAPACE, JIM,
 Little Shasta, Cal.
- ARNOLD, EDWIN T.,
 Piedmont, Wyoming.
- BARBOUN, ARCHIE S.,
 1214 N. 4th Street, Portland, Ore.
- BARTON, ARTHUR,
 Elgin, Ore.
- BARTON, OSCAR S.,
 Enterprise, Ore.
- BEKKERS, ANTON G.,
 Elgin, Ore.

PRIVATES (*Continued*)

- BILLSON, JOHN M. T.,
Minetto, N. Y.
- BLACK, ROBERT
- BOURBONNAISE, FRANK,
412 W. First Ave., Flint, Mich.
- BOX, WILLIAM G.,
Cornucopia, Ore.
- BREWSTER, GEORGE W.,
82 Orchard Street, Summit, N. J.
- BRIGATI, EUGENIO,
Boulder Creek, Cal.
- BROWN, ARTHUR L.,
Freewater, Ore.
- BROWN, RAY,
Prairie, Idaho.
- CHASE, SALMON P.,
1769 E. 22d Street, Los Angeles, Cal.
- CHASE, WILLIAM F.,
Silverton, Ore.
- COCHRAN, ARCHIE,
The Dalles, Ore.
- COLEMAN, SIDNEY R.,
Dee, Ore.
- COOLEY, IRA L.,
Huntington, Ore.
- COTTER, JOHN H.,
Flagstaff, Ariz.
- COVELL, ARTHUR B.,
San Luis, Obispo, Cal.
- CRAVEN, WHITSON B.,
386 S. Ohio Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
- CUSHMAN, VERNON V.,
Cushman, Ore.
- DAVIS, WILLIAM P.,
Izee, Ore.
- DELANES, GEORGE J.,
1736 12th Street, Oakland, Cal.
- DEMASTERS, LEMUEL E.,
792 Montana Ave., Portland, Ore.
- EARNSHAW, GEORGE A.,
4923 Duffield Street, Frankford, Phila.,
Pa.
- ECKER, RALPH O.,
Corvallis, Ore.
- FANNING, JOHN B.,
R. F. D. No. 3, Spokane, Wash.
- FAUCETT, HAROLD D.,
P. O. Box 186, Phoenix, Ariz.
- FILPOT, WALTER C.,
South 122½ Madison Street, Spokane,
Wash.
- FINELL, CARL E.,
Bandon, Ore.
- FOUSEK, JOSEPH,
3334 W. 23d Street, Chicago, Ill.
- GAGE, WILLIAM A.,
Cloverdale, Ore.
- GAVIATI, ERNEST,
466 Greenwich Street, San Francisco,
Cal.
- GIOVANNINI, HARRY,
1731 Stockton Street, San Francisco,
Cal.
- GRANET, BENJAMIN N.
- GROSS, EDWARD J.
- HILL, WALTER W.,
Garibaldi, Ore.
- HODGES, WILLIAM S.,
410 7th Ave., Yuma, Ariz.
- HYATT, ELZIE S.
- HYLAND, LAWRENCE,
1037 E. 14th Street, N., Portland, Ore.
- JAMES, LANTA,
Frametown, W. Va.
- JONES, ROSCOE H.,
North Plains, Ore.
- KENT, JOHN V.,
275 Turk Street, San Francisco, Cal.
- KIERNAN, CHRISTOPHER,
44 S. 5th Street, Highlandtown, Balti-
more Co., Md.
- KILPATRICK, RAYMOND H.
- KINGSTON, WALTER B.,
278 Carl Street, San Francisco, Cal.
- KOBRINKSY, SAMUEL G.,
316 S. Reese Street, Phila., Pa.
- LEASY, MATHEW T.,
Suplee, Ore.
- LEE, IRA,
Boise, Idaho.
- LOVELL, WALTER E.,
Zanesville, Ohio.
- MAYS, HOMER E.,
1043 Third Street, Hillsboro, Ore.
- MOYER, CARL D.,
Luray, Va.
- MUSA, RICHARD,
Flagtown, N. J.
- NELSON, ANDREW K.,
San Francisco, Cal.
- NELSON, ROYAL R.,
616 Jackson Street, Pendleton, Ore.

PRIVATES (*Continued*)

NICKERSON, JAMES A., Chicago, Cal.	SMULLIN, ROBERT L. 22 4th Street, Frankland, Pa.
O'GRADY, GUS Perris, Cal.	SNOW, LORENZO, 318 S. 6th E. Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.
ORESCH, HANS P., Tygh, Ore.	STARR, GEORGE B., Antelope, Ore.
OSTROM, CARL G., 649 E. 52d Street, North, Portland, Ore.	STRICKER, AUGUST, 1137 William Street, Baltimore, Md.
PAPAS, JOHN, 133 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.	STUART, GEORGE E., R. F. D. No. 1, The Dalles, Ore.
PERRY, HENRY A., 195 Lexington Ave., San Francisco, Cal.	STUMBAUGH, ALFRED S., Inmaha, Ore.
PHILBIN, JAMES, Olney, Ore.	TORNITSKY, JOHN G., Uledi, Pa.
PIENDZICH, TONY, 19 Franklin Ave., Harrison, N. J.	TINNEY, GROVER, R. F. D. No. 1, Bellingham, Wash.
POLLAK, JOHN, 4752 South Loomis Street, Chicago, Ill.	TUCKER, ROSCOE M. Los Angeles, Cal.
PORTER, JESSE C., 4000 47th Ave., S. E. Portland, Ore.	VOLLE, REUBEN W. Heppner, Ore.
PRENTISS, HUBERT E., 347 S. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.	WARD, ALBERT, 2378 Maple Ave., Salem, Ore.
RICKARD, EARL, Condon, Ore.	WEISERT, WILLIAM, 2482 W. 5th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
RUTHERFORD, JAMES D., El Centro, Cal.	WILKINS, PAUL C., Mandon, N. D.
SCHONLEBER, RICHARD T., 52 Commerce Street, Trenton, N. J.	WILLIAMS, HOMER C., St. Marys, W. Va.
SIMON, ROY G., 864 First Street, Hillsboro, Ore.	WRANGHAM, CHARLES B., Garden Valley, Idaho.
SMITH, CLYDE J., 29 and 31 W. 5th Street, Greenville, S. C.	YURKONIS, WILLIAM
SMITH, HENRY F. 909 West Fayette St., Baltimore, Md.	YUTZ, WILLIAM C., Butte, Mont.
	ZIMMERMAN, WILLIAM J.

THE FOLLOWING MEN WERE TRANSFERRED TO THE 72d INFANTRY

SERGEANTS

DYER, JAMES H., Modesto, Cal.	DENIAL, JOHN T.
WEBER, HOWARD E., Ross, Cal.	COMSTOCK, HARVEY L.
BLAYLOCK, OTTO, Summit Park, Joliet, Ill.	DeCHESNE, LIONEL R.
BILL, WILLIAM.	KELLY, CHESTER A.
	KEEZER, AVERY M.
	VOGT, JOHN.

CORPORALS

YOUNKER, HARVEY, 115½ So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.	HANSELMAN, ARTHUR, Brooklyn, N. Y.
--	---------------------------------------

CORPORALS (Continued)

HAMESBERGER, FRED, Tucson, Ariz.	TAYLOR, GLENN H., 221 W. Washington St., Roseburg, Ore.
CALLERO, ENRICO M., 1024 Greenwich St., San Francisco, Cal.	GODFREY, GAYLORD G.
BLOCH, MARIE J., 1036 East 17th St., North, Portland, Ore.	RODGERS, JOHN D.
CARESWELL, ATHOL B., 420 W. 2d St., Los Angeles, Cal.	BROWN, FRED.
	BOAK, GEORGE E.
	LAKE, MILTON J.
	CLINGAN, LOUIS M.

COOK

McSWEEN, DONALD.

PRIVATES—FIRST CLASS

BUCHANAN, WALTER E.	McKENNA, FRANK H., 131 W. 6th Street, Mansfield, Ohio.
CERMAK, CARL, 2014 S. 11th Street, St. Louis, Mo.	MARTIAL, JULES J., 905 Pike Street, Seattle, Wash.
COLEMAN, JOHN R., 463 Fair Oaks Street, San Francisco, Cal.	MORGAN, LOVIL P., 506 Vineyard Ave., Madera, Cal.
HAINES, HENRY S., 1630 Page Street, San Francisco, Cal.	PYZEK, ADAM, 2338 Albany Ave., Chicago, Ill.
KELSAY, CHARLES L., Lamonta, Ore.	TRYTA, VACLAV.
KENISON, WILLIAM D. Garden City, Kan.	WICKS, ERNEST M., Minneapolis, Minn.

PRIVATES

ANDREWS, ROBERT L., Yoncalla, Ore.	CANZONO, GABRIELE
AUSTIN, JASON L., 895 Third Street, Detroit, Mich.	CARTMILL, LESTER A., Baker, Ore.
BARBER, HOMER H., Burno, Ore.	CASTALLANI, PIETRO.
BARRETT, CHARLES D.	CHIEJO, TONY
BOWMAN, LESTER A., Mineral, Idaho.	CHRISTIANSON, CHARLES C.
BOYER, PETER, Sacramento, Cal.	COSINI, GIANI
BRITTAIN, CHESTER H., Tygh Valley, Ore.	COY, ALEXANDER.
BROWN, DARRELL.	DARE, RICHARD E., Phoenix, Ariz.
BROWN, EARL, 2510 "B" Street, Selma, Cal.	DeHART, IRVIN.
BROWN, WILLIAM P.	DeHULSTER, JOSEPH
BUCHANAN, RAYMOND D.	DUNLAP, WILLIAM E.
BURDETT, JOSEPH M., Joseph, Ore.	FARRAND, ROBERT E., 620 Monterey Street, Hollister, Cal.
BURROWS, RAY A.	GADDI, AMERICO.
	GARGUILO, GENNARO.
	GEE, OWYANG Y.
	GREGG, JOHN T.
	HAMMOND, FRANK M., Oakland, Ore.

PRIVATES (*Continued*)

KILE, EDGAR F.,
Parkdale, Ore.

LANGLEY, SALWYN G.

O'NEAL, CHARLES L.

QUAPPE, FREDERICK G. C.,
Reedsport, Ore.

REAMY, ROBERT L.

SANDOZ, VICTOR,
The Dalles, Ore.

SEIF, LEON L.

SHEAR, CHESTER R.,
1155 Leavenworth Street, San Francisco,
Cal.

SHORT, BENJAMIN H.

SILVA, JOSEPH M.

STEVENS, GEORGE A.

TAMBELLINI, PAOLO

TAYLOR, ALBERT N.,
Condon, Ore.

THOMAS, GEORGE H.

THORNBURG, NATHAN L.

THURBER, EARL C.

TURNER, PERCY M.,
San Antonio, Texas.

VELASQUEZ, LUCAS.

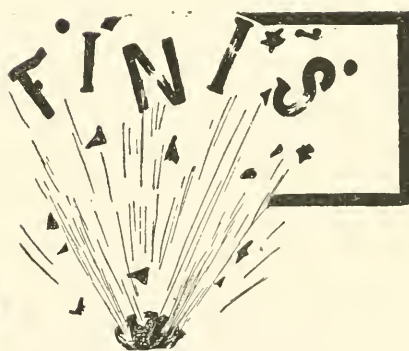
WALSH, WILLIAM B.

WILCOX, LESTER A.

WITT, FREDERICK.

WOODMAN LAURENCE C.

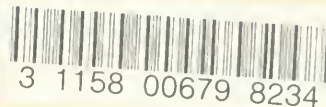
ZHAROFF, PHILIP E.



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